



DESIGNED FOR THE DEFENCE AND PROMOTION OF
BIBLICAL TRUTH,
 AND THE ADVANCEMENT OF RELIGION IN
 THE HOMES OF THE PEOPLE.

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A VISIT TO AN IDIOT ASYLUM; OR, LIGHT IN DARKNESS.

MEN of scientific pursuits assert that throughout the vast regions of space absolute darkness nowhere prevails; and men whose lives are devoted to the healing art present to us a similar assurance in reference to the human intellect. These benefactors to our race prove, by the combined exercise of skill, patience, and kindness, that dawns of light may be discovered in the darkest mind. They show that the lunatic, apparently lost to all hope of restoration, is often brought again to the right use of his faculties; and that the idiot, whom the early laws of our land adjudged to be an imbecile when his ability was not equal to the task of measuring "a yard of cloth, or of counting twenty"—that even this afflicted being possesses the power of appreciating kindness; and that he can be brought to exercise useful arts, to take delight in innocent enjoyments, and, above all, that he is able to comprehend and to prize the consolations which piety imparts.

We have been led to this train of thought by a pamphlet, entitled "Earlswood and its Inmates" which presents to the reader the results of several visits paid to an idiot asylum. As the information contained in this pamphlet is calculated to remove many false impressions respecting the mental and the mechanical capabilities of idiots, and as it must gratify the humane to know how much comfort and kindness are to be found within the walls of an institution for the education of these sufferers, we will ask them to accompany us to Red Hill, in Surrey, and there, while wandering over a goodly fabric called Earlswood, we will avail ourselves of the information which the Rev. Edwin Sidney is so able and so willing to impart; and, after closely observing the wit and the work of the inmates, we shall arrive at the conviction that, however idiotic an imbecile may be, it does not divest him of the ability to exercise some of his faculties to an extent that men of healthy minds are often unable to attain.

Mr. Sidney informs us that one of the inmates of the asylum produced a drawing of the siege of Sebastopol, partly original, and partly copied from an engraving in a weekly journal, and that this drawing was executed with such exquisite taste and skill, that his late Royal Highness, Prince Albert (who, to his praise be it said, found his happiness in works of piety and mercy) was induced to inspect the production

and, after examining it with his well-known connoisseurship, asked, with evident surprise, "Is it possible that the person who drew this could ever have been an idiot?" The reply was, "There could be no doubt of that, as it had taken some months to make him distinguish the difference between a dog's head and his tail; and besides, skilful artist as he was, he never could learn to write, nor read, nor speak properly."

We learn also that another youth produced a frame for the drawing; a third manufactured an excellent desk for the use of the teacher; and articles of wearing apparel and a variety of household goods all bear evidence to the skill possessed by the various makers. One of the boys who came to Earlswood is thus described:—He was obstinate and sulky, and for a time resisted all efforts to teach him. His delight was to carry dirty books and dirty papers in his pocket. His conduct made him the sport of his comrades. This same boy is now affectionate, simply and touchingly conscientious and religious, and also very industrious. He reads his Bible well, writes nicely, can draw, is a good tailor, and evinces a strange combination of acquirements; for he has become so expert as a mason, that he is employed in building certain new works belonging to the asylum. Three of the inmates have recently left the institution, no longer wretched and helpless, but cheerful; and so skilful, that their daily earnings are ample for their own support.

There is a maxim in divinity which ought ever to be retained in view, to solace those who seem to hope against hope, and who appear to labour in vain. The counsel is, "Never despair of any living man's improvement." This benevolent aphorism is seen to be equally applicable to works of humanity. One of the three above mentioned was a boy, sullen and repulsive—not one of the good-for-nothing little people, as Lord Brougham expresses it, but *apparently* good for nothing. He could not learn the simplest thing, and he would not try; but, happily, something that was said or done reached the little germ of intellect that remained, and caused it rapidly to expand; and this sullen, useless, offensive boy became docile, and so good a carpenter, that he now obtains one pound four shillings a week by his labour. Of the other inmates, fifteen are carpenters in embryo; another fifteen promise to be very good tailors;



and a dozen of the pupils are ready to supply the whole of the inmates with shoes. Nine work at a farm; another nine find employment to their taste in the garden; fourteen have enlisted themselves as a kind of household brigade; and the shoes, the knives, the forks, and the plates supply daily evidence of their diligence and cleanliness. One of the inmates is somewhat more refined in his taste; and to the inquiry, "What would you like to be?" he invariably returns an answer which he must have copied from the out-door world—"I want to be a gentleman."

To this enumeration of useful labours, performed by idiotic men and boys, we must not omit to add the beneficial labours of the females. Tuition and tact have been here also equally successful, and usefulness is "the order of the day." Twenty of the damsels are housemaids, and almost another twenty are skillful needlewomen. Some excel as cooks. One possesses a fine voice, and charms her companions by singing; another, who formerly had no use of her hands, can now present to the visitors excellent slippers, produced by her own skill.

Strange as it may appear, some of these imbecile persons display great powers of memory.

"Not many weeks ago," says Mr. Sidney, who is again our informant, "I made a visit to Earlswood, accompanied by a clergyman of distinction, and we were greatly amused by one of the pupils, whose extraordinary memory enabled him to recollect all he had read. First he gave us a long history of Thomas à Becket, and then of Talleyrand, whom he described as a person of infinite cunning, always saving himself from every chance of a scrape, and this was added in no complimentary terms. On our being unable to refrain from laughter, he looked up to us as archly as possible, and said, 'He was one of the clergy!' not having forgotten that this wily statesman was Bishop of Autun. The humour with which he made this remark was irresistible; and then, looking at the clerical costume of my companion, he observed, 'You do not dress now as the clergy did in the reign of Richard the Second; they were fine, indeed, then.' Mr. Sidney says this poor man can remember and quote accurately entire pages of books of history. He can help the cook, and he can make shoes, but there his attainments end; in all other matters he is an absolute imbecile,

When he is engaged either in cooking or cobbling he does not like to be interrupted. One day, when busy with some *meal* used in cooking, a visitor, inclined to test his historical memory, asked what he knew of the Rye House Plot, when he answered, he could not stay to tell, for he was engaged in the *Meal* Tub Plot. "indeed," says Mr. Sidney, "no one can guess what these eccentric beings may say, and no one can pass an hour with them without hearing something unexpected." A visitor praised the beautiful work of one of the females, which really deserved commendation; adding, good-humouredly, "You are quite a genius." "No, no," she said, "I am too fond of a red herring or a crab, and a drop of good tea, for that." "I once went up," says the same gentleman, "to a group of boys in the company of a well-known physician; and observing that they looked coldly at him, I said, 'Why do you not pull off your hats to the doctor?' 'Dare say!' cried out one of them, with the most comic expression. 'We don't like salts and senna.' One of them heard a visitor remark that the inmates of the asylum could not play at cricket, which at that time was the case. One of the boys took due care to admonish the speaker, by telling him that 'It is very easy for a man to speak but he often says what he does not know.'"

Persons visiting institutions like that at Earlswood cannot exercise too much caution in their remarks or in their actions; for these singular beings, who appear at one moment to have no recollection of the past, at the next moment will remember everything, and make observations far from flattering in the hearing of the parties concerned.

A worthy divine was showing some of the little ones his hunting watch, which he blew upon, as if it opened by his breath, but he secretly touched the spring; some larger boys were looking on, and said, "He looks like a clergyman, but he practises deceit."

One of the inmates was trying to conceal a fault, and another was heard to rebuke him—"Deceiving the master, when you are doing wrong, is adding sin to sin." Such an observation from an idiot may justly be regarded as light in darkness.

Some of the replies to questions from the visitors are full of playfulness; some are very quaint, and others are singularly strange. "What rules in arithmetic can you do?" said

an inquirer to a little girl, who was working sums with accuracy and rapidity. "I can do," she said, "Contrition, Consumption, and Distraction." To test her again, another question was asked:—"What do you do with your eyes?" "Go to sleep with them," was the answer.

We may remark, as an encouragement to labour, that the pupils themselves, in a very remarkable manner, struggle against their own defects. Some one said to a boy, rather too hastily, "You will never learn." To which the poor fellow cleverly replied, "Wait a little: patience is a virtue."

When questioned on the simple truths of the Gospel, their answers are often surprising, and we are told that under the influence of its truths lying idiots have become truthful, and pilferers honest; nor does the impression leave them when they quit the asylum. They are said to be extremely fond of religious duties; and instances have occurred when, amidst pain and suffering, these poor, afflicted sons and daughters of the human family have expressed their hope in their Saviour with a gentleness and with a smile that must move the coldest heart. The rule of Christian action is to live by faith, but the benefactors of these idiots are permitted to live by sight, and even in this world to receive a reward.

Great regard is paid to the health of the idiot; and to all the sanitary precautions there is added a due consideration of the amount of attention that can be devoted to any literary pursuit without detriment to the body; for it is admitted by the most eminent members of the faculty that many of the evils that afflict the body or the mind of man may be traced back "to long confinement in crowded schools, learning lessons by fatiguing methods, instruction merely by printed books, too long tension of the young intellect, absence of attractive illustrations, sternness on the part of the instructors, and the constant exercise of the memory, without a proportionate exercise of the understanding." This erroneous policy has not only impaired the bodily health, but it has created in after life a disrelish for studies which, had they been wisely taught, would have been a constant source of comfort and delight. At Earlswood no such afflictions fall to the lot of those who dwell within its walls. The officers of the institution wisely give effect to what Sir Benjamin Brodie called "his simple rule"—"that to make the most of the intellectual

powers, the animal system should be maintained in a state approaching, as nearly as possible, to that of perfect health." With this sage advice in view, the school hours are never allowed to be fatiguingly long, but are exchanged for other employments or exercise in quick succession. Thus Earlswood prospers, and justly deserves to prosper.

A PRAYER.

STEP by step, my Father, lead me
Through this dark and dreary day;
Hour by hour, my Saviour, feed me,
Painting, drooping, by the way.
One by one my joys declining,
Bear my sinking spirit up;
May Thy grace prevent repining;
Fill Thou now now my empty cup.
Day by day, my Father, measure
All my changes yet to be;
And may each, in Thy good pleasure,
Bring me nearer unto Thee.

Eminent Christians.

LEGH RICHMOND.

LEGH RICHMOND, the son of Mr. Henry Richmond, a physician, was born at Liverpool, in January, 1772. In his early life he met with an accident, in consequence of which he was, up to his thirteenth year, educated at home by his parents, who were so well fitted for the task, both by their attainments and Christian character, that one feels ready to rejoice in an accident which was the means of throwing him so much beneath their influence. In 1784 he was placed under the tuition of a Mr. Breach, at Reading, and afterwards continued his studies with the Rev. W. Jones, at Blandford. In 1789 he was entered at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was distinguished for correctness of conduct and diligence in study.

Having expressed a determination to enter the ministry, he was ordained in June, 1797. In the following month he was made Master of Arts, became united to his excellent wife, and removed to the Isle of Wight, to undertake the curacy of the adjoining parishes of Brading and Yaverland.

Shortly after he had taken his new position, a reckless young clergyman was asked to read Wilberforce's "Practical View of Christianity." Not caring to be at the pains of perusing it himself, he sent the book to young Richmond, with the request that he would tell him what to say about it to the lender. Richmond opened the book—read—was deeply impressed; so deeply, that he finished it before he slept. This book was the means of a great change in his views. He now saw the propitiatory death of Christ to be the very centre of the Christian religion; and, by faith, yielded himself up to be saved and ruled by the crucified Redeemer.

He continued in the Isle of Wight, the earnest and faithful shepherd of his flock, until the year 1805, when he became assistant to Mr. Fry, chaplain of the Lock Hospital; but his engagement in London was of very short duration, for in the same year he was presented to the Rectory of Turvey, in Bedfordshire, where he laboured during the rest of his days. In the early part of the present century there arose those great religious societies which are an honour to our land. Mr. Richmond's exertions for these societies were indefatigable. He would sometimes make tours through the country on their behalf; on such occasions often preaching three times on Sunday, and four or five times during the week. But his exertions greatly weakened his constitution; and having sustained a heavy blow in the loss of his sons Nugent and Wilberforce, his health gradually sank. A cold settled upon his lungs, but he still continued, as long as he had the voice, to proclaim the gospel. At last he peacefully fell asleep, on the 8th of May, 1827.

Legh Richmond was possessed of a vivid imagination, and a great talent for public speaking. He was the compiler of a work entitled "The Fathers of the English Church;" but he is much better known as the author of "The Annals of the Poor."

Like most of those who have imbibed the principles of true religion from early youth, his character was well balanced and consistent. To the simple faith and the unpretending humility of the child he joined the energy and the boldness of the strong man. Love flowed in abundant measure from his ardent breast; but he could rebuke, when needful, with all faithfulness. There were few striking events in his life; but yet, when we look at him in his intercourse with others, or whilst he is unveiling his heart in his letters, there is such an exceeding beauty of character revealed, that we are drawn towards him by an irresistible force.

But we want our readers to regard Legh Richmond especially as the head of a family. Seldom, indeed, has any more faithfully tended his little domestic flock than he; he rightly judged that the most important part of education was received at home, and so he made it his constant study to convert his house into a happy home for his family. To this end, music was often introduced; pleasant yet profitable books were read; scientific lectures were delivered; and over all there breathed the spirit of his fatherly affection and sincere piety. Fully alive to the danger of evil associations, he kept a watchful eye over the friendships of his little ones; and, detaching them from the foolish, ever led them into contact with the wise and good. As may be expected, he was very anxious for the spiritual welfare of his children. In their early years he would take them, one by one, into his study, and there, in such simple language as they could understand, endeavour to lead them to the mercy-seat. He did not talk much with them directly about religion, but its spirit permeated all

his words and actions. His appeals to them upon that head were made chiefly by means of letters, which he placed in their rooms; and they were not in vain, for his children grew up to bless God who had given them in Legh Richmond both a parent and a pastor.

How many a home is but a school of error? How many a cheerful home is marred by the absence of true piety! How many a pious home is rendered unattractive by its lack of cheerfulness! May thine, gentle reader, be the home of Legh Richmond.

"IN THE MORNING SOW THY SEED."

(Ecc. xi. 6.)

Sow thou with an unsparing hand

The precious, heavenly seed;

Its never-failing truth and life

Some erring one may need.

Thou know'st not how the seed may grow,

Though barren seem the soil;

Or what of golden fruit shall yet

Reward thee for thy toil;

Or thou, in thy short span of life,

May'st not behold it bloom—

Thou may'st not see the fruit till thou

Hast passed beyond the tomb.

Those kind and tender words of thine,

Proclaiming Jesu's love,

Perchance, have led some grieving one

To that bright home above.

A golden harvest-time shall come,

When judgment shall be given;

And thou, with joy, shalt see thy sheaves

Safe garnered up in heaven.

THE CLERK'S DAUGHTER.

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

SUSAN FLETCHER was one of the first persons who drew my attention, when I entered upon the work of my new parish. In the church, directly before me, stood a female whom no one could see without remarking. She was fully six feet in height, with a massive head and strongly expressed features. There was something about her which marked her as superior to the poor people among whom she was sitting. After the service, I went, under the guidance of the clerk, to visit a sick person, and found as I went that the person who had attracted my attention was the clerk's daughter. She made me a ponderous curtsy as I passed, and I saw her disappear in the first of a row of cottages called the "Almshouses."

These almshouses were very old and very small, but in tolerable repair. Each had a little garden before it, which were usually bright and gay with flowers.

They had a sunny aspect, and honeysuckles and roses were trained over the doors, and looked in at the windows, and in some instances clambered over the low-tiled roofs. The clerk's house had monthly roses on each side of the door, in great profusion and

beauty. The earliest and the latest were always found there.

There were no houses opposite to them. On the other side of the road the ground rose abruptly, and the bank was covered in summer with the luxuriant foliage of the hop.

Upon some low shrubs upon that bank a nightingale, in the first year of my residence, and often afterwards, was constantly singing, and as I sat in some of the cottages, reading the Word of God, I could see its little breast heaving with the melody. At the back of the houses were gardens, and nutwalks, and cherry orchards, running down to the river side. The houses themselves were, without an exception, beautifully clean; indeed, those almshouses, with their flowers and gardens sloping to the river, made as pleasant a picture of English cottage life as can be imagined.

The clerk's house was, as I have said, the first of the group—a house detached, and somewhat larger than the others; intended, probably, by its founder, in olden times, to be the dwelling of a humble warden to his alms-people; so, at least, I have thought. But though there was somewhat more space in this house than in the others, it was still small, and its doorways and ceilings exceedingly low. Susan had to stoop considerably in passing under the low threshold of her home, and in her bedroom she had never been able, she told me, to stand upright since she was eighteen.

The clerk's wife was a sterling character, and not a tinsel one—a woman whose words were few, but always to the point. She was very blunt, but very honest and true; more honest and true, I should think, none could be.

I believe, poor cottager as she was, that her principles were as high and strong as those of the noblest in the land.

There was a hardness about her at the time of our first acquaintance; she was, too, a little harsh in her judgment of others. She was even then a believer in the truths of religion, but possessed more of the spirit of the law than of the gentleness of the Gospel. She had formerly kept a small school, and she passed for a great scholar among her more ignorant neighbours.

This accounted to me for a little sententiousness in her way of speaking, and for her short, pithy remarks. But the woman herself would have been unlike others, whatever her occupation had been. Her daughter Susan was very like her—like her in person (a tall, stalwart race were these Fletchers); like her also in strong sense, in a certain outside hardness, and in a little harshness of judgment. But that all passed away. For some time Susan was my village schoolmistress—a mistress of no great attainments, indeed, but painstaking and laborious. She won the confidence of the parents and the affections of the children. She loved her work, and continued to

attend to it as long as her strength would allow her. But for years she had been afflicted with a painful disease, and this now began to make great head. With much reluctance she gave up the school. From that day her strength failed rapidly. Very soon she was confined to the house. At first she used to get down at eleven o'clock, and lie upon a sofa; but soon she had not strength even for this.

As Susan was not able to attend a place of worship, and as there were several old persons living close to her house, I promised to have every week a cottage lecture there. So I found in my note-book, under the date March 1st, "A meeting at Susan Fletcher's, subject, 1 Peter i." Truly, she drinks in the Word. She will not let a word escape her. The attitude of her tall figure, as she sits upon the sofa, is very striking. She will sit up as long as she can to hear the Word of God. Her head rests upon her hands. The mother and daughter show a great deal of true politeness to the poor persons who come to their cottage to join the meeting. It was a stately politeness, though it was in a cottage. Sixty years the mother has lived there. She knows every cranny through which this March wind best finds entrance; she knows, too, where are the places most free from draughts, and there with, studied care, she places her guests. Old Mrs. Lucas must have the low settle near the fire. Mrs. Booker and her sick daughter can both sit on the sofa, if Susan draws up her feet, which she does; and poor old Prior must have that highbacked chair, and come forward a little, that his feet may be on the rug, and not on the cold bricks. We had eight, all of them more or less afflicted, and that 1st chapter of St. Peter's First Epistle was a glorious message to them. Susan's head was raised and her eyes too, when I dwelt on those words, "To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for *you* who are kept by the power of God."

Two more meetings we had of that little company down-stairs, bringing us to the 15th of March, during which time Susan grew manifestly in grace. Just as after long drought, when a gentle rain has fallen, we are accustomed to say, "You can almost see things grow," so it was with Susan: in grace she grew exceedingly; even in so short a time, it seemed possible to trace and mark her progress. That 15th was not only the day of the last meeting she was able to attend, it was also the last day she came down-stairs. Indeed, the meeting alone brought her down that day. She gathered up all her strength to be present, and her return to her own room was painful and difficult—a long and tiresome journey up those few stairs: the last journey she took, till her ransomed spirit soared in its heavenward journey, far "above the stars."

16th. Susan, I find, has taken to her bed, from which she is never likely to rise again. The knowledge of this distresses her mother. The coming

down-stairs was pleasant; now that she is no longer able to do so it marks a change: the mother realises more vividly that her daughter is passing away.

That bed upon which she has so long slept is a death-bed; that little room a chamber of death. Now, therefore, I go up-stairs to see her. It is an inner chamber; everything in it is beautifully clean. A handsome oak chest, polished with much labour, catches my eye.

The window of this inner chamber in the almshouse looks upon the quiet river, and the branches of a laburnum wave in the March wind before it. The tree is as yet bare and leafless. In a little time its wreath of golden blossoms will, as in former years, be the pride of our village; but before that time she will be enjoying the golden and glorious realities, of which this and all lovely things on earth are but types and foretastes. I sit down, and ask her of her state. She is troubled, she tells me; all to-day Satan had been permitted to assault her; he had troubled her by tempting her to doubt her safety, and Christ's willingness to save such a one. Could it be that she had been deceived herself?

Poor Susan! her face bore the traces of the struggle. It was usually clear and calm, except during some paroxysm of pain; but now she looks harassed and perturbed; her brow is clouded; her look full of anxiety. It was one of the common devices of the enemy. Thank God, we are not ignorant of them. I was enabled to answer her doubts and to calm her fears, from the clear warrant which is given us by the Word of God; and I showed her that, even if it were true that she had never come to God before, she might come now; that she might say to herself, "By God's grace, I will come to-day; now, while I feel how desolate my condition would be if Satan's suggestion were true. How terrible it would be to be out of Christ! I will close with him to-day; I will accept anew his offers of salvation; I will again exercise faith upon his atonement, and cast myself upon his mercy."

I then quoted some verses of the hymn—

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that Thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee,
O Lamb of God, I come.

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come."

She was comforted, the tyranny was overcome. Under the shadow of the Almighty had been her refuge in this time of trial.

18th. Susan is weaker, but oh, how bright her hope! There are no clouds to-day to shut out her apprehension of Christ, although the natural day has been dark and cloudy. I was not able to visit her until the evening, when it was too dark to read, but I sat beside her, and repeated several texts of

Scripture and verses of hymns, some of which she had never heard before.

She was tired when I came in, but the Word of God refreshed her. She brightened up, and I could not hinder her from talking. She opened out much to-day. The old hardness of manner is all gone. She spoke much about herself, her former life, her friends, her parents. A light from the upper world seemed to cheer her mind. She was no longer of the earth, earthy. She spoke as one on the confines of two worlds. That one to which she was passing was everything to her. She desired that it might be so to those whom she left behind. Her heart went out in longing desires after all whom she knew. "If they could but have my thoughts for a little time, sir—if they could feel eternity almost touching them—they would see, that the love of God must be first and uppermost."

The 24th was Sunday, and after the afternoon service I saw three of my people taking the way that led to Susan's cottage. It was at some distance from their homes, but they often went to see her. She had been their neighbour when she lived at the school, and they greatly missed her when she left. Mrs. Price, Mrs. Hawkins, and Mrs. Cole were three bright Christians. As I have seen them walking and talking together, they have reminded me of those three poor women mentioned in the history of Bunyan. "He overheard," we read, "the discourse of three or four poor women, who were sitting at a door in the sunshine in one of the streets in Bedford, talking about the things of God. What especially struck him was that they conversed about the matters of religion as if joy did make them speak. Such language was altogether new to him." It was so with my three parishioners, who, on this Sabbath afternoon, made their way, talking, as was their wont, of the things of God, to Susan's house. I passed the house then, because they had gone in; but I visited her in the evening, and found her full of thankfulness for their kindness, and of a quiet joy, the fruit of much talking about Jesus. "They had had a good time," she said.

April 2nd.—I find in my note-book, "Susan Fletcher is much weaker to-day, but exceedingly happy."

She said to me, "I want to ask you one thing, sir. Do you think that a person in my condition may ever hear or see anything heavenly—I mean any singing or music—or do you think it comes entirely from weakness of body? I ask because I have heard most heavenly music. To-day it was the third time. I would not say anything to you before; but when I heard it again to-day I felt that I must ask you."

"I think it very possible," I replied, "that one who is very near the heavenly country may see and hear far more than others can. Even if it did proceed from weakness of body, God may permit it to

comfort you, and you have reason to thank him for it."

"Indeed, sir," she answered, "it has been a heavenly refreshment to me, and has cheered me very much. The last time I heard it, my mother and Betsy Lucas were in the room, and I wondered they did not hear it. I heard it for fully five minutes. When I was at the Training Institution I heard the music and singing in Norwich Cathedral, and I thought that most beautiful; but this was different to that."

"It seemed to make her full of joy, as she lay back and listened to it," said her mother; "and I was glad she should have such a heavenly message. Betsy and I listened very much, and then put our ears to hers, but we could hear nothing."

Ah, they were not so near to eternity as she was. It was not through the bodily ears that that heavenly sound was entering; but through a new sense, or rather a spiritual sense greatly quickened, now that the clogging body was nearly cast aside.

April 5th.—To-day I have administered the holy communion to Susan. We were five in that little room. Betsy Lucas, a true Christian woman, and an admirable neighbour and friend, had found time to come in; indeed, Betsy, busy as she always was, seemed ever to have time to do an act of kindness, whether it called for hard work, or only for kindly sympathy and communion, as did this. It was this Betsy who had been helping Susan's mother, when the heavenly music was heard by the weak sufferer in that little room. It was Betsy, too, who with reverent awe had bent her ear, as if perchance that angel's song might reach her. A true seeker after all heavenly messages and influences was this Christian woman. She was no scholar, but her face in God's house might have made a study for a worldling. It is usually turned a little to the wall—partly, I think, that she may not be observed, partly fulfilling unconsciously George Herbert's excellent direction, "In times of service, seal up both thine eyes, and send them to thine heart." Betsy Lucas then made one of the five in the sick chamber. Susan was weaker than I have yet seen her; weaker and yet stronger, greatly upheld she was to-day. She received the elements with great fervour. After I had delivered her the cup, she held it a moment, and said, with deep solemnity, "May God's double blessing rest upon those whom I am about to leave behind me." Ah! is the veil opening? She feels, then, that the journey is nearly finished, the prize nearly reached. Like the patriarchs of old, with the authority of a dying saint, she gives her blessing. She thanks me with much fervour. She had, she said, greatly enjoyed herself; it had been a time of great delight; truly, I think it had. Her manner was as if the Master of the feast was there. It was her last communion. She drank no more of that fruit of the vine. I offered to her the remainder of the wine I had brought with me.

"Give it to mother," she said; "she is very low to-day." Then turning to her, "My dear mother, I do hope you will not take on so." The scene had been peculiarly trying to the mother. The feeling that it was the last communion; the solemn words of blessing spoken by her daughter; the vision of an empty room, whose door it will be long before she can open without pain; these things overcome her, and now the tears are falling silently but fast between the fingers of those thin hands. To comfort her if I might, I said, "I saw Mrs. J— yesterday, who you know has lately suffered a great bereavement. She was wonderfully supported. She spoke of the faith of her son, of his unclouded hope. She was so satisfied about him; and it was such blessedness to her to think of, and to try and realise, the glories he was now sharing. What a joy she felt it to have one child *safe*—safe from all the storms of life, from all temptation from all possibility of falling away, in that haven

'Where no tempest wrecketh ever;'

safe, to use again Dr. Bonar's words,

'Within that gentle home,
Where the rough roar riseth never,
And the vexings cannot come.'

"Yes," said the mother, "I hope I do resign my will to God; I hope I do not commit sin in what I do, but a parent cannot help grieving. I do thank God," she said, slowly, "that he has given my child such a hope, and is taking her to such a home."

She lived six days longer—six days longer here, and then lived for ever. My intercourse with her was deeply interesting and full of satisfaction, though the body grew painfully weak. The marks of a true work of God were plain and unmistakable. Deep penitence, true humility, patience under suffering, thoughtfulness for others, great desire for the salvation of others, great love to the name and person of Jesus; these were some of the marks of that work which God had wrought in her.

I saw her on the morning of the 11th, and commended her to God. She was too weak to speak much. She was then dying. It was a solemn scene, not easily to be forgotten. Her aged mother sat at the foot of her bed. Susan was lying in extreme weakness. Her eyes were open, but I could scarcely see the pupils; they were turned inward or upward, I know not where. Their work was done. She was gaining a new sight, a new sense now. The messenger had come to say that the Master called for her, and expected her to stand in his presence in clothes of immortality that day. She gave a full testimony in broken words. In broken words she spoke her joyful thanks:—"I want to praise more. I want to say more about his love, about what He has done for me—for me, a guilty sinner; but—I—can—not." "You have said enough, my child," said the mother. "We know what you would say, and He knows too." "He does," she said. Her lips moved in prayer, but there was silence in the cham-

ber. Truly, the name of that inner chamber then was "peace." It was a solemn time. Doubtless there were others there whom we saw not. Satan seemed chained; he was not permitted to buffet her. She had her wish, the wish of good Bishop Wilson. She was permitted to "end well." After prayer I left, but came again in the afternoon. The cottage door was fastened, by which I knew that the mother was in the room of the dying. I went round the garden, by the river side, to the other door. I went in, but the soul was too far gone to need any further communing with man. She had come to the banks of the river of death. Surely of her, as of Christiana, it might be said, "Behold all the banks beyond the river were full of horses and chariots, which were come down from above, to accompany her to the city gate." She is now at the end of her journey; her toilsome days are ended. She has gone to see that head that was crowned with thorns, that face that was spit upon for her. She has entered in at the beautiful gate of the city, and has been met, I doubt not, with the words, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Reader, that day comes on apace to you and me. That river must be crossed. How different the crossing of it is to different souls. "The river to some has its flowings; it ebbs while others go over. It has been in a manner dry for some, while it has overflowed its banks for others." To some it has *no bottom*; they feel no security; they have no hope. The opposite side is, to them, the commencement of terrors. Others go safely and happily over the waters, and are let in at the gates of pearl.

Reader, if you would end well, you must live well. If you would wear the crown, you must bear the cross. You must come to Christ, the Lamb of God. You must take his service upon you, and let him be your Master. You must truly and deeply repent of sin. The life which you now live you must live by faith on the Son of God. Then life shall be holy. Death shall be full of peace; and when you have entered the city, you shall find prepared for you joys which no pen can describe, no tongue can express; and there shall be joys for ever new, and for ever new joys shall be expected.

SIN MISERABLE.

SIN doth naturally breed distempers and disturbances in the soul. What a continual tempest is there in a discontented mind; what a corroding evil is inordinate care! What is passion but a fever in the mind? What is lust but a fire in the bones? What is pride but a deadly dropsy? or covetousness but an insatiable, an insufferable thirst? or malice and envy but venom in the very heart? Spiritual sloth is but a scurvy in the mind, and carnal security a mortal lethargy. How can that soul have true comfort which is under so many diseases? But converting grace cures and eases the mind, and prepares the soul for a settled, standing, immortal peace.

THE PILGRIM INVITED TO HIS REST.

PILGRIM, burdened with thy sin,
Come the way to Zion's gate;
There, till mercy speaks within,
Knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.
Knock, He knows the sinner's cry;
Weep, He loves the mourner's tears;
Watch, for saving grace is nigh;
Wait till heavenly grace appears.
Hark! it is thy Saviour's voice—
"Welcome, pilgrim, to thy rest!"
Now within the gate rejoice,
Safe, and owned, and bought, and blest:
Safe from all the lures of vice,
Owned by joys the contrite know,
Bought by love, and life the price,
Blest the mighty debt to owe!
Holy pilgrim, what for thee
In a world like this remains?
From thy guarded breast shall flee
Fear and shame, and doubt, and pains:
Fear the hope of heaven shall flee,
Shame from glory's views retire
Doubt in full belief shall die,
Pain in endless bliss expire.

The Editor and his Friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH T. R. S., X. X.,
H. R. O., JUVENIS, D. E., M. B., T. S. P., AND
OTHER FRIENDS.

CHAPTER XXV.

F. Why is the Tribe of Dan omitted in the number of the sealed in Revelations vii.?

ED. Neither Dan nor Ephraim is mentioned, because they were the principal promoters of idolatry; and therefore Levi is substituted in the place of one, and Joseph occupies the place of the other.

F. What is meant by the word "Hosanna?"

ED. It is a contraction of a Hebrew word, meaning "Save, I beseech thee," or "give salvation." It is a form of acclamation which the Jews were accustomed to use at the Feast of Tabernacles.

ED. We thank H. R. O., of Dublin, for his pious exposition of Heb. v. 10. The objection that presents itself to his view of the apostle's words is its liability to abuse.

F. Who was Zerubbabel, mentioned in 1 Chron. iii. 19?

ED. He was a descendant of David; was born in Babylon, and was the leader of the first colony of Jews that returned from the captivity in Babylon. To him Cyrus intrusted the sacred vessels that were to be returned to Jerusalem; he laid the foundation of the second temple, and was zealous in his efforts to restore the religious rites and services of the nation. This is the Zerubbabel mentioned in Ezra ii. and iii. We must observe to our correspondent that the marginal references will solve many difficulties and answer many inquiries, and we recommend him freely to use them.

F. We read in Jer. xxxvi. 30—"Jehoiakim shall have none to sit upon the throne of David;" but in 2 Kings

xxiv. 6, it is said, "So Jehoiakim slept with his fathers: and Jehoiachin his son reigned in his stead." How can we reconcile these conflicting passages?

Ed. Jehoiachin was a mere viceroy of Nebuchadnezzar for three months, so that he did not, in the full sense of the term, reign as other kings in Jerusalem, so that it could not be viewed as an exception to the general announcement, that Jehoiakim should "have none to sit upon the throne of David."

F. Is it lawful to pray to Christ?

Ed. Were the apostles inspired? If so, they knew what was a Christian man's duty. Be content to follow their example. We are at a loss to understand how any pious man can diligently and devoutly read his Bible and yet have doubts on such a point. Can it be unlawful to pray to Him who is the Head of the Church (Eph. i. 22), who is the Way (John xiv. 6), who is the Truth (Rev. iii. 7), who is the Life (Col. iii. 4), who is the Consolation of Israel (Luke ii. 25), who is the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls (1 Pet. ii. 25)? What was the language of the martyr Stephen? "They stoned Stephen, calling upon God, and saying, Lord Jesus, receive my spirit" (Acts vii. 59). Is it not written, "That all men should honour the Son, even as they honour the Father" (John v. 23)? What is St. Paul's definition of Christians?—"All that in every place call upon the name of Jesus Christ our Lord" (1 Cor. i. 2). What did Paul in reference to his affliction?—"For this thing I besought the Lord thrice, that it might depart from me" (2 Cor. xii. 8). "What is the Divine will?"—"That at (or in) the name of Jesus every knee should bow" (Phil. ii. 10). Therefore we arrive at the conclusion that it is lawful to pray to Christ.

F. "In that day ye shall ask me nothing."—John xvi. 23.

Ed. "In that day" means after the coming of the Holy Ghost; and when the Holy Spirit is poured out upon the Church, you will have no occasion to ask questions on intricate points, nor need my presence to solve them; for your understanding shall be enlightened, and the powers of your mind shall be enlarged, and the Comforter, whom I will send unto you, shall guide you into all truth. It is a grievous misconception of Scripture, according to our judgment, for any one to withhold prayer to Christ upon the supposed authority of the words, "At that day ye shall ask me nothing."

F. "The evening and the morning were the first day."—Gen. i. 5. Why is the evening mentioned before the morning?

Ed. Because the Jewish day begins at or about six o'clock in the evening, and terminates at the same hour on the following evening.

Ed. A correspondent writes to us respecting "THE WOUND IN CHRIST'S SIDE."—"Over and above the scientific reasons which you have given to show why the wound must have been in our Saviour's left side, it occurs to me that there is another plain and common-sense argument in support of your view—viz., that a soldier coming, as he necessarily would, in front of our Lord as he hung on the cross, would, unless he were left-handed, naturally pierce the left side by his right-handed thrust. Christ having been crucified between two malefactors, it would be still more probable that the

soldier would approach him in front. Consequently, the wound ought to be depicted on the left side."

Ed. X. X. wishes to become a missionary. Let him ponder well the solemn duties and the serious hardships which the missionary life entails. Let him look well to his motives, and be well assured that he is urged to this office by no personal object, but from an earnest desire to win souls, to honour God, and to spend his strength in the Redeemer's service. If after a time he is still desirous, and has no one to direct him how to proceed, let him send us his name and address, and all the needful particulars of his position in life, his past pursuits, his mental attainments, and his pecuniary circumstances, stating at the same time his religious sentiments, and we will either afford him the information he seeks, or commend him to those persons who will gladly render him the desired aid.

F. What is meant by "in season, and out of season?"

Ed. This expression is no doubt an allusion to the daily sacrifices. The regular services would be regarded as those in season, and the occasional sacrifices as those out of season. By this mode of reasoning, "in season," when applied to preaching, would mean the regular and fixed times of preaching; and "out of season" such opportunities as God may place within our reach, and as such demand at our hands.

PRAYER OF AN AWAKENED HINDOO.

O LORD, who art true and holy, I am not worthy to come before thee, who am nothing but sin. My transgressions are very many, great, and heinous; and I am a helpless cripple, unable to deliver myself, nor have I any power to draw near thee in a proper manner; but thou art merciful, for thou didst die for sinners. This encourages me to come before thee, and beg for mercy from thee, the God of mercy. Thou hast been so gracious to me as to enable me to see myself a vile sinner. I trust, therefore, thou wilt continue to teach me, and lead me into thy true way. Thou seest how short I am in asking, but thou knowest all my wants; do therefore for me according to my needs, and let not my soul perish.

Youths' Department.

THE COUNTRY PASTOR.—PART XV.

THE VILLAGE CHURCHYARD.

SEVERAL weeks intervened before we could again visit our friend the vicar, to inspect that portion of the churchyard which from want of time we had left unnoticed.

"Well, gentlemen," said the vicar, "I am delighted to see you, and am gratified by the interest you take in our improvements. When I look at the present state of things, and call to mind the past, it seems to say to me, as an encouragement for the future, 'Never be terrified at difficulties.'" Turning to me, he said, "I observed that you made free use of your note-book; I presume, therefore, that you considered some of the inscriptions as not unworthy of being remembered on a distant day?"

"Quite so," I replied. "I regarded many of them as suggestive of useful thoughts."

"Indeed" said an old gentleman, "I read them as so many little sermons, teaching us all to look well to the future."

The vicar remarked, that was the design which was kept in view.

"With judicious instruction in the Church," said a gentleman, "and faithful warnings from without, we may hope that your villagers and your visitors are alike gainers."

"We indulge the hope that these our external labours have not been in vain. Strangers are often impressed with what some call 'thoughts packed closely,' and what others term 'lessons in divinity;' and a rough-headed farmer, full of good sense, calls them the 'out-door sermons,' and he is candid enough to say that he likes them, because they are 'sermons in a nut-shell;' and then he adds, with a cunning glance at me, 'I do like a short sermon that's poz, and there's no mistake about it'—which, I fancy, is intended as a compliment to the tombstone and an admonition to the preacher."

"I think," said one of the party, "we have not seen more than half of the ground."

"No; you have yet to visit the other side of the church; and there, owing to the aid we received from pious and poetic minds, I am of opinion that you will meet with some 'germs of thought' that may furnish materials for reflection on other days." So saying, our friend the vicar again offered his services.

"If," said a lady, "you are good enough to be 'interpreter' to us, who are visiting the borders of the celestial land, I hope that we may find both 'Christian' and 'Faithful' to be in our company."

Our first visit was to

THE TERRACE WALK.

I observed that one or two of our friends clung to a venerable, silver-haired gentleman, for the purpose of profiting by his devotional observations. I did the same.

"Do you notice," said our friend, "that fine old carving of a dove? What a lesson against pride!"

"How so?"

"By the train of thought it suggests. When the Almighty saw fit to select an emblem of himself of the trees, he did not bid the oak to be his emblem, but the vine; and of the elements, not the thunder's roar, but the small, still voice; of the animals, he did not choose the lion, but the lamb; of the birds, he did not select the eagle, but the dove."

Near to this spot was the mound that marked the resting-place of some one of humble lot. It was adorned with one flower.

"That," said the vicar, "was a worthy man, whom to know was to esteem. He was a labourer. He knew but little, but that which he knew he practised. You see the memorial:—

The Out-Door Servant called Home.

You will observe," said our interpreter, "that an idea is sometimes repeated, but slightly changed. There is a case:—

THE SUN SETS IN DARKNESS AT THE EVE OF DAY,
TO ARISE WITH SPLENDOR IN THE MORNING.

As we advanced, there was a cluster of graves, and near, on a rising ground, very tastefully arranged and diversified, in both form and position, were several tablets, on which we read:—

This is the Wardrobe-Room of the King's Sons.

THE SPIRITUAL ISRAEL ARE HERE ENCAMPED.

The Inheritors of the Promises.

THE SUCCESSORS OF FAITHFUL ABRAHAM.

The Sheep of the Flock following their Shepherd.

In descending from this elevated path to what was called

THE LOWER WALK,

we observed on one of the tombs a model of a fish.

"May I ask," said one of the party, "why the fish is selected? The dove I can understand, but not the fish."

"In the days of the infant Church, when men could only embrace Christianity at the hazard of life or liberty, a kind of religious freemasonry sprang up, and men adopted emblems to denote their faith; a fish was selected, because the letters in the Greek word for fish form the initials of the sentence in which the Christian delights:—JESUS CHRIST, THE SON OF GOD, THE SAVIOUR."

"Surely," I said, "judging from yonder inscription, the men who repose there must have had their trust in the same Saviour. Observe the eulogy:—

BENEATH THIS TRANQUIL TURF SLEEP MEN WHO LABOURED
FOR OTHERS, AND RENOUNCED SELF; WHO TRUSTED
IN CHRIST, AND WHO PRAYED THROUGH CHRIST,
AND BY THE SPIRIT,
TO A COVENANT GOD.

Another inscription told us that the tenant of that grave

WAS ONCE A SERVANT TO A HARD MASTER,
BUT HAD BEEN BOUGHT, WITH A PRICE, TO BE
The Lord's Freeman.

Near a tomb, in a gloomy and sequestered corner, I read:—

This is the Dark Side of a Beautiful Picture.

However charitable the spirit that prevailed, we found many inscriptions admonitory, such as:—

THE FINALLY IMPENITENT DIE TWICE IN ONE MOMENT.

Shall it be said of some of these, Centuries hence, They have learned
Heaven, but it is Heaven learned too late?

Mortals waiting to be clothed with Immortality.

READER,

PONDER WELL ON THE 29TH AND FOLLOWING
VERSES OF CHAP. I. OF PAUL'S EPISTLE TO THE ROMANS,
AND REMEMBER,

That whoever committeth any of these things, and repenteth not,
he shall hereafter seek death, and be unable to find it.

From this part of the ground we proceeded to

THE BELFRY WALK,

and there we saw a very handsome erection to the memory of one who formerly held a large amount of land in the parish. It simply said, on the side adjoining the path:—

THE TOMB IS A MONUMENT PLACED ON THE
CONFINES OF BOTH WORLDS.

Adjoining this was a circular tablet, bearing this injunction:—

LOOK AROUND AT

The Lessons of Wisdom addressed to the Eye,

FOR

THE GRAVEYARD IS A TEACHER WITHOUT WORDS;

AND REMEMBER THAT

The Churchyard is a Teacher who will one Day render up his Trust.

At a bend of the path was a little figure of a cherub, bearing a scroll, on which was engraven:—

PERCHANCE THERE ARE TO BE FOUND HERE THE
REDEEMED ONES, WHO ARE TO FILL UP THE
VACANT SEATS OF REPROBATE ANGELS.

But that the laudatory might be wisely guarded, I noted close at hand an inscription of an opposite tendency:—

Alas! some sleep here who knew not that they knew not.

"In what way are we to understand this line, my good friend?" said one, to our learned companion.

"I imagine it to be another mode of saying there are some in their graves who were ignorant of the way of salvation, and were ignorant of their ignorance."

Fancying that my friends were discussing some knotty point, I turned aside, that I might enrich my pocket-book. On entering these inscriptions I affixed numbers for convenience, in case at any future time I desired to turn to any of them. I selected twenty:—

1. Guests invited to the Feast, and arrayed in the Wedding Garment.
2. This Spot unites the Church Militant on Earth with the Church Triumphant Above.
3. The Christian Soldier clad in his Shroud.
4. The End of the Race. Which shall Gain the Prize?
5. The Battle is Fought, the Battle is Fought, and, by the Power of God, the Victory is Gained for Ever.
6. Know this, "That the Wanderer may return after all his Errors; and he that seeketh Strength from Above shall find Difficulties give way, and Dangers vanish before him."
7. Art thou an Old Man? Seek to exchange the Silvery Crown of a Hoary Head for the Golden Crown of Immortality.
Art thou a Child? Strive that this, my child, may be written o'er thy grave:—
Her pious conduct proved that she was
A Member of Christ,
A Child of God, and, by Divine Grace,
An Inheritor of the Kingdom of Heaven.
8. Pray that thou mayest be among the Children of the Resurrection.
Understandest thou *this*?
9. Impenitence is the Suicide of the Soul.
10. He who hath despised God unto Death, shall wake up to be despised.
11. The Lord's dark Treasure House.
12. Prayer ends here.
13. God's Promises of Life Eternal belong only to the Children of God. Seek to be of that happy number.
14. The Children of Darkness shall for ever dwell in Darkness.
15. Here dwells the Church of Past Days.
16. Travellers to the City where there is no Night—such are all that Sleep in Jesus.
17. The Godly Friends we mourn are in the Room nearest to the Presence Chamber.
18. The Bible-class gone to the Church above.
19. The Death of a Pious Child is a rose plucked in the bud.
20. Disciples of Christ waiting to be glorified.

Just as I closed my note-book, and was hastening to join my friends, I glanced upon one inscription that I hope will need no writing-tablet to enable me to remember:—

The living gaze on the abodes of the dead; but angels gaze on the abodes of the living. Stranger, the eyes of evil spirits, good spirits, and of the Triune God are upon thee. Go and live accordingly.

On our return in the evening, we expressed the fervent hope that, through the aid of God's grace, our visit to that churchyard might not be in vain. May others who read these inscriptions say the same!

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

A TRUE STORY.

"MAMMA," said little Edmund Sawyer, coming slowly from the window, at which he had for some time been watching a little pony carriage, which was standing at the door of a large and handsome house opposite, "I wish I were one of the Hoares; they must be so *very* happy! Just look," he continued; "they are going out again to spend another delightful day in the country. There are Mr. and Mrs. Hoare and Leonard in the chaise, and here comes Douglas on his beautiful pony."

As he said this, the party passed the window; the boys nodded to Edmund, and were immediately lost to sight round the corner of the house.

"My darling boy," said Mrs. Sawyer, remarking that he still sat idle, disregarding all her attempts to recall his attention to his lessons, "when will you learn that all things are ordered for the best? Believe me, my dear child, if it were good for us to be rich we should be so, but——"

"I cannot think so," interrupted the boy, impatiently. "Why should it be good for some, and not for others?"

His mother took a book from the table, as though she had not heard his last question, and began to read aloud:—

"When I was a boy, I often used to ponder, when alone for hours, upon several subjects which perplexed me, one of the greatest of which was the difference in the circumstances of men. 'Why is it,' I used to say, 'that, descended as we all are from one parent, there should be such a difference?' In this, as in all other things, I have lived to see the wisdom of our great Creator. I wondered, also, why people were so often disappointed of their greatest wish, while things they did not care for were given them; and in this I never knew a more striking instance than in the case of a friend of mine, a young man who was in the navy. After going three voyages in one ship, he, when on shore, formed a strong friendship with another young man, who likewise was in the navy, and was very anxious to join his friend's ship in order that they might take their next voyage together, rather than be separated for an indefinite period. Everything was ready, and they were to start the next week, when Watson (my friend) was suddenly taken ill, and the doctors positively forbade him to go out again for months to come. His friend, therefore, went alone, both of them bewailing their hard lot. Too soon, however, did Watson have occasion to turn this grief into joy—at least, joy for the safety of himself, but bitter sorrow for the loss of his dear friend—for, not a fortnight after his departure, a terrible storm arose, during which the ship struck upon a rock, and was wrecked; the whole of the crew, with the exception of the cabin boy and one of the cooks, being swept at once into the dark waters, never to be again seen on earth by those loved ones whom they left to mourn their loss."

As Mrs. Sawyer put down the book, she glanced at her little boy. He was sitting gazing thoughtfully out of the window; and, thinking it better not to interrupt him, she quietly left the room.

When she returned, Edmund looked up, and said, "Mamma, do you think that God made Watson ill so that he should not go and be drowned?"

"I have no doubt of it," she answered. "God sees and knows all things, and as it was not his will that Watson should die then, he sent that illness to prevent him."

"How good God is to people!" mused Edmund. "I wonder when I shall learn to be good, and to be satisfied with what he has given me? What is that noise?" he continued, getting up and going to the window, as the sound of horses and loud talking was heard without. "O mamma! do come! Come quickly!"

Mrs. Sawyer approached as he said this, and beheld the form of Mrs. Hoare laid upon a stretcher.

"Mamma, is she *dead*?" said Edmund, in an awestricken whisper.

"I fear she is," returned his mother, sadly.

Yes, such, indeed, was the fearful truth. Without a

moment's warning had this poor woman entered the gates of death, and been hurried from time into eternity.

They had not gone more than a mile on their way, when they came in sight of a train, at which the horse took fright. When Mrs. Hoare felt the carriage flying along so madly she jumped out, dragging with her poor little Leonard, who was clinging to her for safety. As soon as Mr. Hoare had managed to stop the frightened horse, he returned as quickly as possible to find his wife; but when he reached the spot he found that life was extinct, and Leonard lay moaning on the grass by the side of Douglas, who was endeavouring to remove him from the uncomfortable position in which he was lying.

That evening, when Edmund came to wish his mother "good night," she drew him towards her, saying, "Does my little boy still wish he was the child of Mr. Hoare?"

Edmund's eyes filled with tears as he replied, "No, mamma, how can you think I should? for if I were Douglas or Leonard I should now have no mamma; and that would kill me!" he added, with vehemence.

"No, dear child," answered his mother, "it would not kill you; for, if it pleased God to take me from you, he would give you strength to bear it."

"Nothing *could* give me strength to bear it, mamma. I felt almost as if I could have died when you told me that papa was dead, and I should not try to live if you were to die too. I think I would starve myself."

"Hush! Edmund; this is very wrong. I shall not be taken from you without it is for your good."

"But, mamma, how can it be for my good?"

"That I cannot say, Edmund. For many reasons which we do not see it might benefit you; and if for nothing else, it might be to teach you to place your first affections upon your heavenly Father, and not on me."

"I cannot help loving you more than any one else, mamma, because you are always so kind to me, and give me nice things, and do everything for me."

"My dear boy, who was it made you and all the world?"

"God," answered the child.

"And who was it that gave his *only* Son to bear greater pain than ever mortal bore, and to suffer death upon the cross, all for us poor sinful creatures?"

"God," again murmured Edmund.

"Then, my darling do you not think it is he who has the first and greatest claim upon our affections? And now, my boy," she added, as she clasped him to her heart, "go to bed, think over all that has happened to-day, and do not ever forget that 'Whatever is, is right.'"

THE SAYINGS OF THE WISE.

EIGHTH CLUSTER.

71. Fear, when it drives us to God, is an evidence of faith.

72. No one, however high his station, has walked in pride and not been abased, or hardened his heart against God and prospered.

73. Religion is the experience of the power of God in the soul; in other words, it is the life of God in the soul of man.

74. We never consult our own safety less than when we turn out of the path of duty to avoid some expected evil.

75. A hope of happiness hereafter without a reason for that hope is a tremendous delusion.

76. There is much deception arising from confounding sorrow for sin with repentance.

77. Afflictions are more frequently sent to the people of God for their profit than to the enemies of God for their punishment.

78. A soul unhumbled for sin is under the dominion of the Prince of Darkness.

79. There is no state of affliction or privation but there is a promise in the Word of God suitable to that state.

80. When God commands, it is not a time to reason, but to obey.

THE COTTON FAMINE.

OUR friends who forward contributions for the Lancashire Fund, unaccompanied by a bill, will oblige us by stating in which of our periodicals they wish the acknowledgments to appear.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the following further sums:—

Amount already acknowledged £638 5 4			
£	s. d.	£	s. d.
Robert Sadler	0 4 6	L. C. Rosewarne	0 2 6
M. A. G. and F. G.	0 4 8	E. Tasker	0 2 1
Goodwin	0 15 6	Datchet National Schools, by G. H.	0 10 0
C. R. Hickman	1 6 6	A Constant Reader	0 1 0
William Drake	0 2 10	W. P. Stickland	0 1 6
Robert Purdy	0 1 2	Mrs. Staley	0 6 0
Joseph Turner	0 3 0	By a Friend	0 13 0
Mrs. Roberts	0 12 6		
M. D. Rotherhithe	0 2 6	Saved by abstinence from sugar	0 0 6
J. M. F. Walworth	0 4 7	G. F. and J. T. Marshall	0 2 0
L. J. Portway	0 10 7	Earl Street Sunday School	1 4 7
J. W. Z. Y.	0 6 6	Self-imposed Fines for Late Rising	0 8 6
One in Affliction, Norwich	0 3 0		
Matilda Moore	0 3 6		
Employers of E. Payne	1 0 0		
L. J. A. G. T. S. F.	0 1 0		
St. John's Sunday School, 3rd Class	0 1 2		
		Total	£648 1 11

W. M. D.—Your subscription on behalf of the Lancashire Relief Fund is acknowledged in this No. as follows:—St. John's Sunday School, 3rd Class, 1s. 2d.; self-imposed fines for late rising, 8s. 6d.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A TALE TOLD TO GEORGE.

NORA sat working by the light of the candle. A brave spirit in general, hers (for her superstitious fancies, touching dogs, "warnings," and sundry other marvels, did not disturb her own equanimity), she yet was feeling an unusual sense of depression now. The house seemed so still, so lonely! Molly had been sent out on an errand; George had gone to see Maude Trevlyn safe to the Hold, after that young lady's somewhat wild night-visit to them in her gala dress; and Mrs. Ryle and her son were away up stairs, giving forth neither sound nor token of their presence. Ominously lonely it grew: and what was lying within that adjacent door, began to make the sense of its presence undesirably near.

She rose suddenly, turned round, and gave the fire a long and vigorous poke; anything for a *divertissement*. It was an old-fashioned grate, with a top bar that let up and down at pleasure, to accommodate saucepans. Just now the bar was down, and Nora began to raise it

vigorously with a great noise. It prevented her hearing footsteps outside, coming up the path with a measured tread. Nora put the poker down and was resuming her seat, when a sharp knock sounded on the porch door. She gave a jump. Unprepared for it, and coming in conjunction with her present state of feelings, it startled her greatly.

"Come in," she called out.

There was no response—except a second knocking. Nora went and opened the door. Two men with caps on their heads stood there, bearing something on their shoulders.

"Good evening, Miss Dickson. We have brought the shell."

Nora threw wide the door, and the men traversed the room with the same measured tread, and entered the apartment where the dead was lying. Nora gave them a light, and then went up stairs to Mrs. Ryle.

A large, comfortable room, with a fire in it and a bed at the far end. Mrs. Ryle had her late husband's desk open before her, and the table was covered with papers. She seemed very busy.

"The carpenter's men have brought the shell," said Nora. "Didn't that beadle, who was here about the inquest, say something to the effect that things were to be left as they were until the jury had sat?"

"I think he did," replied Mrs. Ryle.

"Well, they have gone in, and are putting the master into it."

"It cannot be of any consequence," said Mrs. Ryle, after a pause. "There can be no doubt, unfortunately, as to the cause of death."

As Nora turned to leave the room again, her eyes fell on Trevlyn, fast asleep in an arm chair. "He'd be better in bed," said she.

"He feels timid at going to-night," returned Mrs. Ryle. "He won't be coaxed to it, until George is ready to go with him."

Nora descended. A few minutes, and the men were at liberty to depart. Nora drew them a jug of ale, and talked to them while they drank it. She might have been glad to keep them longer for company's sake, but they happened casually to mention that they had work yet to do that night at the shop. Nora stood at the door when they departed, holding the candle above her head, to light them down the path. A mark of courtesy which was certainly due to Nora's wish of retaining a sense of their companionship up to the last possible moment, rather than from any anxiety about their not finding their way.

As might be proved by her standing there after the men had passed out from the garden and had turned towards the lower road, the one which led direct to the village. Almost immediately, George, coming from the upper road, turned in at the gate.

"What are you standing there for, Nora?" he asked.

"The carpenter's men have been here," answered Nora, shortly. "I was lighting them away. I'm glad you are come, George! I was beginning to have the shivers, all here by myself. I wish I was behind that Molly!—stopping out twice as long as she need! It is invariably the case, if she does get sent out."

George sat down, leaning his head on his hand, in a

weary sort of manner. He was tired of the unhappy day, the only truly miserable one he had ever experienced. Nora—blithe now, comparatively speaking—resettled herself to her work, and sewed with alacrity.

"Nora, only think of their having a party there to-night!" he cried, presently. "And papa lying dead."

"It's just what I should expect them to have," replied Nora. "Let the Trevlyns alone for taking things coolly. There's your mamma buried up to her eyes in papers out of the master's desk; just as composedly as though he had only gone on a ride to Barmester, and might be expected in any minute to his supper. Madam Chattaway's a little different: she follows her mother, more than she does the squire; but for your mamma and Miss Diana, they are Trevlyns all over."

George made no reply.

"Not but what the missis is right," resumed Nora. "She knows that Chattaway will overreach her if he can do it; and it's well she should look into things, and master her position at once, so as to be prepared for Chattaway when it comes to the set-to. There *will* be a set-to," defiantly added Nora.

"Can he turn us out, Nora?"

"Of course he can. Did you not hear the poor master say so with his dying breath? Not that I think he will."

"You don't!" exclaimed George.

"No, I don't," repeated Nora. "You might search Barmester through and not find a man as selfishly alive to his own interests as Chattaway. And he must know that if he lets Mrs. Ryle stop in the farm there's more chance of his being paid the old debt than there will be if he turns her out of it."

"But if he were to turn us out, I expect he would sell up, and pay himself that way."

"Tush!" said Nora, slightly. "If he sold up every stick and stone, it would not pay the debt."

"Why! how much is it?" asked George.

"It was two thousand pounds at first."

"Two thousand pounds!" echoed George, dismayed. The sum, to him, appeared one of magnitude.

"Some has been paid off," she continued. "But I dare say there's a matter of fourteen or fifteen hundred pounds owing still. And the poor master never thought he should have been called on to pay a shilling. No wonder he was exasperated against Chattaway."

"Was it borrowed money?"

"Well, it was, and it wasn't," lucidly returned Nora, "if you can make that out."

"No, I can't," said George.

"It's easy enough, to those that understand it."

"But I do not understand it," replied George. "I have never known the history of these past things."

"And where was the use of your knowing it?" demanded Nora. "Children need not have their noses pushed into everything. It was not any such pleasant subject to talk about, either."

George paused. "Nora," said he, quietly, "don't you think it might be as well if I knew it now? It appears to me that I ought to do so. As to my being a child, I don't suppose there's anybody but you would call me one."

"I didn't say you were a child now," snapped Nora.

George pushed his dark chestnut hair from his forehead, and looked steadfastly at Nora; an earnest light in his eyes, a grave meaning in his tone.

"Had I been so much of a child hitherto—which, however, I have not; in feelings, at any rate—things are changed now. Have you forgotten, Nora, that I——" he paused, pressing down the emotion that the words called up—"am left alone to fight with the world? Treve has his mother, but I have nobody. I had but papa, and he is gone."

"No, I don't forget it," was Nora's answer. "Never fear, George; you'll be taken care of. When a boy's friends are removed, there's God left for him."

"I do not fear," said George. "But I should like to be a little better acquainted with our affairs than I am."

"It is a long tale," said Nora.

"There's time to tell it. Look here, Nora; it seems to me that I ought to know it; and if you won't tell me, I shall ask old Canham."

"Who said I wouldn't tell you?" retorted Nora. "There's no reason why you should not know what half the parish knows. Not that the parish could tell you the ins and outs of it as I can, for I was here on the spot, behind the scenes; and that's more than can be said for others. I was here long before your own mamma died."

"What did she die of?" asked George.

"Ah, I don't know. She was never strong. I think a great deal lies in the way children are brought up," observed Nora, lapsing into her habit of digression. "Bring 'em up hardy, as you have been brought up, and they'll make hardy men and women; but coddle 'em up, and nurse 'em, and have doctors to 'em every day in the year, and feed 'em upon physic instead of good meat and bread, and see what puny, sickly, short-lived minikins they'll turn out. Your mamma was thought to be delicate as a child, and they brought her up so, and she just dwindled away and died, leaving you a little baby. It is often the case where there's an only child," added Nora, alluding to the bringing up.

"Was she an only child?" asked George. "Nobody has ever told me much about her."

"Why, of course she was. Have you got any uncles and aunts, pray? Parson Berkeley and his wife never had but that one child, Mary; and she married your papa, and died."

Nora closed her eyes, and leaned back in her chair, lost in the retrospect. Parson Berkeley, as she called him, had been the curate of Barbrook years ago. Its rector, a dignitary high in the church, and attached to a distant cathedral, did not reside at it; in fact, was very rarely seen at it; but the Rev. George Berkeley was an efficient substitute. He had resided at the parsonage house, enjoyed the benefit of its productive garden, and one hundred a year stipend. Not a great sum; but it appeared to be sufficient for him. He was liked by rich and poor; was liked very much by Squire Trevlyn of the Hold, and was on terms of intimacy there. His daughter Mary was often with the Miss Trevlyns. She, his daughter, married Mr. Ryle, and the curate's death followed soon upon it. Some people were fond of saying that Mary Berkeley might have done better than

marry plain Thomas Ryle of Trevlyn Farm; but you know other people do always settle our business better than we do. The marriage was one of inclination on both sides, and was acceptable to the parson, who was as plain in his way as was Mr. Ryle. Certainly Mrs. Ryle was not calculated for a farmer's wife, if she had had to take the management of the house, and work in it, as so many farmers' wives do work. But this she was spared. Nora Dickson, a most active young woman, had been house-keeper at the farm before the young wife came to it, and she continued there, and took the trouble from Mrs. Ryle's hands. Nora was a distant relative of the Ryles, and when she was left an orphan, old Mr. Ryle had given her a home. Nora was not one to accept a home, and not make herself useful in it. She paid for her cost over and over again in her management and work.

The Rev. George Berkeley died almost close upon his daughter's marriage. He was succeeded in the curacy by a young man, the Rev. Shafto Dean. A good man he, though somewhat self-sufficient, and very opinionated; and before he had been a month at the parsonage, he and Squire Trevlyn were at issue. Mr. Dean wished to introduce sundry new-fashioned customs in the church and parish; Squire Trevlyn held to the old; and neither would give way. The little seed of dissension grew and grew, and spread and spread; obstinacy begets obstinacy. What a slight yielding on either side, a little mutual good feeling, might have removed at first, became at length a terrible breach, a county's talk. The ill-feeling between Squire Trevlyn of the Hold and the officiating minister of Barbrook, was known far and wide. Bitter rancour and hatred existed between them; at any rate, on one side—the squire's. Mr. Dean was not married, and his sister Emily lived with him; a charming girl, lovely and amiable. She had become intimate with the Miss Trevlyns when she and her brother first arrived at the parsonage, and this intimacy was partially continued after the breach began to grow. Indeed, it was said that the younger branches of Squire Trevlyn's family liked the new curate and his sister too well to approve of their father's animosity. It was said that, unknown to the squire, the Miss Trevlyns kept up with the parsonage an occasional intercourse. A reminiscence of Mark Canham's, spoken aloud to Maude, seemed to bear this out—"The squire was away, and so the Miss Trevlyns had invited Miss Emily and the parson to the Hold." Mark Canham said something else: that the young squire, the heir, had danced with Emily Dean, and admired her. Ah, perhaps that evening was the beginning of it! Who knows? Not so long afterwards, the heir to Trevlyn married, in defiance of his father's prejudices; married Emily Dean.

But another marriage took place about this time from Trevlyn Hold. The squire's eldest daughter, Maude, quitted it to become the second wife of Mr. Ryle. For Mr. Ryle's fair young wife, Mary Berkeley, had died. She survived her marriage with him but a year; and before another year had more than rolled over the world, Miss Trevlyn stepped into her shoes. She left Trevlyn Hold, and took up her abode at Trevlyn Farm, its widowed master's second wife, step-mother to the little baby boy, George.

Nora, as she leaned back in her chair, had her thoughts turned to these past events, and George waited with what patience he had. The past history of Trevlyn Hold was a romance in itself, and how long Nora might have been buried in its recollections it is hard to say, had George's patience not become exhausted.

"This is not telling me, Nora. How was the debt contracted to Chattaway?"

Nora awoke to external things. "The debt? Oh, that's a bit of back doings very easy to explain," she answered; and the words would seem to imply that there might be some part of "back doings" not so easy of explanation. "But the debt never was owing to Chattaway," resumed she; "and he has no more moral right to make it his, or to exact the payment of it, than I have. Nobody with a grain of justice inside them would say he had."

"Then whose was the debt?" asked George.

"Squire Trevlyn's. After your papa married Mary Berkeley, the squire took to come here a great deal. The parson came, naturally, and that brought the squire; for never were such friends in this world as the squire and Parson Berkeley. Pleasant evenings there had used to be here," added Nora, sticking her elbow on the table, and pricking her cheeks in various places with her needle's point, as she fell partially into abstraction again. "The young master and missis; the parson, with his iron-grey hair; and the squire, big and burly. You should have seen those two, George."

"Which two?" asked George.

"The master and the missis, your papa and mamma. I can tell you they were a sight for good looks. He, especially. Never a handsomer man than he: and it's said—it's said——"

"What is said?" questioned George. "I wish you'd go on, Nora."

"That but for his good looks, Miss Trevlyn never would have lowered herself to come here. They call it lowering; I don't. It's said that she liked his good looks before he chose Mary Berkeley—but that does not matter to you; and if I don't keep to my tale I shan't come to an end of it. Parson Berkeley, he died soon; and I never shall forget the missis's grief over it. And then there succeeded to him that other parson, Mr. Dean, who grew to be such an eyesore to the squire. If any man in this world had unjust prejudices, it was Squire Trevlyn."

"But about the debt, Nora?"

"I am coming to it; don't be impatient. Parson Berkeley died; but the squire continued to come here as much as ever. He grew to like your father uncommonly—in fact, there were few but what did—and the squire would make himself at home here in an evening, and tell him all about his grievances with the new parson. But before those grievances arose, their talk mostly fell upon the subject of crops and farming, of land generally. It was what they both understood better than anything else. Did you know, George, that in the old, old days, Trevlyn Farm was your grandfather's property?"

"Of course I did," replied George. "And he got embarrassed and sold it to the Trevlyns. It never was called *Trevlyn Farm* until after that, when it became

theirs. The Trevlyns had a mortgage on the farm and foreclosed it. That was it, was it not?"

"That was it," said Nora. "It was in the time of the squire's father, when your grandfather was a young man. After that, as I have heard, things seemed to get lower and lower with the Ryles, and when your papa married, he was as poor nearly as his wife—and it's well known that Mary Berkeley had only what she wore. He, the master, and the squire would get talking together in those sociable evenings that the squire spent here, and the master told him it was his intention to leave when the lease was out, and try and get a farm that would be more profitable. This land, never of the richest, had become poorer and poorer; it wanted draining and manuring; it wanted, in short, a great deal of money laid out upon it; which money the master did not possess. The squire, with all his fits of passion and his overbearing sway, was a generous man enough, and would listen to reason—the very odds of Chattaway. He acknowledged that the land was poor, unproductive, next to impossible to get a living upon; and he offered to lend the money to the master to lay out upon it, as much as was needful, if he'd like to pay him five per cent. interest. And the master accepted it, and had the sum of two thousand pounds."

"Which was laid out on the land?"

"Which was laid out on the land," assented Nora. "The master gave a bond for the money, and the squire gave on his side a promise to renew the lease to the master upon the same terms, when the time for renewal came, and not to raise the rent. The squire's promise was not given in writing; but his word was as good as his pen, and the master trusted it as such. Rare and pleased the master was to have the money to lay out, for the land's sake, and it soon became a little more like what a farm ought to be. Then came the death of your mamma, and next arose that unpleasantness between us and the Hold, when Miss Trevlyn became your father's second wife. It was not the squire who got it up; but for his being set against it at home, he would have got over it easily enough; he always liked the master——"

"Who set him against it?" interrupted George.

"Chattaway and Miss Diana Trevlyn. Poor Mrs. Chattaway never had an ill word to say for anybody, but the other two kept up the ball. If she had gone and married a parish pauper out of the workhouse, they could not have made it out worse. They had a motive: Chattaway especially. He wanted Trevlyn Hold left to him, and Mrs. Ryle, being the squire's eldest daughter, might have stood in his way: it served their turn to excite the squire against her. He was getting partially childish, too. I never saw a man fall off at the last in mind as did Squire Trevlyn."

"But about the debt, Nora?" reiterated George, believing he never should come to the elucidation of it.

"Ay, about the debt. When the squire was on his death-bed, the master went up to Trevlyn Hold. Chattaway was away that day, and Miss Diana was away, and the coast was clear, and the master got to see the squire. It was a very pleasant interview. They were together an hour, and the squire he held the master's hand, and told him things would go on as to the farm just as they had gone on. He told him that Chattaway, who would

inherit after him, knew of the promise he had given to renew the lease on the same terms, and would hold to it. The squire said he was sorry for the ill feeling that had arisen on account of his daughter Maude's marriage to him, and he freely forgave it, and to prove that that he did, he would cancel the bond given for the two thousand pounds, and the master might count it as his daughter's fortune. He had his box of papers brought to him, intending to give the bond up to the master at once; but the bond was not in it, and the squire said he supposed Chattaway had got it in the large bureau. It would be all the same, he said; he would have it destroyed when Chattaway returned: and he repeated that he there and then made him, the master, a present of the money. George! the first thing Chattaway did after the squire died, was to press for the payment of the bond! The next thing he did was to raise the rent—and raise it shamefully."

"What a bad man! And he knew of the squire's promise?"

"He knew it fully. The squire, in the presence of his two daughters, Mrs. Chattaway and Miss Diana, gave Chattaway charge about it, and told him to burn the bond. Chattaway kept it, and has been enforcing it ever since. What with the raised rent, what with the interest on the bond, and the paying part of it off, I can tell you that the master has not known how to keep his head above water."

"I wonder what Chattaway calls himself?" indignantly exclaimed George.

"He has been the bane of this house. All its comfort has gone out of it. We have had to pinch and screw in all ways, denying ourselves almost necessities, keeping you children short. Molly does the work of two, and I do that of three. In the old days we kept two good servants, besides the nurse for you children, and now we can hardly keep one, drained as we are by Chattaway. I can tell you, George, your poor papa has gone from a world of care; as he told you when he was dying. What on earth's that?"

A sound above, as if some heavy weight had come down. It was no doubt Master Treve fallen out of his chair.

"The missis shouldn't let him sit up to sleep," was the comment of Nora.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROMANCE OF TREVLIN HOLD.

A ROMANCE in itself was the past history of Trevlyn Hold; and we must go back again for a short while to those old days, or you will never understand what Nora is saying. Squire Trevlyn had five children; Maude, Rupert, Joseph, Edith, and Diana, born in the order that I have placed their names. Rupert was regarded as the heir; it was in the natural course of events that he should be so regarded, being the eldest son. The property was not entailed; an ancestor of Squire Trevlyn's, coming from some distant part of England (it was said Cornwall), had purchased it and settled down upon it. There was not a great deal of grass land to the estate, but the coal mines on it in the distance rendered it valuable. Of all his children, Rupert, the eldest, was the squire's favourite: but poor Rupert

did not live to come into the estate. He had inherited the fits of passion characteristic of the Trevlyns, he was of a thoughtless, careless, impetuous nature, and on the occurrence of certain unpleasant circumstances, too long to be alluded to in detail in this chapter, in which Rupert was a chief actor, he decamped from his father's home, embarked for a distant port, and died; which left Joseph the heir.

A fit heir, he. But quite different from his brother Rupert. Mild, yielding, and gentle, like his sister Edith, the squire half despised him. The squire would have preferred him to be passionate, and haughty, and overbearing—a true Trevlyn. But the squire had no intention of leaving Trevlyn Hold away from him—provided he lived to succeed to it. *Provided*. Many deemed the squire's to be by far the better life of the two. Joseph—called Joe always—appeared to have inherited his mother's feeble constitution, and she had died early, of decline. Yielding, however, as Joe Trevlyn was in disposition, he proved himself obstinate in one act—that of his marriage. He chose for his wife Emily Dean, the objectionable curate's sister. Objectionable only to Squire Trevlyn, you must understand; the world found the Rev. Shafte Dean anything but objectionable; it liked and respected him. In the matter of dispute, however, there was fault on his side as well as on Squire Trevlyn's—and the fault on both sides was obstinacy. For this reason, his dislike of the brother, Squire Trevlyn said his son should not marry Emily. "I'd rather you'd go and choose a wife out of the parish workhouse, Joe," he said, in his animosity. Joe said little in answering argument, but he held to his own choice; and one fine morning the marriage was celebrated at the church of Barbrook.

They took up their residence abroad, in a warm climate in the south of France. Indeed, the doctors had begun to say that a more genial climate than that of England could alone save the life of the heir to Trevlyn. The squire declared that he would never forgive the marriage; would never take Joe into favour again; but those who knew the squire best, felt convinced that Joe would be taken into favour when the affair should have blown over, and Joe was home again. The squire never said he would disinherit him. For a twelvemonth or so after settling in this warm climate, Joe Trevlyn kept well; the air seemed to have done wonders for him. A little girl was born to him and his wife, and he had her christened Maude, after his eldest sister, and his long-dead mother. "Now there's a grandchild, the squire will be reconciled to Mr. Joe," quoth the gossips around Trevlyn. But the squire heard the news and made no sign.

Other news, that was to come home in a few months time, disturbed the squire more: news of his son's failing health. Alas! poor Joe Trevlyn was destined never to come home again! The improvement in his health had been but a deceitful improvement; and his suspected disease began to show itself rapidly. The little girl, Maude, was but six months old when these tidings came. The squire lamented openly. Not for his son's failing health, or for the anticipated loss of him; it was not in a Trevlyn's nature openly to mourn for such: that he did mourn for him in his heart there

was little doubt; for, next to Rupert, the squire's affections had been given to Joe. But what the squire lamented, and made no secret of lamenting, was the loss of the *heir*; and ten times a day he would express his regret that the baby, Maude, was not a boy. That there should be no male heir to Trevlyn, that a woman should succeed to it, was with the squire a sorely bitter point. He cared little for his daughters; he did not want any one of them to reign at Trevlyn when he should be gone. Two of his daughters had married—Maude and Edith. The first to marry—the first, by some years—had been Edith. Edith Trevlyn had married Mr. Chattaway when she was very young. She was back at Trevlyn Hold with her two children, Octavia and Christopher, before any of these other marriages had taken place—before Mary Berkeley had married Mr. Ryle. Mr. Chattaway was the second son of a landed proprietor in the neighbourhood; he had entered the army, and was a lieutenant in it. Edith followed his fortunes at first, and lived in quarters; but upon the regiment being ordered to Ireland, she came back to Trevlyn Hold. Subsequent to that, Mr. Chattaway sold out: rumour went that he received a gentle hint to do so. Be that as it may, he was anything but the stuff that brave soldiers are made of, and he had the satisfaction of being disliked by his brother officers. He sold out, and took up his abode with his wife at Trevlyn Hold—on a visit, it was said. They, Chattaway and Edith, were always saying that they must look out for a home, and settle: they were still saying so, when the news arrived of the ominous change in Joseph Trevlyn's state of health. You may be very sure they did not leave it after that. Chattaway began to hope he should be made the squire's heir. The squire's own health was failing, and Chattaway became his right hand man, manager of all things. He got his hope, too; for when the actual death of Joe Trevlyn took place, the squire willed the estate to Chattaway.

It was of these past events that Nora told, as she resumed her discourse with George, after the interruption caused by hearing the fall of Treve. The particulars of the bond she had explained, and now she was exercising her tongue with these other particulars, perhaps not over judiciously to so young a hearer. George, his elbow on the table, leaned his head sideways on his hand, and listened, asking a question here and there.

"Nora, what *right* had Chattaway to have Trevlyn Hold left to him?" impulsively demanded George.

"None," responded Nora. "If the squire chose to leave it to the husband of either of his daughters, one would say that Mr. Ryle had the most right to it, as the husband of the eldest. But Chattaway was at his elbow, you see; putting in cross spokes in the wheel continually: this way for himself, that way against Mr. Ryle. After the heir's death, Joe Trevlyn's, there was a great fear fell on the reigning powers at the Hold, lest Mr. Ryle should come in for it."

"Whom do you mean by the 'reigning powers'?"

"Chattaway and Miss Diana Trevlyn. It is said Chattaway promised Miss Diana that a large portion of the revenues should be hers, and that she should act as

the entire mistress of Trevlyn Hold, if the estate should be left to him——"

"I wonder Miss Diana did not try for it herself?" interrupted George. "She was the only daughter left to the squire—unmarried."

"She knew it would be useless. The squire would not leave it to a woman. Not but that he would have willed it to little Maude, his son's infant, if he could have brought his spirit to forgive the fact that Emily Dean was her mother. 'I should like to see little Maude,' he said, several times; 'I wish she had been a boy!' But she was not a boy, you see, George; and the squire never did see her."

"But there *was* a boy, Nora. There was young Rupert."

"I know there was," answered Nora, shortly, biting a knot off her thread, her tone one of strange significance.

"Well, why did not the squire leave the estate to him? He was Maude's brother, son of Joe Trevlyn. I have never been able to make out why Trevlyn Hold is not his."

"There's others that can't make it out, any more than you can, lad. It has been a puzzle, that has. The neighbourhood puts it down to the old grievance—the squire's displeasure at Joe's marriage. That was not what kept young Rupert out of Trevlyn."

"What did, then?"

"Cheating," rejoined Nora.

"Cheating!"

"Yes; he was *cheated* out of it. Chiselled out of it, if you think the word's better. And those to do it were Chattaway and his wife, and Miss Diana."

"Not Mrs. Chattaway!"

"She was an actor in the plot, as much as they were; but they forced her to it. A poor thing, who dare not say her soul's her own, if it should please Chattaway and Diana Trevlyn to say it is not."

"Tell me about it, Nora."

"Can you keep a silent tongue in your head, and not talk to the parish?" cried judicious Nora.

"I can if I like," answered George.

"Take care that you do like, then," cried Nora, "or I'll never tell you anything again. When the tidings of Joe Trevlyn's death came home, the first thing that they, Chattaway and Diana Trevlyn did, was to get the squire to settle the question of the inheritance. They had been working for it ever since it was known Joe could not live. They did not succeed immediately. The squire was failing in health then, and kept his room; and his mind was not quite so strong as it had been. But they could not bring him to do anything, and they lived in mortal fear lest he should die with his will unaltered——"

"In that case who would have succeeded to Trevlyn Hold?" interrupted George.

"Little Maude Trevlyn. The squire's will had been made for many a long year in favour of his eldest son Rupert, and, failing him, of Joe. But Rupert, you know had gone away and died, and now Joe was dead; and the child Joe left, Maude, would have come in. At last the squire was brought to book. He did not destroy the old will, but he caused a few words to

be added to it, and they stood good, and were acted upon. But now, George, what do you think?"

George did not know what to think, except that Nora seemed curiously excited.

"After they had got, as they thought, all sure and safe, there came a letter to Trevlyn Hold big with news. Chattaway, he mostly opened the squire's letters then, what few were received, and he opened this one. I hope he liked its contents! The squire, since his son's death, had been always saying, 'I wish Joe had left a boy! I wish Joe had left a boy!' and now this letter had come to say that Joe had left one. A little boy was born to Joe Trevlyn's widow—a boy which he, Joe, had not lived to see. I'll leave you to fancy the state of Chattaway."

"What did he do?" asked George.

"What should a mean, false-hearted man as he is, do, but conceal it from the squire?" returned Nora. "He never said a word to anybody that he had had the news; and, perhaps, he never would have said it, but that he was forced. For, the next morning, there arrived a second letter; young Mrs. Trevlyn was dead."

"Young Mrs. Trevlyn!"

"She was. Just three months after her husband, poor Joe, was put into his grave, she followed him to it, leaving Maude a year old, and the baby boy of a day or two. She had lived to have him baptised, calling him 'Rupert,' after the old squire; after the heir who had run away and died. Joe always said, if he ever had a boy, it should be named after his brother. The two were very fond of each other."

"What was done, Nora?"

"Something had to be done. For the little children would be coming home to Trevlyn; they had no other home. Chattaway wrote at once to stop their departure; and then he informed the squire that Joe's widow had died, leaving Maude. But he never said a word about the baby, and the squire went to his grave without knowing that there was a male heir to Trevlyn. Had he lived long, perhaps, it could not have been kept from him; but he went off very soon, and it was easy. Then the poor little things were brought home, Maude and Rupert; and there they have been since, snubbed and kept under, their rights wrested from them, dependents at Trevlyn Hold, where they ought to be the masters."

George Ryle felt inexpressibly shocked. Injustice was foreign to his nature. "It is a dreadful tale!" he exclaimed. "If I were Chattaway, I could not rest in my bed at night; I should get dreaming of the wrong I had done."

"So might many other folks," answered Nora. "But dreams of wrong done don't lie in the way of Chattaway."

It was all true. Young Rupert Trevlyn and his sister Maude had been despoiled of their inheritance by underhand dealing. There is a great deal of it in the world.

(To be continued.)

Look on religion as wisdom, for it is shown to us in that light; and all true religion is identical with real wisdom—not the wisdom of man, but that of God.

Literary Notices.

The Fatherhood of God. By THOMAS GRIFFITH, A.M. [London: Hatchard and Co.]. This is decidedly a book for thoughtful and intelligent readers, and we cannot well imagine such rising from its perusal unprofitably. The object of the author is to vindicate, explain, and illustrate the Divine Fatherhood, and in the execution of his task he displays the stores of a well-balanced and well-furnished mind, the treasures of a heart imbued with the love of goodness and truth. The plan of the volume is briefly as follows, and may be easily apprehended:—In Part I. the Fatherhood of God is asserted, and it is shown that God is the Author of all things, the Governor of all things, and the Judge of all things. In the Second Part the Fatherhood of God is vindicated, both with respect to disorder and to order in the world. By disorder is meant natural and moral evil; the latter being considered in view of its existence, its toleration, and its inveteracy. The section on the Order in the World concludes with some very judicious remarks upon Providence and Prayer. In the Third Part the Fatherhood of God is established. The relation of God to the world is shown by the indications of law, which point to a superintending Will. This leads to observations upon what are called the Laws of Nature, and upon Miracles. That God has actual dealings with the world is proved by a consideration of the events of history, which reveal the fact that the world is under his guardianship and instruction. Finally, the Divine Fatherhood is proved by the declarations of the Scriptures, or rather, by his declarations to the world, in which his gracious purposes are affirmed, and his overruling hand made known. Such is a general outline of the argument, and it needs no words to show that it is as forcible as it is intelligible. Under every one of its divisions many wise and admirable observations will be found; and it is not saying too much to affirm that it is one of the most lucid, interesting, and forcible expositions of the paternal character of God with which we are acquainted. It is beautifully shown in the course of the book that God is not indifferent to mundane affairs, that he puts forth in regard to them his power, and displays in them his skill; that he asserts his character as a righteous Lord and Judge; but that, amid all the exhibitions of wisdom, power, and righteousness, mercy, love, and grace conspicuously appear.

Lamps of the Church; or, Rays of Faith, Hope, and Charity, from the Lives and Deaths of some Eminent Christians of the Nineteenth Century. By the Rev. H. CLISSOLD, M.A. [London: Rivingtons]. Christian biography is always a pleasing and popular subject, and, when well executed, fitted to convey most valuable instruction. The volume before us, as the title indicates, chiefly relates to eminent believers in modern times, most of them having lived in the present century. A considerable diversity of character is exhibited in the memoirs, and equal diversity of circumstances, so that there are few who will not find in it something specially fitted for themselves. The first notice is of the Rev. John Cowper, the beloved brother of the poet

Cowper, whose biography follows it. From these we proceed to Dr. Maclaine, Paley, Kirke White, Bishop Porteus, Henry Martyn, Dr. Buchanan, and many others, among whom are such household names as Leigh Richmond, Mason Good, Hannah More, William Wilberforce, Mrs. Hemans, Charles Simeon, Dr. Arnold, Henry Blunt, Hedley Vicars, and Bishop Wilson. We should be disposed to put a work like this among our evidences for Christianity. We see here that the Gospel still is the Gospel of God's grace, and the power of God unto salvation, that the Lord still has a people in the earth whom he calls, and justifies, and sanctifies, that he may glorify them with himself. We see here that religion can make men strong and happy, holy and wise, as in old time, and that now as ever, by God's grace, the victory which overcometh the world is faith—faith in Christ the only Redeemer. The author has our sincere thanks for the spirit and manner in which he has compiled a volume which abounds in admirable passages, and throughout teaches by example.

Romantic Passages in English History. By MARY BEVERLEY [London: Hogg and Sons]. The romantic passages selected by the authoress are five. In the first we are told how Prior Rahere founded the hospital of St. Bartholomew; the second tells how the battle of Evesham was fought; the third, how Queen Anne loved her people; the fourth takes us to Ludlow Castle, and narrates occurrences there more than three centuries ago; and the fifth relates to the last of the lords high constable, a century after the events of the fourth. The aim of the writer has been, by an endeavour to reproduce and give dramatic effect to these chapters of our history, to create or deepen an interest in our national annals. The book is pleasant reading, and will be a favourite with the juniors, for whom it is designed. Possibly it is open to criticism on some points, as every like attempt must be; and the historical value of it would have been increased by the addition—either as foot-notes, or at the end—of a few words indicative of the facts of sober history here quaintly and pleasantly set forth.

Madagascar: its Mission and its Martyrs [London: Snow]. This very excellent little book, on a subject of absorbing interest, bears all the marks of authenticity. It is a work which presents with a summary or bird's-eye view of the whole history of the Madagascar mission for about half a century; its happy successes, its terrible persecutions, its noble army of martyrs, its dark night of tribulation and silence, and its present wonderful restoration under the reign of the new king, Radama II. The thrilling narratives with which it is occupied are some of them illustrated by sketches of scenes in the island, and there is, in particular, an accurate portrait of the present king and queen, from a photograph by the venerable Mr. Ellis. Such a valuable and instructive memorial of a modern mission has seldom fallen into our hands; and at a time when attention is so strongly attracted towards Madagascar, it would be well if thousands would read these pages. Although anonymous, the author has unquestionably access to the first sources of information. This, again, is a book which marvellously displays the living power of the Gospel, and shows how it enlightens, and sanctifies, and

turns into true heroes full of Divine courage and endurance, even the once dark and benighted savages of Madagascar.

Our Heavenly Home; or, the Destinies of the Glorified. By the Rev. E. DAVIES. [London: A. Heylin]. The fact that this is a fourth edition renders it needless for us to commend Mr. Davies's volume as one likely and sure to be acceptable. There is in most breasts a natural curiosity to look within the veil; but beyond certain limits this is a privilege for which they must wait. To some degree the desire is gratified by the intimations of God's Word, through which "we see as through a glass, darkly." The author endeavours to gather together, to develop, and to illustrate these intimations. In this work he has produced a volume which will be grateful to many a weary pilgrim who wants even here to get some glimpse of the heavenly home.

The Congregational Psalmist (Organ Score).—The complete and very elegant edition of this work, which has just been issued by Messrs. Jackson, Walford, and Hodder, will be heartily welcomed, not only as a valuable auxiliary to the worship of the sanctuary, but as an aid to the exercises of the domestic altar, the want of which has been experienced by many Christian families. The names of the joint editors, Rev. Henry Allon and Dr. Gauntlett, are a sufficient guarantee of the excellency of the work.

BOOKS RECEIVED.—"Proceedings of the International Temperance and Prohibition Committee." "Lecture on America." "Reply of Mrs. Beecher Stowe to the Women of England." "Gurney's Sermons on the Acts of the Apostles."

Musical Notices.

La Prière Exaucée (The Prayer Granted). This "brilliant morceau," according to the publishers, is a response to the well-known "The Maiden's Prayer." Although unequal in merit to this popular piece, it is an effective composition.—Oetzmann and Co., 27, Baker Street, Portman Square.

The Reading Girl. Sacred Song. Written by J. E. Carpenter. Music by Vincent Wallace. The much-admired sculpture under this name originated the idea of this beautiful composition. A plaintive strain runs through the whole, in harmony with the thoughts suggested by the words.

The Day Dream. Réverie for the Pianoforte. By Adam Wright. A composition of great taste and skill.—Robert Cocks and Co., 6, New Burlington Street.

Hear my Prayer, O God. This is a very full and powerful anthem, composed by William Smallwood. It forms a valuable addition to our sacred music, and evinces very considerable ability on the part of the composer.

Oh, Pray for the Peace of Jerusalem. Another anthem, by the same composer, characterised by the same strength and force. The introductory movement is particularly effective.

Nearer Home. The poetry by James Montgomery. The music composed by J. R. Woodbury. The pianoforte accompaniment by A. Mullen.

Thy Will be Done. A Sacred Song, arranged and "partly composed" for one or two voices, by Alfred Mullen. Both pieces are welcome, and will prove very acceptable to all who admire really good music.—Published by B. Williams, 11, Paternoster Row.

Temperance Department.

THE ROYAL PACKMAN.

DUNCAN WALSH, or as he is entitled "Her Majesty's Packman for Scotland," once recited with great gusto the interview he had with her Majesty at Loch-Laggan, and referred with much enthusiasm to the testimony he had the honour of bearing to teetotalism before quitting the castle.

"I got," says he, with a gush of Highland loyalty, "plenty to eat, and had the offer of sixteen kinds of intoxicating liquors; but when leaving Loch-Laggan, I said, 'Thank God, I did not break my pledge yet!'"

DRUNKENNESS AND LONGEVITY.

By life assurance statistics it has been demonstrated that out of 357 who die of drunkenness, only 110 would have died according to the ratio of sober mortality. It has been computed that between the ages of twenty-one and thirty the mortality of the drunkard is five times greater than that of the rest of the community; that between thirty and fifty it is twice as great. The drunken man at the age of twenty may expect to live fifteen years, and the sober man forty-four. At thirty the drunkard may expect to live thirteen years, and the sober man thirty-six. At forty the drunkard may expect to live but eleven years, and the sober man twenty-eight.

Here is matter for the serious consideration of all, for how many are there who, while congratulating themselves upon the strength of their own moral position, have yet to tremble for the risk of some erring brother, whom the fatal habit is slowly but surely luring within the doomed circle out of which escape is so difficult!

PRACTICE AND PRECEPT.

A CERTAIN lady, who was by no means an enemy to total abstinence, and a staunch decrier of excess in every form, was afflicted with general debility, for which a friend advised her to drink a glass of Madeira every morning, with an egg beaten up in it. The advice, as is usually the case, was strenuously followed, and the prescription rigidly adhered to, though the results were, it is to be supposed, not very impartially watched. Now this lady had in her employ a Yorkshire girl, whom her mistress more than suspected of loving "a little drop overmuch;" and on whom she never failed to exercise all the force of her eloquence, either by innuendo—or by right down, outspoken appeal.

One day, as an intemperate man passed, she made the occasion a text to preach a short discourse to her children, in the hearing of the Yorkshire girl, for whose especial benefit the lecture was intended.

"You see," said she, "how miserable this poor drunken man makes himself, his wife, and all his family, by his intemperance, and how wicked it must be to drink intoxicating liquors."

"Well, ma'am," said the Yorkshire girl, "it'll do no harm if they only takes an egg in it."

The good lady's sermon was at once ended abruptly. The reproof was felt to be deserved, and the wine and the "egg in it" from that time was discontinued.

WASHINGTON AND WINE.

TOWARDS the close of the revolutionary war between England and America, an officer in the army had occasion to transact some business with General

Washington, and repaired to Philadelphia for that purpose. Before leaving, he received an invitation to dine with the general, which was accepted; and upon entering the room, he found himself in the company of a large number of ladies and gentlemen. As they were mostly strangers to him, and he was of a naturally modest and unassuming disposition, he took his seat near the foot of the table, and refrained from taking an active part in the conversation. Just before the dinner was concluded, General Washington called him by name, and requested him to drink a glass of wine with him.

"You will have the goodness to excuse me, general," was the reply, "as I have made it a rule not to take wine."

All eyes were instantly turned upon the young officer, and a murmur of surprise and horror ran round the room.

"That a person should be so unsocial and so 'mean' as never to drink wine, was really too bad; but that he should abstain from it on an occasion like the present, and even when offered to him by Washington himself, was perfectly intolerable.

Washington saw at once the feeling of his guests, and promptly addressed them.

"Gentlemen," said he, "Mr. — is right. I do not wish any of my guests to partake of anything against their inclination, and I certainly do not wish them to violate any established principle in their social intercourse with me. I honour Mr. — for his frankness, for his consistency in thus adhering to an established rule which can never do him harm, and for the adoption of which, I have no doubt, he has good and sufficient reasons."

THE SPOILED WAISTCOAT.

CHARLOTTE ELIZABETH, author of a number of interesting little works, gives the following incident, in her history of a deaf and dumb boy:—

"John had conceived a great abhorrence of drunkenness; to avoid the beginnings of which he heartily resolved never to taste any kind of strong drink. He remarked that Satan would persuade him to take a small spoonful of wine to-day, a larger one to-morrow, then half a glassful, and so on, until he should be willing to drink to intoxication; but he remained steadfast against all temptation.

"On one occasion he was sent with a note to a friend's house, and, while waiting for an answer, was pressed to take a glass of wine by a young man who had resolved to overcome his scruples; the boy refused, but was the more importunately urged to take it.

"His rejection became the more decided, as the foolish young man more resolutely persevered; until he seized the little fellow by the collar, drew back his head, and forced the wine into his lips.

"In this emergency John set his teeth so firmly that scarcely a drop of the wine passed them, and the contents of the glass ran down upon a waistcoat which I had made for him, and on which he set a high value. He said nothing, but buttoned up his coat, and returned with the letter.

"On his return he told what had passed, showed me the stains on his waistcoat, and, with an exulting smile, concluded by saying, 'The waistcoat is spoiled, but God is not angry, for John was not drunk.' When adverting to it afterwards, he said God had made his teeth, and Satan could not get the wine through them."

THE CENTRAL POINT OF PROPHECY.

As students of sacred things, desiring to learn yet more and more of the ways of God to men, we propose to glance at the subject of Fulfilled Prophecy. In the one hand we shall hold the volume of Secular History, and in the other the volume of Divine Prophecy, and trace the wondrous correspondence and agreement between the two. Heaven has spoken the things that shall be; and Earth, responsive to the voice, sends back the echoes of the words in human histories.

Now, every mind that thinks must have an object of its thoughts. The poet has the subject of his song, the painter the design of his art, the orator the theme of his discourse. Every development has had its hidden germ, from whence it has been evolved; every circle is but the expansion of its centre; all the wide-spread branches of the tree may be traced back to one common root; and it is said that the giant oak is contained in the tiny acorn.

The Bible is a message from heaven to earth; the communication of an offended yet loving Father to his lost and banished children; a royal decree, with all its conditions and promises of mercy to a rebellious and ungrateful people. And have its developments no hidden germ? its ever-widening circle no central point? the branches of the Tree of Life no common root from whence they grow? Yes, this is a message of one great, absorbing truth; a communication of a Father's provision for his sons; a decree of one great pardon for the guilty; an amnesty for the past; the tidings of one great Saviour of the lost. The story of the Bible is the unfolding of one grand design for restoring fallen man.

The Bible begins with a promise; and this first promise was also the first great prophecy—"the seed of the woman shall bruise the serpent's head." This is a fixed point, the prophecy in Eden. This becomes the pole-star of the faith of men, shining brightly over an ever-changing world, above the fluctuations of the troubled waters, beyond the region of storms and tempests, and far above the fleeting and inconstant clouds. Accordingly, whatever may have been the forgetfulness of man, whatever his oblivion of the Truth, however the god of this world may have blinded his eyes, and however spiritually dark and dead the world may have become, the Divine eye was ever intent upon this promise, watching its progress, guiding its history, and

working out its accomplishment. Book after book was written; revelation after revelation was given; vision after vision was vouchsafed; and star after star arose; till at last Heaven opened to the eyes of men, and "God manifest in the flesh" appeared. Types, shadows, covenants, oracles, visions, dreams, history, laws, legislators—the Pentateuch of Moses, the volume of the prophets, the songs and psalms of the Psalmist—all and each were so many notes of the organ of Revelation: strings of the great harp, touched by the breath of Heaven; wires of the great telegraph running above all the lines and permanent ways of history, circulating through all the ages of the past; the moving Hand within the veil transmitting messages of coming peace, tidings of great joy to men. It was of Christ they spoke, and wrote, and prophesied, and sung. Therefore does Jesus say, "These are the words which I spake unto you, while I was yet with you, that all things must be fulfilled, which were written in the law of Moses, and in the prophets, and in the psalms, concerning me" (Luke xxiv. 44).

We deal in this article with the Central Point of Prophecy. A writer has somewhere observed—"As to the scheme of prophecy generally, it has two centres, round which all events revolve: these centres marking the eminences from whence the history of the World and of the Church may be best surveyed. One is the first advent of the Lord—to suffer; the other is his second advent—to reign." And such, indeed, is the one great topic of the Scriptures—the weight of its counsels, the burden of its prophecies, the keynote of its songs. And standing within this central point—Jesus Christ—we may survey all the concentric rings of revelation, all the converging lines of promise.

Of Him the Prophets wrote and spoke;
For Him the Psalmist's harp awoke;
To Him the types and shadows tend,
And Promise and Prediction blend.

From Eden to Calvary is one stretch of Divine Prophecy—one continued succession of prophets, who, amidst the generations of men, stand, as Saul did among his brethren, head and shoulders above their fellows, overtopping all other men, seeing what others saw not, and handing on, one to another, "the testimony of Jesus, which is the spirit of prophecy." The Jews divided their Scriptures into three parts—the Law, the Prophets, and the Psalms. The Law, consisting

of the Books of Moses, was the schoolmaster to bring them to Christ. The Prophets then take up the testimony, extending from Moses to Malachi. The Hagiographia are as the sweet songs thrown in to relieve the deep-toned voices of the prophets. But all speak and testify of Christ, the son of David, and David's Lord; the one class of predictions circulating round about Christ who was to come to suffer; the other circulating round about the same Christ who is to come to reign. Therefore Christ, "beginning at Moses and all the prophets, expounded unto them in all the Scriptures the things concerning himself" (Luke xxiv. 27).

The Promise of Eden is the starting point, the germ of all prophetic study. To develop this, to illustrate this, to expand this from the bud to the blossom, and from the blossom to the mature fruition, was the object of the Bible, in all and each of its parts. This prophecy was very indistinct and indefinite at first. The human race branched off, but no special family was followed by the promise. It still lay open to all the world. By-and-by the promise is buried amid the iniquity of men; but it was like a stream that struggles with an uneven soil, now hidden, and yet again appearing; or

"Like footprints hidden by a brook,
But seen on either side."

At times the chain of Prophecy seems as though it must be broken, when the second curse descends to destroy man by a deluge of waters. Where then is the promise? See it treasured up in yonder ark. There the cord is narrowed to a single thread; and yet 'tis strong enough to carry the promise to remotest generations; and from Noah there springs a new world. The olive branch of peace is for his family, and becomes the inheritance of his sons. The bow of promise spans his firmament; and he himself, the second great father of his race, dispatches the promise through his children and his children's children.

And yet once more the human tree, thus lopped to the trunk, sprouts forth again with new and vigorous branches; but with the same evil fruit of sin, and shame, and sorrow. The promise now seems to take an outward channel, and, though itself forgotten, yet is it spreading its onward way through the family of one of the sons of Noah. Iniquity again abounds. Pride begets presumption, and presumption will build its Babel; and God comes out of his place again

to visit the earth with a triple curse. In the first the human race was expelled from Eden, in the second mankind was destroyed in a deluge, and in the third the race of man was ignominiously dispersed from Babel, and the world became a polyglot by the confusion of tongues. During all this time there seems to be no mention of the promise, no remembrance of the covenant. With which of these departing families does the promise go? It seems as though it were lost to human sight amid prevailing ungodliness; idolatry has chased the promise to its hiding-place. Is it dead? No, it is not dead, but sleepeth.

By-and-by the promise revives — awakes again. Abraham is called, and by faith he obeys the call. He takes up the attenuated thread, and becomes the depository of the promise—"In thee and in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed." From this date we may withdraw our eyes from other families, and watch the conduct of the promise through Abraham. And yet, how unlikely are the probabilities! Abraham is in his old age, and he has, as yet, no son. Years pass by, during which the promise continues to be God's peculiar care, the essential part of his covenant; and yet Abraham has no son. The patriarch is growing old, his wife is aged, and the promise becomes more and more improbable to be fulfilled. The long delay causes his faith to fail him. He now impatiently seeks to fulfil the promise in his own way, and upon his own responsibility; and a son is born, but he is at once declared to be *not* the son of promise. Where now is the covenant of God? How it trembles in the balance, depending on an aged twain, so that only a miracle, which they do not anticipate, can cause the promise to take effect.

At length Isaac is born—the son of promise. All now seems well, until the father's faith is tried by the command of God—"Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and get thee into the land of Moriah; and offer him there for a burnt offering upon one of the mountains which I will tell thee of" (Gen. xxii. 2). This is a trial, not of parental affection, but of Abraham's faith. The promise is to Isaac; to no one else—"in Isaac shall thy seed be called;" and yet Isaac must die! Here the chain must be snapped in its strongest link. Hope, yet in her infancy, must needs be sacrificed upon the altar of faith. His son — his only son, the

only son he ever had—must die! Where now is the promise? Must faith itself die also? Shall hope be lost in dark despair? A natural impossibility intervenes between the promise and its fulfilment. Shall not the faith even of the father of the faithful yield to inevitable facts? And in a dead Isaac what can he see but the promise dead? Here, then, the promise hangs by a single slender thread; and that thread is about to be cut asunder. Yet the patriarch obeys: his hand is even now uplifted, the knife of sacrifice is pointed to the breast of the victim, and lo, ere the stroke has fallen, his hand is stayed—"Touch not the lad!"

The promise, thus released, now speeds onward through a narrow strait, and thence widens and expands through Jacob's sons. And even yet there are fitful struggles: the people of Jacob are in bondage; but the promise is not bound—the people shall yet be free. In process of time Israel become an organised people, and dwell in their own land, the land of God's donation. God gives them a Law; that law is itself a prophetic code: its types are prophecies; its institutions are standing predictions—typical things, typical persons, typical places; but Christ is the central point of all. He is foreshadowed in every sacrifice, oblation, rite, and figure. Is blood shed? Is the victim innocent and unoffending? Is the sacrifice vicarious? All this is Christ. There are *acts* of prophecy as well as *words* of prophecy; and in all Christ is shadowed forth, in the outline of the future fulness.

After the law, History takes up the current of the promise. The Jewish genealogies are rigidly and carefully preserved. All the progenitors of Jesus, according to the flesh, were duly registered in the well-kept archives of the nation. Distinctions were made, and oft recorded, that the promise should never lose its right direction. It is Abraham, not Lot; Isaac, not Ishmael; Jacob, not Esau; David, not Saul. And accordingly, the twain genealogies of the Gospels, though traced respectively through different lines, yet meet at the same central point—Jesus of Nazareth. The histories, too, of divers nations are introduced into the Scripture narrative only in proportion as those histories affected the interests of God's own people Israel. Tyre and Egypt, Nineveh and Babylon, occupy a place in the Old Revelation only so far as their

history is inwrought into the fortunes of the Jewish people. It is only when they touched the Lord's anointed that "He rebuked kings for their sakes;" and, through all the vicissitudes of human histories, conducted the promise to its ultimate fulfilment.

Then the succession of Prophets takes up the thread, and for full a thousand years followed the course of the history of Israel and Judah. The prophets of the Lord were men of lofty speech, of iron heart, of fiery tongue. Weighted with many a message, which they called the "burden" of the Lord, they travailed until they were delivered of their prophetic tidings. These men were the remembrancers of Israel, keeping in mind the promise. In days of national darkness their prophecy was "a light shining in a dark place," and in days of national sin their message was "the sure word of prophecy." Isaiah is so crowded with incidents of anticipated Gospel history, that he is by emphasis called the "Evangelical Prophet." Jeremiah mourns for his people's sin, and sees through his tears the rising of the Sun of Righteousness. Ezekiel, with his distinctive imagery of the future, marks out the measure of a glorious temple, built for Christ to dwell there. Daniel, in his prophetic chronology, writes in advance the calendar of the Messiah's birth and suffering. The other prophets, as they draw more and more near the fulness of time, become more and more distinct in their utterances, more and more detailed as to the place and manner of the birth of Jesus, and the incidents of his wondrous ministry. From first to last Christ is the one subject of their song, the single theme of their predictions.

The revelations of Malachi were the last declining rays of sunset; and then did prophecy cease, and darkness reigned for a season. During this interval the world draws the curtain of night closely round her, and seems to sleep, and mysteriously to await and abide the issue. And in the very sunset is the promise of the next day's sunrising. Malachi foretold the forerunner; and this was the last streak of the Jewish eventide, as the Baptist, thus foretold, was the first streak of the Gospel dawn. Thus did the last of the prophets of the Old, and the first of the prophets of the New, join hands across that dark chasm that divided the two dispensational covenants; and the Prophetic evening and the Gospel morning were one day; and Christ the only Light thereof.

TO THE EVENING STAR.

On thee, far distant star of night,
I fix my raptured gaze;
And with a blissful, calm delight,
Chaunt my Creator's praise.

Yon small and twinkling orb appears,
When viewed by mortal eye,
A little speck, that brightly steers
Its course amid the sky.

Yet, when through Fancy's glass 'tis seen,
How altered is the sight!
For numerous objects there, I ween,
Excite the soul's delight.

Methinks I view blest virtue reign
In thee, all free from fear;
Nor dread the pangs and heartfelt pain
Which 'tend her sojourn here.

Star of the night, from earliest time
What various scenes of woe,
Of grief and misery, vice and crime,
Thou'st looked on here below!

Smile on, fair star; adorn the sky,
Thou harbinger of God!
The time will come—the time is nigh—
Thou'lt smile upon my sod.

PRISON NARRATIVES.

FOUNDED ON FACTS.

PART I.

HARK! What is that sound? Whence that feeble wail? It is like the cry of a new-born infant. It must be that. Where am I, then? Am I in the warm-curtained, well-appointed room of the honourable matron of the upper or middle classes, or in the comfortable abode of the mechanic? for at such a time—when Nature's great anguish comes on—the poorest habitation is made, to a certain degree, comfortable. No! I am standing in the infirmary of a prison. Poor babe! Born in a prison! what an heritage! Verily, thou dost suffer already for the sins of thy parents. Yet even here the nameless charm of babyhood is potent, and many a kiss is bestowed on the little three-days-old by the attendants. But the mother! Instead of remembering no more her anguish for joy that a man is born into the world, she must be groaning in spirit, fretting at her position—at the absence of her husband—of him who should now comfort her with words of honest endearment. Alas! she has no husband. He whom she calls her husband enticed her away from a poor but respectable home in the north of England. Subsequently, I learnt her history, which I will here jot down. Love of dress, vanity in its many shapes and forms, caused her to grow discontented with honest labour. The tempter came and offered her "a home of her own," the bait by which so many are lured into improvident marriages; and, without even knowing his surname, she clandestinely left her parents to go with George, "thinking," she says, "they were to be married at the first opportunity." That

opportunity never came. She tramped about with him from place to place, the desired "home" ever eluding her grasp, as he was here to-day and there to-morrow. She always had plenty to eat and to drink, and yet the man never seemed to do any work. She was puzzled, but asked no questions, being content to live in comfort, without listening to the voice of conscience, which now and then disturbed her. After living thus for about six months, she observed a change in George, who, by-the-bye, had told her, on the evening of her elopement, that his name was Jones. He became moody and ill-tempered, and at last declared, with an oath, that she must set to work and help him, or he would turn her into the streets. "Consideration for my unborn babe," said the woman, "made me quiet. I did not taunt him. I knew that I had only myself to thank for my position. I said I was willing to work; what should I do? To my great horror, for I had been taught to be honest, he threw down half-a-crown, a bad one, and bade me go and buy some small thing, and bring him back the change. He was one of a gang of coiners, and the police were on his track. He was soon taken, and sentenced to ten years, penal servitude. He had many aliases, and I don't even now know his right name. I soon got to know many bad characters, and became a clever hand; but a short time ago was found out, and sentenced here for eighteen months—a short sentence, on account of it being my first conviction."

I passed out of the Infirmary; the chapel bell was ringing for service. I went into the chaplain's pew, which is sheltered from the gaze of the prisoners by a thick curtain. I could see them, however—several hundreds of my fellow-creatures, deprived of liberty, ticketed on the breast, numbered on the arm, like so many cattle for sale. It was an affecting service. Despite the uncongenial elements, Christian sentiments seemed to have gained an entrance. How well they sang! What a body of voice! It is astonishing that they can remember the tunes at all, for though there is a small class, of about twenty picked men, who practise over the hymns once a week, the majority have no such tuition; and seeing that they are, for the most part, quite unaccustomed to frequent any place of worship, it does seem astonishing that they sing so well. The preacher was very searching. The eyes of all, save one or two who hung down their heads, were fixed upon him. He who seeth in secret can alone tell the effect of those earnest words. Let us hope that fruit will come by-and-by, if not now. It is said by many conversant with prisons, that a great number do amend their ways, and become pious and honest members of society. I am not, be it known, speaking of a convict prison, nor just now of the professional thief, but of that class of men whom we may style "comparatively respectable;" of men who

bore a respectable name among their fellows until the one false step was made. Many of these do repent, and become religious characters. Many of these even bless God that they have been in prison: not that they think lightly of their shame, but because they can say, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see." One instance was mentioned to me, the case of a young man, who, shortly before he left, wrote a letter to the chaplain, in which he said that though he had contracted a stain on his character, he believed that while in prison the greater stain on his soul had been washed out, and that in consequence, God having granted him repentance unto life, he would cheerfully and patiently bear the discomforts attending his bad name until he could, by honest industry, regain the respect of those around him. He had nothing, he it remembered, to gain by this conduct. He could gain nothing inside the walls, as there is no remission of sentence in a House of Correction, and outside he had friends able and willing to assist him. But to return to the chapel. As the prisoners were being marshalled out, I could not help calling to mind how many homes were desolate through the misconduct of those before me. Many an unhappy parent, many a broken-spirited wife, and poor, desolate child, were, in the bitterness of their grief, shedding tears of sorrowful affection over the absentee who had brought misery on his once happy home. And what must be the feelings of the guilty one? If the walls of the cells could speak, they would tell many a harrowing tale; they would witness to many a sigh of anguish, to many a tear of misery. Let us look into one or two cells, not from idle curiosity, but with the hope of learning something profitable for our meditation, and useful in guiding our conduct towards the different forms of vice which are everywhere around and about us, that we may learn to pity.

Cell A. "An old hand," whispered the attendant. The occupant was a young man of twenty-two years, and had been incarcerated twelve times. He was in bad health. His course of life outside the walls, and prison fare inside, were doing their work on his constitution, and rapidly shortening his days. We mentioned this to him, and urged him by the consideration of the fact to give up his evil course of life. He answered moodily, "What am I to do? I am going out in a day or two, and I haven't a friend—a respectable friend—in the world. No one will employ me. I have not had a character for several years. When I put my foot on free ground on Monday morning, I must set to work to steal my dinner, or starve, or go back to my pals." "Will they help you?" I ventured to ask. "Yes," he rejoined, "we stick by one another through thick and thin. I shan't want their help long," he muttered, as if talking to himself. "They'll give me a coffin, as we did Bill;" and then aloud he added, "we buried Bill in a tip-top way." "Who was Bill?" "Oh, one of our chums fell into

consumption, and went off at once. He didn't know nothing about his father and mother, so we buried him, and gave him a splendid coffin." I could get very little more from him. Two points were firmly fixed on his mind: the "utter uselessness of attempting to get honest work," and the "assurance that his brother thieves would bury him, and save him from a workhouse funeral"—which, by a not uncommon perversion of mind, he thought more disgraceful than being a thief. With an aching heart we left him. The chaplain tells us that the first point meets him at every step, and there is no gainsaying the truth of it. "What am I to do, sir?" is the constant reply made by this class of men. "I've been at it too long; there is no help for me. I've not a sixpence in the world. I must go back to my old haunts." Alas! in some cases this is a sad truth.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A DULL BOY.

ADAM CLARKE learned but little before he was eight or ten years old, "and was seldom praised by his father but for his ability to roll large stones." Adam's trials in life began when it was thought necessary that he should learn the alphabet. In vain the names of the letters were repeated, in vain were they frequently moistened with the tears of the little learner, he seemed to know no more to-day than he knew yesterday.

Sometimes he was scolded for his stupidity, sometimes punished for his apparent inattention or obstinacy; till at length the poor child began to despair of ever learning to read. His mind was so much depressed by the fancied difficulty, and the reprofs which were sure to accompany the daily lesson, that, had not a circumstance occurred to give him some encouragement, his case might have soon been considered as hopeless.

"A gentleman from a neighbouring school having called on Mr. Clarke, he was requested by him to hear some of the boys repeat their lessons. Adam was then about eight years old, and was just learning to spell words of two or three letters; slowly and reluctantly he took up his book to the stranger, and with much fear and embarrassment went through his task as well as he could; his father felt quite ashamed of his ignorance, and remarked, 'That boy is a grievous dunce.' The stranger, patting the trembling child kindly upon the head, said, 'Never fear, sir; this lad will make a good scholar.' And 'this gentle word of encouragement' appears to have exercised almost a magical influence over the mind of the child; thenceforward his intellect developed with an astonishing rapidity."

MAN is saved by faith as regards God, and fear as regards himself; witness this valuable text, "Thou standest by faith. Be not high minded, but fear."

The Student's Page.

A COLLECTION OF THE NAMES AND TITLES GIVEN TO JESUS CHRIST.—III.

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| 101. Israel. Isa. xlv. 21; xlix. 6.
102. Judah. Rev. v. 5.
103. Judge. Micah v. 1; Acts x. 42.
104. King. Matt. xxi. 5; xxv. 34.
105. Ladder. Gen. xxviii.
106. Lamb. John i. 29; Rev. v. 6.
107. Lawgiver. Isa. xxxiii. 22; James iv. 12.
108. Leader. Isa. lv. 4.
109. Life. John xiv. 6.
110. Light. John i. 9; viii. 12; xii. 46.
111. Lion of the tribe of Judah. Rev. v. 5.
112. Living God. 1 Tim. iii. 16.
113. Longsuffering. Exod. xxxiv. 6.
114. Lord. Rom. i. 3; Rev. xvii. 14.
115. Lovely. Cant. v. 16.
116. Man. Acts xvii. 31; 1 Tim. ii. 5.
117. Master. Matt. viii. 19; xiii. 8.
118. Mediator. 1 Tim. ii. 5.
119. Melchisedec. Heb. vii. 1.
120. Merciful. Heb. ii. 17.
121. Messenger. Mal. ii. 7; iii. 1.
122. Messenger of the Covenant. Mal. iii. 1.
123. Messiah. Dan. ix. 25; John i. 41.
124. Mighty God. Isa. ix. 6. | 125. Minister. Heb. viii. 2.
126. Morning star. Rev. ii. 28; xxii. 16.
127. Moses' Antitype. Acts iii. 22.
128. Nazarene. Matt. ii. 23.
129. Offspring of David. Rev. xxii. 16.
130. Ointment. Cant. i. 3.
131. Only begotten. John i. 14.
132. Passover. 1 Cor. v. 7.
133. Physician. Matt. ix. 12.
134. Plant of renown. Ezek. xxxiv. 29.
135. Polished shaft. Isa. xlix. 2.
136. Potentate. 1 Tim. vi. 15.
137. Priest. Heb. iv. 14; vii. 26.
138. Prince. Acts iii. 15.
139. Prophet. Luke iv. 21; Acts iii. 22.
140. Propitiation. 1 John ii. 2; iv. 10.
141. Power of God. 1 Cor. i. 24.
142. Purifier. Mal. iii. 3.
143. Ransom. 1 Tim. ii. 6.
144. Reaper. Rev. xiv. 15.
145. Redeemer. Isa. xlix. 26; lx. 16.
146. Refiner. Mal. iii. 3.
147. Refuge. Isa. xxv. 4.
148. Resurrection. John xi. 25.
149. Righteousness. Jer. xxxiii. 6.
150. Rock. Deut. xxxii. 15; 1 Cor. x. 4. |
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SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL STUDENT.—IX.

"And ye shall seek me, and find me, when ye shall search for me with all your heart."—Jer. xxix. 13.

I. What is the disposition of mind here intended?

1. It is not lip-service, Jer. iii. 10; Ezek. xxxiii. 31; Matt. xv. 8.
2. It is not indolence, Cant. iii. 1.
3. It is not impatience, 2 Kings vi. 33.
4. But it is a heart perfect with God, 2 Chron. xv. 17; xvi. 9.
5. And steadily fixed on God, Ps. cviii. 1; Isa. xxvi. 7-9.
6. It is the earnestness of Jacob, Gen. xxxii. 24-28.
7. It is the confidence of David, Ps. xxvii. 7-14.
8. It is the perseverance of the woman of Canaan, Matt. xv. 22-28.
9. It is the importunity of the widow, Luke xviii. 3-5 (see Isa. lxii. 6, 7).

II. What is the blessing promised?

1. Ye shall find me, 2 Chron. xv. 2, 4, 15; Isa. xlv. 19; Matt. vii. 7, 8.

2. In time of contrition, Deut. iv. 29; Jer. iii. 22; Hos. xiv. 2, 4.

3. In time of affliction, Ps. l. 15.

4. In time of perplexity, 2 Chron. xx. 12.

5. In every time, Heb. iv. 16. Therefore—

Let every sin be mortified, Ps. lxi. 18.

Let the heart be prepared, 2 Chron. xix. 3.

Let the assistance of the Spirit be sought, and God in Christ shall be found, Rom. viii. 26; Eph. vi. 18; Jude 20.

PLAGUES OF EGYPT.

THESE are supposed, by Bryant, to have been all pointed against so many particular idolatries of the Egyptians. Nilus, their god, was turned into blood, an object of their greatest abhorrence; frogs, which they worshipped, became their torment; vermin, which their deities were said to hold in utter detestation, and which the priests were always clothed in entire linen to prevent, swarmed upon them and covered them; flies increased prodigiously, in the midst even of winter, in spite of the fancied power of their fly-god to drive them away; murrain destroyed the animals that were the object of their idolatrous worship; ashes, being thrown up, produced boils, in mockery of their custom of throwing up the ashes of human sacrifices with a view of scattering blessings; rain, hail, and fire confounded Osiris and Isis, the supposed presidents over these elements; locusts did the same; darkness reproved their worship of the sun, moon, and stars as so many deities, and their own slaughtered first-born retaliated upon them their cruelty against Israel, the people of the true God, whose children they had so barbarously resolved to destroy as soon as they were born.

THE BENEFIT OF THE SCRIPTURES.

"I USED," said a clergyman, "to set my Sunday-school children three chapters to read at home, and then went out to examine them. One of the boys received as a prize a book respecting Daniel in the lions' den, and showed it to his mother. She read it, and said—'Here was a man who chose rather to be thrown to lions than give up praying three times a-day; and here am I, with the wrath of God lying against me for my sins, and have never yet prayed even once a-day.' This simple reflection was made the means of changing her character, and for twenty years she has been one of the most useful persons on the face of the earth. How does teaching children prove a bridge of access to their parents!"

BISHOP HOPKINS ON THE TRINITY.

GOD is the Father of all men by the creation and providence, and he is especially the Father of the faithful by regeneration and adoption. As these actions of creation, regeneration, and adoption are common to the Holy Trinity, so, also, is the title of Father common to the Holy Trinity. God, the first person, is indeed eminently called the Father; but that is not in respect to us; but in respect of Christ, the only begotten Son from all eternity. In respect of us, the whole Trinity is Our Father which art in Heaven; and when we pray so, we pray both to God the Father, God the Son, and God the Holy Ghost—to all the Three Persons.

COVENTRY DISTRESS.

A GOOD SUGGESTION.

"A NORTH WARWICKSHIRE INCUMBENT" recently wrote to the *Standard* as follows:—

"Would you use your powerful influence to induce every person to wear a rosette of white ribbon on the Prince's wedding-day? If such were made a general rule through the country, every ribbon-loom in Warwickshire would be set to work in a week from this time."

We observe with pleasure that in accordance with this suggestion many of the poor weavers of the Coventry district are now finding temporary employment in the manufacture of white rosettes. We believe every silk-mercer and haberdasher may safely lay in a stock of these rosettes, as the loyalty and benevolence of the British public will furnish a double security for a large sale.

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

It was a maxim with Washington to execute punctually and thoroughly every charge he undertook; and when he was a member of congress he was rarely if ever absent from his seat during any part of the session. His day-books, ledgers, and letter-books were all kept by himself; "nor does it appear," says his biographer, "that he was in the habit, on any occasion, of resorting to the aid of a clerk or secretary. He usually drew up his contracts, deeds, and other papers, requiring legal knowledge and accuracy. It was a rule with him, in private as well as in public transactions, *not to rely on others for what he could do himself.*" So minutely and methodically did he keep an account of his expenditure when president of the United States, that he could ascertain at any moment the precise state of his pecuniary affairs, and thus guard against extravagance and waste. His industry was extraordinary, for he never wrote a line without keeping a correct copy.

Mothers' Department.

I WANT TO BE AN ANGEL.

LET parents do their best to guide their tender charge to Jesus, not knowing how soon and how suddenly that charge may be recalled. The following touching incident we extract from the pages of a valuable contemporary:—

"A child sat in the door of a cottage, at the close of a summer Sabbath. The twilight was fading, and as the shades of evening darkened, one after another of the stars stood in the sky, and looked down on the child in his thoughtful mood. He was looking up at the stars, and counting them as they came, till they were too many to be counted, and his eyes wandered all over the heavens, watching the bright worlds above. They seemed just like 'holes in the floor of heaven to let the glory through,' but he knew better. Yet he loved to

look up there, and was so absorbed, that his mother called to him and said—

"My son, what are you thinking of?"

"He started, as if suddenly aroused from sleep, and answered—

"I was thinking—"

"Yes," said his mother; "I know you were thinking; but what were you thinking about?"

"Oh," said he, and his little eyes sparkled with the thought, "I want to be an angel."

"And why, my son, would you be an angel?"

"Heaven is up there, is it not, mother? and there the angels live and love God, and are happy; I do wish I was good, and God would take me there, and let me wait on him for ever."

"The mother called him to her knee, and he leaned on her bosom and wept. She wept too, and smoothed the soft hair of his head as he stood there, and kissed his forehead, and then told him that if he would give his heart to God now while he was young, the Saviour would forgive all his sins, and take him to heaven when he died, and he would then be with God for ever."

"His young heart was comforted. He knelt at his mother's side and said—

"Jesus, Saviour, Son of God,
Wash me in thy precious blood;
I thy little lamb would be—
Help me, Lord, to look to thee."

"The mother took the young child to his chamber, and soon he was asleep, dreaming perhaps of angels and heaven. A few months afterwards sickness was on him, and the light of that cottage, the joy of that mother's heart, went out. He breathed his last in her arms, and as he took her parting kiss, he whispered in her ear, 'I am going to be an angel.'"

A SEVENFOLD SHIELD AGAINST INFIDELITY.

THERE is no protection for the young soul against the poisoned shafts of infidelity to compare with the pre-occupying influence of a Christian mother's early instructions.

"Where parental influence does not convert," says Richard Cecil, "it hampers, it hangs on the wheels of evil. I had a pious mother, who dropped things in my way—I could never rid myself of them. I was a professed infidel; but then I liked to be an infidel in company, rather than when alone; I was wretched when by myself. These principles and maxims spoiled my pleasure. With my companions I would sometimes stifle them; like embers, we kept one another warm. Besides, I was a sort of hero; I had beguiled several of my associates into my opinions, and I had to maintain a character before them; but *I could not divest myself* of my better principles. I went with one of my companions to see a friend: he could laugh heartily, but I could not; the ridicule on regeneration was high sport to him—to me it was none; it could not move my features. He knew no difference between regeneration and transubstantiation; I did. I knew there was such a thing. I was afraid and ashamed to laugh at it. Parental influence thus cleaves to a man; it harasses, it throws itself constantly in his way."

The Editor and his Friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH H. F. G., Q., DAVID,
M. D. R., X. J. T., H. C. J., J. N. F., H. F., AND OTHERS.

CHAPTER XXVI.

ED. We thank our correspondent signing himself "David" for his communications, and his suggestions shall receive the attention they merit.

ED. Several of our friends have written to us on a variety of subjects, and asking for answers the following week. That we may not appear to be discourteous when we are anxious to oblige, we beg to inform our correspondents that it is not possible to reply to any request in the following number. In all periodicals where the circulation is very large, the numbers are of necessity prepared before the date affixed. The earliest reply that we can offer is about three weeks from the time we receive the communication.

F. How can men possibly fix the dates of the Creation and of the Deluge?

ED. Our correspondent may do it. If he will turn to Gen. v., and will write down the years mentioned in verses 3, 6, 9, 12, 15, 18, 21, 25, and 28, and the years mentioned in chap. vii. 6, and then will add them together, he will find the result to be 1,656, the number of years that intervened between the time of the Creation and the Deluge. By a similar process he can proceed from the year of the Deluge to the death of Joseph, which will bring down the chronology to the close of the book of Genesis.

Thus men can descend from the time of the creation to some well-known period, and, by a reverse process, they can ascend from a known period up to the days of Adam. We give the example of the descending dates.

	Years.
Gen. v. 3. From the Creation to the birth of Seth	130
" v. 6. " Seth to Enos	105
" v. 9. " Enos to Cainan	90
" v. 12. " Cainan to Mahalaleel	70
" v. 15. " Mahalaleel to Jared	65
" v. 18. " Jared to Enoch	162
" v. 21. " Enoch to Methuselah	65
" v. 25. " Methuselah to Lamech	187
" v. 28. " Lamech to Noah	182
" vii. 6. " Noah to the Deluge	600

1,656

This will give the number of years that intervened between the Creation and the Deluge. To bring the date down to a later period, we must proceed after this manner.

Gen. xi. 10. From the Deluge to the birth of Arphaxad	2
" xi. 12. From the Deluge to the birth of Salah	35
" xi. 14. " Salah	Eber 30
" xi. 16. " Eber	Peleg 34
" xi. 18. " Peleg	Reu 80
" xi. 20. " Reu	Serug 32
" xi. 22. " Serug	Nahor 30
" xi. 24. " Nahor	Terah 29
" xi. 26. " Terah	Abram 70

1,948

In a similar manner we proceed from the birth of Abram to the death of Joseph, or to the birth of Moses, and from the time of Moses to the days of Solomon and the building of the Temple; and from the time of Solomon to the last King of Judah. But we must here observe that some centuries before the time of Zedekiah, the twentieth and last monarch of the tribe of Judah, dates may be settled by means of profane history. The chronology of the Arundelian Marbles extends backwards to nearly 1,600 years before the Christian Era, for the chronology begins with the reign of Cecrops, the King of Athens, who flourished, according to these tables, 1,582 years before the birth of Christ.

F. We are told that St. John wrote his first epistle, to refute the errors of the Docetæ, the Cerinthians, and the Nicolaitanes. Will you inform me what were their heresies?

ED. The Docetæ denied the humanity of Christ, and asserted that the body and sufferings of Christ were not real, but imaginary; they are referred to in 1 John iv. 3.

The Cerinthians and Ebionites contended that Christ was only a man, they denied his Divinity; against these heretics John pronounces judgment in ii. 22 of the same epistle.

The Nicolaitanes, or the Gnostics, maintained that the knowledge of God and Christ was sufficient for salvation; that being justified by faith and freed from the restraints of the law, they might indulge in sin with impunity. Their false doctrines are denounced by our Lord, Rev. ii. 15.

F. "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."—Job xix. 25, 26. Am I not correct in maintaining that this passage shadows forth the truths of the Gospel?

ED. We are of that opinion. It may be regarded as a patriarch's view of the blessings promised to the Church of God, to be perfected in the fulness of time. In Gen. x. 21—29, Moses enumerates the descendants of Shem, not by mentioning two or three of the children, as in some other cases, but by a list of thirteen names, ending with Jobab, which commentators understand to be Job, who lived in the land of Uz, and who was tempted and afflicted, as we find recorded in the Book of Job. Now, as the Messiah was not descended from Job, this unusual detail of pedigree, we may suppose, was given to show to the children of Israel that Job, the early patriarch, was a witness to the truth of those doctrines which their patriarchal ancestors received, which Moses taught, and which the one Church of God in all ages believed. It is well to observe that Heber was the grandson of Shem, and Jobab, or Job, was the grandson of Heber; and therefore Job lived at an earlier period than Abraham, for Abraham was the tenth in descent from Noah (the father of Shem), but Jobab, or Job, was only the sixth in descent from Noah, and, according to the dates given by Dr. Hales, Job was born 2,477 years before Christ, and Abraham was born 2,153 B.C. If these dates be correct, Job's birth was 324 years before that of Abraham. This places Job in the patriarchal times. Now let us ascertain his tenets. We are told that the

word "Redeemer" used by Job xix. 25 is to be understood in three different senses—1. As a *restorer*; consequently, a *kinsman*. 2. As a *vindicator*. 3. As a *Redeemer*. These several offices are united in the person of Jesus Christ, who took our nature upon him, and thus became our *kinsman*, and who by his blood redeems man from death, and recovers for him the eternal inheritance which he had forfeited by sin; and, as the bruiser of the serpent's head, he will be the *avenger* of the righteous. The patriarch Job, therefore, expresses his hope and faith in a deliverer when he says—

"I surely do know my REDEEMER, the LIVING ONE;
And HE, the LAST, will arise over the dust.
And after the disease has cut down my skin,
Even from my flesh shall I see God."

The above is the rendering given by Dr. Pye Smith. If our correspondent desires more information, we refer him to Dr. P. Smith, Dr. Lee, Bishop Pearson, Townsend, Poole, Faber, Pfeiffer, and others. We are of opinion that the words of the patriarch Job embody in them the leading truths of the Gospel.

JOY IN SORROW.

"I HAD much delight this morning," says an intelligent author, "in visiting a good man who has been bedridden these *twenty-five years*. I was preparing to pity him, but he called on me to rejoice. 'Are you not wearied out with the length of your afflictions?' 'Wearied, sir!' said he, 'no; nature will soon faint, but God sustains me. I could lie here another twenty-five years, if it pleased God. I have found this bed to be the very gate of heaven. Length of my affliction, sir! Oh, let me not call it long: it is short, very short, and will soon be over. These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!' 'This is a happy state of mind,' said I. 'Thank God for it!' he replied, as in a state of devotion. Then addressing me—'Why, yes, and everything God does is to make us happy. Is he not 'all love'?—he cannot, then, be unkind. Is he not all wise?—he cannot, then, do wrong. Are not his promises yea and amen in Christ Jesus?—he cannot, then, break his word. None who have trusted him have repented of it. My day of affliction has been twenty-five years long, but I have found, *as my day, so my strength has been*. Blessed be his holy name! O sir, I dare not complain. My affliction is a mercy!'"

Youths' Department.

THE HONEST BOY; OR, TEMPTATION RESISTED.

WHOW! how the wind was blowing! Around the street corners, rattling sign boards, and roaring down chimneys, and bearing upon its unseen wings millions of tiny snow-flakes.

"Wouldn't it be fun, though, to travel about like one of these?" thought Herbert, brushing away the melting, plummy particles of snow from his face and eyes. Right on through the dark night, with its

storm and cold, the brave boy went trudging; intent upon an errand with which his father had entrusted him.

The gas lamps winked, and shook out uncertain flames of light; for there still remained a wide black roofing of sky hiding every star. Now he entered a handsome street, brilliant with gay shop windows, whose various stores were displayed in tempting profusion.

Herbert paused before a book shop, charmed by the array of volumes, edged and lettered with gold.

"Oh, if I had money!" whispered the boy to himself, "such a library as I would collect! I should care more for books and pictures than anything else, I think." And he bent nearer an engraving lying just within the window a sweet tender face, with that smile of lip and eye which his dead mother's had worn. Several minutes passed as Herbert stood looking.

At length, with a start, he hurried on, nor had he gone far when a sudden gust snatched the cap from his curly head, and sent it spinning down the side walk, Herbert following after in close pursuit.

"Was ever such a plague?" he cried, catching and settling it in its former place. In stooping to regain the cap, a paper parcel lying near attracted his attention.

"Halloo! what's this?"

The boy stepped beneath a lamp to examine his prize; the string confining it had loosened, and the contents were slipping out. Books! new and shining in holiday dress.

"Isn't this a windfall. Of course, in so large a city I shall never find the owner."

The tempter suggested this to Herbert's first thought, but he was not doomed long to remain in suspense as to the rightful claimant; turning it over he read upon the wrapper in plain characters, "William Maylie, Esq." The very merchant whom Herbert knew.

"Well, I have another walk to take this stormy evening," our hero reflected, rather soberly. "I must carry this to Mr. Maylie's house in Russell Square; there is no help for it!"

"Stop a moment, Herbert," pleaded a stealthy voice. "Why must you be at so much trouble for a bundle of books which Mr. Maylie can easily replace!"

"No, no! Herbert, remember your promise!" And now the tones were altered, and the darkness formed a back ground for the shining of a pure, transparent face, while again the voice seemed to whisper, "Remember!"

Then his thoughts went back to the chamber where she had died; with almost her last breath enjoining upon him a petition which should be his shield from all coming trial: "Lead us not into temptation." With this reflection his strength returned.

"Can I see Mr. Maylie?"

A rosy-faced, bright-looking boy stood in the vestibule, as the servant opened the door of a mansion in Russell Square.

"Yes," answered the man, good-naturedly; "though he is very busy, just now. Come in!"

Such a change from the outer, to that inner world of warmth and luxury! Herbert seated himself in a comfortable hall chair as directed, gazing about him

in a bewildered way. Why, this was like the air castles he had built, hour after hour, lying in his little, low-roofed chamber, where the moon remembered him in her lonely track, and stopped to make even the dingy walls and clumsy furniture beautiful as for a king's palace! Soft carpets upon the floor, and marble statuary looking down from above, and through two or three half-open doors a glimpse of long, rich drawing-rooms, occupied by many people.

"This way, my little man," said the tall servant, returning and leading Herbert to another part of the house. It was the library door before which he paused, saying respectfully, as he threw it open, "This is the lad, sir."

"Ah, Herbert! is it you?" Mr. Maylie extended his hand kindly to the boy, whom he had frequently noticed as being active and industrious. "What brings you out such a terrible night?"

"This, sir," said Herbert, handing the parcel, and explaining how he had chanced to discover it.

"Sure enough!" exclaimed the gentleman, glancing at his overcoat thrown hastily upon a couch. "I was obliged to write some letters directly upon returning, and had not thought of my purchase, though," he added, laughing, "I presume my children would have taken me severely to task, if I had neglected it altogether." Then, meeting the wishful glance roving over his well-filled book-shelves, he asked—

"Are you fond of reading, my boy?"

"O sir, I cannot tell you how I like it!"

"And did you not want to keep these handsome volumes?" lifting one by one the treasures which had cost Herbert so severe a struggle.

The keen yet kindly eyes were fixed upon his, and the boy answered frankly, "Yes, sir, very much."

"And what prevented your doing so?" inquired Mr. Maylie, pleased with his straightforward replies.

"The thought of my dear mother," faltered Herbert, after a pause. "And my prayer, too, the Lord's prayer, you know, 'Lead us not into temptation.'"

Herbert's gaze was fixed upon the carpet; he did not, therefore, perceive the shadow creeping over the face of the strong man before him, nor, if he had, would he have suspected its source.

Only the day before, a moment of fierce temptation had beset this upright Christian merchant; and he, too, might have fallen but for the restraining power of that petition.

"It is a blessed prayer, Herbert," said Mr. Maylie, thoughtfully. "I am glad you have tested it."

In one of the drawing-rooms which Herbert had noticed, a group of children were romping and laughing with a tall young man, whom they called "Uncle Harry."

"Now for a story, please; there's a good fellow!" said one, coaxingly. "You have been all over the world, and must have a tremendous stock on hand."

"Yes, indeed! a story, Uncle Harry," cried many voices.

About his chair the little ones clambered, clinging to his neck and seated upon his lap.

"Let it be a *dood* real story," whispered Fanny—"little Bunch," as her brothers called her.

"Here comes papa," interrupted one of the audience, as Mr. Maylie entered, just in time to tell his story of the boy.

So while our friend Herbert enjoyed his treat in

the cosy and quiet room, Mr. Maylie repeated to a group of eager listeners the history of that night's struggle and triumph.

"What shall we give to Herbert?" Mr. Maylie asked.

"A book," said one.

"And I would give him my dolly, with eyes that open and shut," put in Fanny, anxiously, "only the wire is broken, and one eye is always open, and the other always shut!"

A general laugh greeted this generous proposal, and then the question was seriously discussed.

"I think," said the father at last, decisively, "it will be best to give Herbert a book, and I will see what can be done towards securing him a situation where he will be able to attend school."

And upon that, Mr. Maylie returned to the library, and laid before the astonished lad a large and handsome volume, on the fly leaf of which was written,

"UPRIGHTNESS REWARDED."

"HERBERT R—,"

"A New Year's gift from his friend,

"WILLIAM MAYLIE."

Herbert returned to his home a happy boy, because when tempted to do wrong he had prayed, and found strength to resist. "Blessed is he that endureth temptation."

SUNDAY EVENINGS BY THE FIRESIDE.—No. II. THE RIVER JORDAN.

FATHER. Our subject this evening is the River Jordan. Let me hear something, first, of its position and extent.

MARY. The Jordan is the most important river of Palestine; the only one, indeed, of any importance at all. It forms the eastern boundary of the Holy Land, running along its entire extent, from the mountains of Libanus to the Dead Sea. Its length is 150 miles, and it passes through the three lakes—Huleh, or Samachonites; the Lake of Tiberias, or Gennesaret; and the Dead Sea.

F. Is it not sometimes said to rise from Lake Huleh?

M. Yes; but improperly so. There are two springs which claim the honour of being the parent spring, and they both flow into Lake Huleh. One rises at Tell-el-Kâdy, near the town of Laish, or Dan; the other from Pancas, now called Bâneas, at the foot of one of the mountains of Libanus.

F. The water at Bâneas flows from a spacious cavern in the rock. Above are niches, apparently designed for statues. Herod built a temple here in honour of Augustus, and we read an account of the place in Josephus. But there is still a mystery about the real source of the river. The Tetrarch Philip is reported to have cast chaff into Lake Phiala—a few miles still further north, and it came out of the cavern at Bâneas. Phiala, therefore, is sometimes alleged to be the real fountain-head of the Jordan. This much is certain, that it is fed by the melting snows of the mountains of Hermon and Libanus.

M. The Jordan is a quick river. In passing through Gennesaret it does not mingle with the waters of the lake, but keeps its own course, plainly to be distinguished by the peculiar smoothness of the current. From Gennesaret to the Dead Sea its course is about sixty miles, and here the water is often very muddy, and mixed with particles of earth.

F. The ancient Talmudists, or Jewish commentators, state that the water is not fit to sprinkle the unclean, according to the Mosaic law, because of its impurity and mingling with other brooks and springs. Something of this feeling actuated Naaman, the Syrian, when he haughtily refused to dip himself seven times in the river, 2 Kings v. 11, 12. Chateaubriand says, "Through the middle of this valley (i.e., of the Jordan), flows a discoloured river, which reluctantly creeps towards the pestilential lake by which it is engulfed." Another traveller observes, "The Jordan is bordered with trees. . . . It is pretty rapid; but its waters are thick, because its bed is of fat earth."

CHARLES. But I have heard that the waters of the river are cool and wholesome to drink; and however turbid the current is, if the water be allowed to stand, it is clear, bright, and pleasant, and retains its freshness for a very long time.

JANE. The Jordan is annually swollen in the months of March and April—the Jewish harvest and the time of the Passover. The waters then are of a yellow hue, and exceedingly troubled and impetuous. May not this season have given a bad name to the river?

F. The fact is, the nearer the river approaches the pestilential waters of the Dead Sea, the more turbid do the waters become. The water of the Lake of Genesaret is soft, tranquil, and good to drink, with a sandy bottom. As to the waters of the Dead Sea, you are aware they are deadly poison for man or fish, and of such a nature that trees and timber become like cork. What are the other dimensions of the Jordan?

M. Its average breadth is 30yds., and depth 9ft., except when swollen at the time of harvest. Some travellers, however, say that between Genesaret and the Dead Sea its breadth in few places exceeds 60 to 80ft., though it is sometimes 12ft. deep. Just after leaving the former lake it is 120ft. wide, but fordable by horses. Near Jericho it is 60ft. wide, and the stream is so rapid that a man can with difficulty swim across. It is very full of fish.

J. There were three principal places for crossing: 1. The bridge at Chammath, just below Genesaret. 2. Jacob's Bridge, a little farther south, where Jacob met Esau, and where he wrestled with the angel, Gen. xxxii. 22, &c. 3. The ford at Bethabara, below Jericho, by which David crossed the Jordan on his return to Jerusalem after the death of Absalom, 2 Sam. xix. 18; where also it is supposed Elijah divided the waters, that Elisha and himself might pass over, 2 Kings ii. 8, and where, too, John the Baptist preached and baptised, John i. 28.

M. Between Genesaret and the Dead Sea the Jordan flows through a deep valley, El-Ghor. It is called by different names in the Bible, as "The plain of Jordan," Gen. xiii. 11; "The plains south of Chinneroth," Josh. xi. 2; "The plain" simply, 2 Kings xxv. 4; and "the region round about Jordan," Matt. iii. 5. This valley is from five to ten miles across. The actual bed of the river is low, and overgrown on both sides with reeds, willows, and rushes. In some places the vegetation is of the most luxuriant description.

F. The river has actually two banks on each side, occasioned by its annual overflow. Between these two it is that vegetation flourishes, the ground being marshy and fertile. Beyond this, again, is a bare,

sterile waste; and still further back rise high mountains and rugged cliffs, known only to the Arab.

M. Many wild beasts hide in these trees by the river. We read that wild boars, ounces, jackals, hares, and wild fowl are found now amidst the marshy reeds. When the river rises, these animals are driven higher up into the country for safety.

F. Jeremiah, speaking of the judgment on Edom, says, "Behold, he shall come up like a lion from the swelling of Jordan," Jer. xlix. 19; 1. 41; and Zechariah talks of the "roaring of young lions; for the pride of Jordan is spoiled," Zech. xi. 3. See, also, a remarkable passage in Jeremiah, where God asks the wicked, "If in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?" Jer. xii. 5; i.e., "If slight evils trouble thee, how wilt thou bear my real judgments?"

C. It was when Jordan overflowed its banks, Josh. iii. 15, that the Israelites crossed it under Joshua—a circumstance which makes the miracle more remarkable.

F. That was opposite Jericho. Pilgrims now collect at that point to bathe and drink the waters. An annual procession is made from Jerusalem, under the protection of the governor. Each pilgrim, after bathing, fills a bottle with the water to bring back with him. For this he has to pay a certain tax to the Turkish government.

J. There are several tributaries to the Jordan, the principal of which are Jabbok, which separated the kingdoms of Og, king of Bashan, and Sihon, king of the Amorites, Josh. xii. 1–6; and Arnon, mentioned several times in the wanderings of the Israelites, Num. xxi. 13, 26; Deut. ii. 24, and iii. 8, 16; and by Isaiah and Jeremiah in their predictions against Moab, Isa. xvi. 2; Jer. xlviii. 20.

F. Now, William, give me a summary of the principal events recorded in connection with the Jordan.

WILLIAM. Jacob met Esau, and wrestled with an angel near the Jordan, Gen. xxxii. It was the barrier between the Israelites and the promised land. The Israelites, except Caleb and Joshua, were forbidden to cross it, for their unbelief. Three cities were appointed by Moses on each side of the river, as places of refuge for the accidental murderer, Num. xxxv. 14. After the death of Moses, the waters were miraculously divided, and Joshua led the people over dry shod, Josh. iii. The tribes of Reuben and Gad, and half the tribe of Manasseh, had inheritance on the desert side of Jordan, Josh. xiii. Ehud afterwards intercepted the Moabites at the fords of the river, and slew them all, Judg. iii. 28. David retreated across the Jordan through fear of Absalom, and was brought back in triumph by his people, 2 Sam. xvii. 22, and xix. 15. Elijah, and after him Elisha, divided the stream, 2 Kings ii. 8–14. Elisha also caused an axe to float on the surface, 2 Kings vi. 6. Naaman washed in its waters, and was cured of his leprosy, 2 Kings v. Finally, John the Baptist made use of the same waters, and our Saviour was baptised in them.

F. For a threefold purpose:—1. To be consecrated to his office by washings: see Numb. viii. 7; 2. in order to sanctify water to the mystical washing away of sin; 3. To submit himself to the triple baptism by water, spirit, and blood—the last being at his crucifixion. St. Mark says the multitude were baptised by John in "the river Jordan," Mark i. 5. He speaks thus minutely, because his Gospel was intended

more immediately for the converts at Rome, who perhaps had, some of them, never heard of the Jordan at all. In some parts of the Scripture the Jordan is spoken of simply as "the river," as in Gen. xxxi. 21, where there has been no previous allusion to any river at all. What is the Jordan a type of?

W. To the Israelites, of death. It separated them from the promised land, the type of heaven.

F. "The river of death" has become a common expression, even among ourselves.

J. And, in the case of Naaman, the Jordan was a type of Christ.

F. Or rather of his atoning blood, which cleanses leprosy worse than Naaman's. Let us see to it, that we, too, wash in the waters, that we may be clean.

Short Arrows.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE.

SELF-KNOWLEDGE is that acquaintance with ourselves which shows us what we are, and do, and ought to be, in order to our living comfortably and usefully here, and happily hereafter. The means of it is self-examination; the end of it is self-government and self-enjoyment. It principally consists in the knowledge of our souls, which is attained by a particular attention to their various powers, capacities, passions, inclinations, operations, state, happiness, and temper. A man's soul is properly himself. The body is but the house, the soul is the tenant that inhabits it; the body is the instrument, the soul the artist that directs it. When you talk of a man, you do not mean his flesh and blood, nor the limbs which are made out of them: these are but tools for the soul to work with, and no more part of a man than an axe or a plane is a piece of a carpenter.

A TRUE CHRISTIAN.

THE biographer of Archbishop Leighton says that "to him death had lost its sting. He would compare the heavy load of clay with which the soul is encumbered to the miry boots of which the traveller divests himself on finishing his journey; and he could not disguise his own wish to be speedily unclothed, instead of lingering below till his garments were worn out, or dropped off through age. In general, his temper was serene, rather than gay; but his nephew states that if ever it rose to an unusual pitch of vivacity, it was when some illness attacked him; when, from the shaking of the prison doors, he was led to hope that some of those brisk blasts would throw them open, and give him the release he coveted. Then he seemed to stand tiptoe on the margin of eternity, in a delightful amazement of spirit, eagerly waiting the summons, and feeding his soul with the prospect of immortal life and glory."

FACTS FOR THE UNGODLY.

THE mercies of God are no way suited to the unconverted. The Divine wisdom is seen in suiting things to each other—the means to the end, the object to the faculty, the quality of the gift to the capacity of the receiver. If Christ were to bring the unregenerated sinner to heaven, he could take no more felicity there than a beast would if you should bring him into a beautiful room, to the society of learned men; whereas the

poor thing had much rather be grazing with its fellow-brutes. Alas! what could an unsanctified creature do in heaven? He could not be contented there, because nothing suits him. The place would not suit him: he would be quite out of his element—a fish out of water. The company would not suit him: what communion hath darkness with light? corruption with perfection? yileness and sin with glory and immortality? The employment would not suit him: the anthems of heaven would not fit his mouth, would not suit his ear. Canst thou charm a beast with music? or wilt thou bring him to thy organ, and expect that he should make thee melody, or keep time with the tuneful choir? Had he skill, he would have no will, and so could find no pleasure in it. Spread thy table with delicacies before a languishing patient, and it will be but an offence. Alas! if the poor man say of a Sabbath-day, "What a weariness is it!" how miserable would he think it to be engaged in an everlasting Sabbath!

THE COTTON FAMINE.

OUR friends who forward contributions for the Lancashire Fund, unaccompanied by a bill, will oblige us by stating in which of our periodicals they wish the acknowledgments to appear.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the following further sums:—

Amount already acknowledged ...		£	s.	d.	Total
M. P., Lambeth Terrace	1	17	0	0	£ 17 0 0
H. L. Herbert, Everton	0	7	6	0	0 7 6
A. Native of Lancashire
Bydect	0	15	0 15 0
Jno. Fawbert, Northallerton	0	2	0 2 0
D. Digby, per A. Lessey	0	8	4	0	0 8 4
Boys of a Sunday-school
Class, Weston-Super-Mare	0	2	0 2 0
E. L. Cornhill	0	8	0 8 0
R. Tregynon	0	2	0 2 0
W. A. S., Edgell	0	3	0 3 0
S. S., Birkenhead	0	3	0 3 0
T. Retson	0	6	0 6 0
A. F. Payne	0	5	0 5 0
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Total				£ 855	2 4

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S REVERIES," ETC.

CHAPTER IX.

MR. RYLE'S LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

ETIQUETTE, touching the important ceremonies of burials and christenings, is much more observed in the country than in towns. To rural districts this remark especially applies. In a large town, people don't know their next door neighbours, don't care for those neighbours' opinions: in a small place the inhabitants are almost as one family, and their actions are chiefly governed by that pertinent remark, "What will people say?" In these little communities, numbers of which are scattered about England, it is held necessary on the occasion of a funeral to invite all kith and kin. Omit to do so, and it would be set down as a premeditated slight; affording a theme of gossip to the parish for weeks afterwards. Hence Mr. Chattaway, being a connection—brother-in-law, in fact, of the deceased gentleman's wife—was invited to follow the remains of Thomas Ryle to the grave. In spite of the bad terms

they had been upon, in spite of Mrs. Ryle's own bitter feeling against Chattaway and Trevlyn Hold generally, in spite of Mr. Ryle's death having been caused by what did cause it—Chattaway's bull—Mr. Chattaway received a formal invitation, in writing, to attend, as mourner, the remains to the grave. And it never would have entered into the notion of Mr. Chattaway's good manners to decline it.

The inquest was not so formidable an affair as Nora Dickson had anticipated. The coroner and jury came to the house to view the body, and then they adjourned to the nearest inn. The verdict was "Accidental Death:" with a deodand of five pounds upon the bull. Which Mr. Chattaway had to pay.

The bull was already condemned. Not to annihilation; but to be taken to a distant fair, and there sold; whence he would be conveyed to a home in other pastures, where he might possibly gore somebody else. It was not consideration for the feelings of the Ryle family which induced Mr. Chattaway to adopt this step, and so rid the neighbourhood of the animal; but consideration for his own pocket. Feeling ran high in the vicinity: fear also; the stoutest hearts could feel no security that the bull might not be for having a tilt at them: and Chattaway, on his part, was at as little certainty that an effectual silencer would not be surreptitiously dealt out to the bull some quiet night. Therefore, he resolved to part with him; apart from his misdoings, he was a valuable animal, worth a great deal more than Mr. Chattaway would like to lose; and the bull was dismissed.

Sunday was the day fixed for the funeral. It is a day favoured for such in rural places, carriers (who are chiefly chosen from the labourers) being at liberty. The time named was half-past two: to get it comfortably ever before afternoon service, the clerk remarked. Hearers and mourning coaches are not much in vogue in country districts, neither were they at Barbrook; and the engaging them for the present occasion had never been glanced at.

Those bidden began to arrive about one o'clock: that is, the undertaker's men, the clerk, and the carriers. Of the latter, Jim Sanders made one. "Better that he had gone than his master," said Nora, in a matter-of-fact, worldly spirit of reasoning, as her thoughts were cast back to the mysterious hole with which she had gratuitously, and the reader will no doubt say absurdly, coupled the fate of Jim. A table of eatables was laid out in the entrance room: cold round of beef, and bread-and-cheese, with ale in cans. To help convey a coffin to church without being plentifully regaled with a good meal first, was a thing that Barbrook had never heard of, and never wished to hear. The select of the company were shown to the large drawing-room, where the refreshment consisted of port and sherry wine, and a plate of "pound" cake. These were the established rules of hospitality at all genteel, well-to-do funerals: wine and pound cake for the gentlefolks; cold beef and ale for the men. They had been observed at Squire Trevlyn's; they had been observed at Mr. Ryle's father's; they had been observed at every substantial funeral within the memory of Barbrook. Mr. Chattaway, Mr. Berkeley (a distant relative of Mr. Ryle's first wife), Mr. King the surgeon,

and Farmer Apperley comprised the assemblage in the drawing-room.

At two, after some little difficulty in getting it into order, the sad procession started. It had then been joined by George and Trevlyn Ryle. A great many spectators had collected to view and attend it. The somewhat infrequency of a funeral of the respectable class, combined with the circumstances attending the death, drew them together: and before the church was reached, where it was met by the clergyman, it had a train half-a-mile long after it; mostly women and children. Many dropped a tear for the unhappy fate, the premature death of one who had lived among them, a good master, a kind neighbour.

They left him in his grave, by the side of his long-dead young wife, Mary Berkeley. As George stood at the head of his father's coffin, during the ceremony in the churchyard, the grave-stone, with its name, was right in front of his eyes; his mother's name. "Mary, the wife of Thomas Ryle, and only daughter of the Rev. George Berkeley." None knew with what a shivering feeling of loneliness the orphan boy turned from the spot, as the last words of the minister's voice died away.

The procession returned to the farm, shorn now of the presence of the red-faced clerk, who, to his own inward mortification, was obliged to stop for service; thereby losing his share of the ale. A full hour, perhaps two, would the carriers remain at the farm, drinking as much ale as they pleased. Barbrook never allowed its established rules of hospitality to be called in question on the important occasion of a funeral.

Mrs. Ryle, in her widow's weeds, was seated in the drawing-room on their return, as the gentlemen filed into it. In Barbrook custom, the relatives of the deceased, near or distant, were expected to congregate together for the remainder of the day; or for a portion of its remainder. The gentlemen would sometimes smoke pipes, and the ladies in their deep mourning, sat with their hands folded in their laps, resting on their snow-white handkerchiefs. The conversation was only allowed to run on family matters, prospects, and the like; and the voices were amicable and subdued.

As the mourners entered, they shook hands severally with Mrs. Ryle. Chattaway put out his hand last, and with perceptible hesitation. It was many a year since his hand had been given in fellowship to Mrs. Ryle, or had taken hers. They had been friendly once, and in the old days he used to call her "Maude:" but that was over now.

Mrs. Ryle turned from the offered hand. "No," she said, speaking in a quiet but most decisive tone. "I cannot forget the past sufficiently for that, James Chattaway. On this day it is forcibly present to me."

They sat down. Trevlyn next his mother, called there by her. The gentlemen disposed themselves on the side of the table facing the fire, and George found a chair a little behind: nobody seemed to notice him. And so much the better; for the boy's heart was too full to bear much notice then.

On the table was placed the paper which had been written by the surgeon, at the dictation of Mr. Ryle, the night when he lay in extremity. It had not been unfolded since. Mr. King took it up; he knew that he

was expected to read it. They were waiting for him to do so.

"I must premise that the wording of this is Mr. Ryle's," he said. "He expressly requested me to pen down his *own words*, just as they issued from his lips. He —"

"Is it a will?" interrupted Farmer Apperley, a little gentleman, with a red face and large nose. He had come to the funeral in top boots; they constituting his ideas of full dress.

"You can call it a will, if you please," replied Mr. King. "I am not sure that the law would. It was in consequence of his not having made a will that he requested me to write down these few directions."

The farmer nodded; and Mr. King began to read.

"In the name of God: Amen. I, Thomas Ryle.

"First of all, I bequeath my soul to God. Trusting that he will pardon my sins, for the sake of Jesus Christ our Saviour. Amen.

"It's a dreadful blow, the cutting of me off by that bull of Chattaway's. The more so, that I am unable to leave things straightforward for my wife and children. They know—at least, my wife does, and all the parish knows—the pressure that has been upon me, through Chattaway coming down upon me as he has done. I have been as a bird with its wings clipped; as soon as I'd try to get up, I was pulled down again.

"I'll luck has been upon me besides. Beasts have died off, and crops have failed; the farm's not good for much, for all the money that has been laid out upon it, and nobody but me knows the labour it has cost. When you think of these things, my dear wife and boys, you'll know why I do not leave you better provided for. Many and many a night have I laid awake upon my bed, fretting, and planning, and hoping, all for your sakes. Perhaps if that bull had spared me to an old age, I might have left you better off.

"I'd like to bequeath the furniture and all that is in the house, and the stock, and the beasts, and all that I die possessed of, to my dear wife, Maude—but it's not of any good, for Chattaway will sell up—except the silver tankard, and that should go to Trevlyn. But for having 'T. R.' upon it, it should go to George, for he is the eldest. T. R. stood for my father, and T. R. has stood for me, and T. R. will stand for Trevlyn. George, though he is the eldest, won't grudge it him, if I know anything of his nature. And I give to George my watch, and I hope he'll keep it for his dead father's sake. It is only a silver one, as I dare say you have noticed, doctor; but it's very good to go, and George can have his initials engraved on the shield at the back, 'G. B. R.' And the three seals, and the gold key, I give to him with it. The red cornelian has got our arms on it; for we had arms once, and my father sealed his letters with them: not that they have done him or me any good. And let Treve keep the tankard faithfully, and never part with it; and remember, my dear boys, that your poor father would have left you better keepsakes had it been in his power. You must prize these for the dead giver's sake. But there! it's of no use talking, for Chattaway, he'll sell up, watch and tankard, and all.

"And I'd like to leave that bay foal to my dear little

Caroline. It will be a rare pretty creature when it's bigger. And you must let it have the run of the three-cornered paddock, and I should like to see her on it, sweet little soul!—but Chattaway's bull has stopped it. And don't grudge the cost of a little saddle for her; and Roger, he can break it in; and mind you are all true and tender with my dear little wench, and if I thought you wouldn't be, I'd like to have her with me in my coffin. But you are good lads—though Treve he is hasty when his temper's put out—and I know you'll be to her what brothers ought to be. I always meant that foal for Carry, since I saw how pretty it was likely to grow, though I didn't say what was in my mind; and now I give it to her. But where's the use? Chattaway, he'll sell up.

"If he does sell up, to the last stick and stone, he'll not get his debt in full. Perhaps not much above the half of it; for things at a forced sale don't bring their value. You have put down 'his debt,' Mr. King, I suppose; but it is not his debt. I am on my death-bed, and I say that the two thousand pounds was made a present of to me by the squire on *his* death-bed. He told me it was made all right with Chattaway; that Chattaway understood the promise given to me, not to raise the rent; and that he'd be the same just landlord to me that the squire had been. The squire could not lay his hand upon the bond, or he would have given it me then; but he said Chattaway should burn it as soon as he entered, which would be in an hour or two. Chattaway knows whether he has acted up to this; and now his bull has finished me.

"And I wish to tell Chattaway that if he'll act a fair part as a man ought, and let my wife and the boys stop on the farm, he'll stand a much better chance of getting the money than if he turns them off it. I don't say this for their sakes more than for his; but because from my very heart I believe it to be the truth. George has got his head on his shoulders the right way, and I'd advise his mother to keep him on the farm; he'll be getting older every day. Not but that I wish her to use her own judgment in all things, for her judgment is good. In time, they may be able to pay off Chattaway; in time they may be able even to buy back the farm, for it belonged to my forefathers, and not to the squire. That is, if Chattaway will be reasonable, and let them stop on it, and not be hard and pressing. But perhaps I am talking nonsense, doctor, for he may turn them off, as his bull has turned off me.

"And now, my dear George and Treve, I repeat it to you, be good boys to your mother. Obey her in all things. Maude, I have left all to you in preference to dividing it between you and them, which there's no time for; but I know you'll do the right thing by them: and when it comes to your turn to leave—if Chattaway don't sell up—I'd wish you to bequeath to them in equal shares what you die possessed of. George is not your son, but he is mine, and—and—perhaps I'd better not say what I was going to say, doctor. Maude, I leave all to you, trusting to your justice to leave all in turn to them in equal portions; to the three—George, Treve, and Caroline. And, my boys, you be loving and obedient to her, and work for her to the best of your ability; work for her, and work for yourselves. Work

while it's day. In that book which I have not read so much as I ought to have read, it says 'The night cometh, when no man can work.' When we hear that read in church, or when we get the book out on a Sunday evening and read it to ourselves, that night seems a long, long way off. It seems so far off that it can never hardly be any concern of ours; and it is only when we are cut off suddenly that we find how very near it is. That night has come for me, through Chattaway's bull; and that night will come for you before you are aware. So, *work*—and please to score that, doctor. God has placed us in this world to work, and not to be ashamed of it; and to work for him as well as for ourselves. It was often in my mind that I ought to work more for God—that I ought to think of him more; and I used to say, 'I will soon, when a bit of this bother's off my mind.' But the bother was always there, and I never did it. And now the end's come, and I am cut off in the midst through that bull of Chattaway's; and I can see things would have been made easier to me if I *had* done it—score it, doctor—and I say it as a lesson to you, my children.

"And I think that's about all; and I am much obliged to you, doctor, for writing this. I hope they'll be able to manage things on the farm, and I'd ask my neighbour Apperley to give them his advice a bit now and then, for old friendship's sake, until George shall be older, and to put him in a way of buying and selling stock. If Chattaway don't sell up, that is. If he does, I hardly know how it will be. Perhaps God will put them in some other way, and take care of them. And I'd leave my best thanks to Nora, for she has been a true friend to us all, and I don't know how the house would have got along without her. And now I am growing faint, doctor, and I think the end is coming. God bless you all, my dear ones. Amen."

A deep silence fell on the room as Mr. King ceased. He folded up the paper, and laid it on the table near to Mrs. Ryle. The first to speak was Farmer Apperley.

"Any help that I can be of to you and George, Mrs. Ryle, and to all of you, is heartily at your service. It'll be yours with right good will at all times and seasons. The more so, that you know if it had been me cut off in this way, my poor friend Ryle would have been the first to offer to do so much for my wife and boys, and have thought no trouble of it. George, you come over and ask me about things, just as you would ask your father; or send for me up here to the farm; and whatever work I might be at at home, though it was the putting out of a barn as was a-fire, I'd quit it to come."

"And now it is my turn to speak," said Mr. Chattaway. "And, Mrs. Ryle, I give you my promise, in the presence of these gentlemen, that if you choose to remain on the farm, I will not put a hindrance upon it. Your husband thought me hard—unjust: he said it before my face and behind my back. My opinion always has been that he entirely mistook Squire Trevlyn in that last interview he had with him. I do not think it was ever the squire's intention to cancel the bond: Ryle must have misunderstood him altogether: at any rate, I heard nothing of it. As the successor in the estate, the bond came into my possession; and in my wife and children's interest I could not consent to sup-

press it. Nobody but a soft-hearted man—and that's what Ryle was, poor fellow—would have thought of asking such a thing. But I was willing to give him all facilities for paying it, and I did do so. No! It was not my hardness that was in fault, but his pride and his nonsense, and his thinking I ought not to ask for my own money——"

"If you bring up these things, James Chattaway, I must answer them," interrupted Mrs. Ryle. "I would prefer not to be forced to do it to-day."

"I do not want to bring them up in an unpleasant spirit," answered Mr. Chattaway; "to say it was his fault or my fault. We'll let bygones be bygones. He is gone, poor man; and I wish that savage beast of a bull had been in four quarters, before he had done the mischief! All I would now say, is, that I'll put no impediment to your remaining on the farm. We will not go into business details this afternoon, but I will come in any day next week that you like to appoint, and talk it over. If you choose to keep on the farm at its present rent—it is well worth it—and to pay me interest for the money that's owing, and a yearly sum—as shall be agreed upon—towards diminishing the debt, you are welcome to do it."

Just what Nora had predicted! Mr. Chattaway loved money too greatly to run the risk of losing part of the debt—as he probably would do, if he turned them off the farm. Mrs. Ryle bowed her head in cold acquiescence. She saw no other way open to her, save that of accepting the offer. Very probably Mr. Chattaway knew that there was no other.

"The sooner things are settled, the better," she remarked. "I will name eleven o'clock to-morrow morning."

"Very good; I'll be here," he answered. "And I am glad it is decided harmoniously."

The rest of those present appeared also to be glad. Perhaps they had feared some unpleasant recrimination might take place between Mrs. Ryle and James Chattaway. Thus relieved, they unbent a little, and crossed their legs as if inclined to become more sociable. Mrs. Ryle rang the bell, and Molly appeared, in her new black dress, bringing in pipes and ale.

CHAPTER X.

A PROSPECT FOR GEORGE.

You might scarcely have thought, to look at the assemblage in the drawing-room at Trevlyn Farm, that they had collected on the occasion of laying its master in the grave. Mrs. Ryle sat, equally composed; Nora was in and out, as on ordinary days, appearing scarcely at ease in her crape and bombazine; George and Trevlyn, now seated together, exchanged occasional words in a whisper; and the four gentlemen sat on the opposite side of the fire to Mrs. Ryle, three of them smoking long, churchwarden pipes. On a small, round table in their vicinity was the silver tankard just bequeathed to Trevlyn. The Ryle arms were on it, "T. R." underneath the shield. It was full of ale, and each of the gentlemen sipped it in turn. But it must not be supposed that the solemnity of the day was lost sight of; the pipes and ale were deemed necessary accessories to these sad

meetings, and no hospitality could have held up its head in Barbrook, had it not introduced them.

There is an etiquette, or usage, I say, with regard to these things in many parts of this country. Mr. Chattaway would, no doubt, have preferred to depart, but the smoking a pipe by the returned mourners is looked upon as a sort of requisite sociability, an earnest of good fellowship, and Mr. Chattaway did not see fit to decline it. He could not plead the habit of non-smoking, as the surgeon could.

"What shall you do with the boys, Mrs. Ryle?" suddenly asked Farmer Apperley.

"Trevé, of course, will go to school as usual," she replied. "George — I have not decided about George."

"Shall I have to leave school?" cried George, looking up with a start.

"Of course, you will," said Mrs. Ryle.

"But what will become of my Latin; of my studies altogether?" returned George, in a tone of dismay.

"You know, mamma, I —"

"It cannot be helped, George," she interrupted, speaking in the uncompromisingly decisive manner, so characteristic of her; as of her sister, Miss Diana Trevlyn. "You must turn your attention to something more profitable than schooling, now."

"If a boy at fifteen has not had schooling enough, I'd like to know when he has had it?" interposed Farmer Apperley, who neither understood nor approved of the strides which education and intellect had made since the time when he was a boy. Very substantial people in his day had been content to learn to read and write and cipher, and to deem that amount of learning sufficient to grow rich upon. As the Dutch professor did to whom George Primrose wished to teach Greek, but who declined the offer. He had never learned Greek; he had lived, and ate, and slept without Greek; and therefore he did not see any good in Greek. Thus it was with Farmer Apperley.

"What do you learn at school, George?" questioned Mr. Berkeley.

"Latin, and Greek, and mathematics, and —"

"But, George, where will be the good of such things to you?" cried Farmer Apperley, not allowing him to finish the catalogue. "Latin, and Greek, and mathematics! that is fine, that is!"

"I don't see much good in giving a boy that style of education myself," put in Mr. Chattaway, before any one else had time to speak. "Unless he is to be put to a profession, the classics only lie fallow in the memory. I hated them, I know that; I and my brother, too. Many and many a caning we have had over our Latin, until we wished the books at the bottom of the sea. Twelve months after we left school, we could not have construed a page, had it been put before us. That's all the good learning Latin did for us."

"I shall keep up my Latin and Greek," observed George, very independently, "although I may have to leave school."

"Why need you keep it up?" asked Mr. Chattaway, taking his pipe from his mouth to speak.

"Why?" echoed George. "I like it, for one thing. And a knowledge of the classics is necessary to a gentleman, now-a-days."

"Necessary to what?" cried Mr. Chattaway.

"To a gentleman," repeated George.

"Oh," said Mr. Chattaway. "Do you think of being one?"

"Yes, I do," replied George, in a tone as decisive as any ever used by his step-mother.

This bold assertion nearly took away the breath of Farmer Apperley. Had George Ryle announced his intention to become a Botany Bay convict, Mr. Apperley's consternation had been scarcely less. The same word will bear different constructions to different minds. That of "gentleman" in the mouth of George, could only bear one to the plain and simple farmer.

"Hey, lad! What wild notions have ye been getting in your head?" he asked.

"George," spoke Mrs. Ryle almost at the same moment, "are you going to give me trouble at the very onset? There is nothing for you to look forward to, but work. Your father said it."

"Of course, I look forward to work, mamma," returned George, as cheerfully as he could speak that sad afternoon. "But that will not prevent my being a gentleman."

"George, I fancy you may be somewhat misusing terms," remarked the surgeon, who was an old inhabitant of that rustic district, and little more advanced in notions than the rest. "What you meant to say was, that you would be a good, honourable, upright man; not a mean one. Was it not?"

"Yes," said George, after an imperceptible hesitation. "Something of that."

"The boy did not express himself clearly, you see," said Mr. King, looking round on the rest. "He means right."

"Don't you ever talk about being a gentleman again, my lad," cried Farmer Apperley, with a sagacious nod. "It would make the neighbours think you were going on for bad ways. A gentleman is one who follows the hounds in white smalls and a scarlet coat, and goes to dinners and drinks wine, and never puts his hands to anything, but leads an idle life."

"That is not the sort of gentleman I meant," said George.

"It is to be hoped it's not," emphatically replied the farmer. "A man may do this if he has got a good fat banker's book, George, but not else. You know Farmer Willis, of the Grove?"

"To be sure I do," replied George.

"Well, his eldest son thought he'd put up for a gentleman. It was when you were in petticoats, my boy, so you can't remember much about it. He turned up his nose at farming and at everything else respectable, did young Ben Willis, and at last his father put him to a lawyer at Barmester, to be a gentleman, as Ben harped upon. A sight of money it cost: the stamp alone took a hundred and twenty pounds. A hundred and twenty pounds in good hard cash!" repeated Mr. Apperley, lifting his pipe and holding it extended, to give force to the words. "Ben thought he was a gentleman then, and Ben began at gentlemen's work. He got a scarlet coat, he did; and he got a hunter, and he was to be seen at public dinners, and in the boxes at the play, and in the billiard-rooms—as Barmester can remember to this

day. It wasn't over much that his office had of him, and people thought there was blame on the lawyer's part. The worst was, that those fine pastimes were not had for nothing. Ben got 'em upon tick; and when the time came for payment, he paid in promises and bills—which is a sort of coin that don't answer. He was not a gentleman long, George. He was clapped into an ugly building that's called a gaol, with a great big debt upon him. His father bought him out of it; paid the money for him—I wouldn't, if it had been my son—and Ben was at large again. Not a week had he been out—are you minding me, George?—when he was taken upon another big debt, and clapped into the same place; and before he got out this time other big debts came down upon him, and it was found there was no end to 'em. He took the benefit of the Insolvent Act, and that about finished him, for he did no good after it. Trouble and trouble, and scampish doings, and wickedness; until at last Ben had to cut off to some distant part, for Barmester got too hot for him; and where he is now nobody knows. And all the money and the hundred and twenty pound stamp was lost; wasted; old Willis might just as well have chucked it down the gutter. That's what comes of setting up for a gentleman."

George made no answering remark. To have explained how very different his notions of a gentleman were from those of Farmer Apperley's, might have involved him in a long conversation. His silence was looked suspiciously upon by Mr. Chattaway.

"Where idle and roving notions are taken up, there's only one cure for them!" he remarked, taking his pipe from his mouth to speak. "And that is hard work."

But that George's spirit was subdued, he might have hotly answered that he had taken up neither idle nor roving notions. As it was, he sat in silence.

"I doubt whether it will be prudent to keep George at home," said Mrs. Ryle, speaking generally, not to Mr. Chattaway. "He is too young to do much good upon the farm. And there's John Pinder."

"John Pinder would do his best, no doubt," said Mr. Chattaway.

"The question is—if I do resolve to put George out, what can I put him to?" resumed Mrs. Ryle.

"Papa thought it best that I should stay on the farm," interposed George, his heart beating a shade quicker.

"He thought it best that I should exercise my own judgment in the matter," corrected Mrs. Ryle. "The worst is, in placing a lad out, it takes money," she added, looking at Farmer Apperley.

"It does that," replied the farmer.

"There's nothing like a trade for boys," said Mr. Chattaway, impressively. "They learn to get a good living, and they are kept out of mischief. It appears to me that Mrs. Ryle will have enough expense upon her hands, without the cost and keep of George being added to it. What service can such a boy as he is be of, upon the farm?"

"True," mused Mrs. Ryle, agreeing for once with Mr. Chattaway. "He could not be of much at present. But the cost of placing him out?"

"Of course he could not," repeated Mr. Chattaway, with an eagerness which might have betrayed his motive, to suspicion, but that he coughed it down. "Perhaps I

may be able to manage the putting him out for you, without cost. I know of an eligible place where there's a vacancy. The trade is a good one, too."

"I am not going to any trade," spoke George, looking Mr. Chattaway full in the face.

"You are going where Mrs. Ryle thinks fit that you shall go," returned Mr. Chattaway, in a hard, cold tone. "If I can get you into the establishment of Wall and Barnes without premium, it will be a first rate thing for you. There's no business, going, more profitable than a linendraper's."

All the blood in George Ryle's body seemed to rush to his face. Poor though they had become in point of money, trade had been unknown in their family, and its sound in George's ears, as applied to himself, was something terrible. "That is a retail shop!" he cried, rising from his seat in a commotion.

"Well?" said Mr. Chattaway.

They remained looking at each other. George with his changing face, flushing to crimson, fading to paleness with emotion, and Mr. Chattaway with his composed, leaden one. His light eyes were sternly directed to George, but he did not take his pipe from his lips.

"You should never force me there, Mr. Chattaway."

Mr. Chattaway rose from his seat, took George by the shoulder, and turned him towards the window. The view did not overlook much of the road to Barbrook, the lower road; but a glimpse of it might be caught sight of here and there, winding along in the distance.

"Boy! do you remember what was carried down that road this afternoon—what you followed next to, with your younger brother? He said that you were not to cross your mother, but to obey her in all things. These are early moments to begin to turn against your father's dying charge."

George sat down, his brain throbbing, his heart bursting. He did not see his duty very distinctly before him then. His father certainly had charged him to obey his mother's bequests, he had left him entirely subject to her control; but George felt perfectly sure that his father would never have placed him in a retail shop; would not have allowed him to enter one.

Mr. Chattaway continued talking, but the boy heard him not. He was bending towards Mrs. Ryle, enlarging upon the advantages of the plan in persuasive language. He knew that Wall and Barnes had taken a boy into their house without premium, he said, and he believed he could induce them to waive it in George's case. He and Wall had been at school together; had passed many an impatient hour over the Latin, previously spoken of; and he often called in to have a chat with him in passing. Wall was a ten thousand pound man now; and George might become the same in time.

"How would you like to place Christopher at it, Mr. Chattaway?" asked George, his breast heaving.

"Christopher!" indignantly responded Mr. Chattaway. "Christopher's heir to Trev—Christopher isn't you," he concluded, cutting his first retort short. In the presence of Mrs. Ryle it might not be altogether prudent to allude to the heirship of Cris to Trevlyn Hold.

The sun named conciliated the ear of Mr. Apperley,

otherwise he had not listened with any favour to the plan. "Ten thousand pounds! And Wall but a middle-aged man! That's worth thinking of, George."

"I could never live in a shop; the close air, the confinement, would stifle me," said George, with a sort of wail.

"You'd rather live in a thunder-storm, with the rain coming down on your head in bucketfuls," said Mr. Chattaway, sarcastically.

"A great deal," said George.

Farmer Apperley did not detect the irony of Mr. Chattaway's remark, or the bitterness of the answer. "You'll say next, boy, that you'd rather go for a sailor, and be exposed to the weather night and day, perched midway between sky and water!"

"So I would," was George's truthful answer. "Mamma! let me stay at the farm!" he cried, the nervous motion of his hands, the strained countenance, proving how momentous was the question to his grieved heart. "You do not know how useful I should soon become! And papa wished it."

Mrs. Ryle shook her head. "You are too young, George, to be of use. No."

George seemed to turn white; face, and heart, and all. He was approaching Mrs. Ryle with an imploring gesture; but Mr. Chattaway caught his arm and pushed him to his seat again. "George, if I were you, I would not, on this day, cross my mother."

George glanced at her. Not a shade of love, of relenting was there on her countenance. Cold, haughty, self-willed, it always was; but more cold, more haughty, more self-willed than usual now. He turned and left the room, his heart bursting.

Crossing the front kitchen, where an elaborate tea was set out, ready against the drawing-room should ring for it, George entered the parlour, whence but two hours before his father had been carried. "O papa! papa! if you were but back again!" he sobbed, in his bitter grief, the hot tears raining from his eyes as he hid his face on the sofa. "I have no one to care for me now; no father, no friend!"

Yes you have, George. There is One who has promised to be a Father to the fatherless.

(To be continued.)

The Religious World.

THE American Board of Foreign Missions reports a deficiency of 8,500 dollars, notwithstanding the most extensive curtailment of expenditure in 1862. The difficulties of the case are aggravated by the disordered state of the currency.

A memorial has been presented by the Romanists to the Town Council of Birmingham, asking for a grant of £1,200 to build a chapel exclusively for their use in the cemetery. The Birmingham Protestant Association has taken active measures to defeat the project.

In 1850 the number of Popish priests in Great Britain was 988, and 1,397 in 1862, showing an increase of 459. In 1850 there were 689 churches and chapels, and 1,065 in 1862, giving an increase of 382. There were 17 religious houses of men in 1850, and 55 in 1862; increase, 88. The convents were 59 in 1850,

and 171 in 1862; increase, 118. The colleges were 11 in 1850, and 12 in 1862, an increase of one.

The difficulties encountered by the governor, Sir George Grey, in prosecuting his pacific mission in New Zealand, are by his own account much increased by a noticeable circumstance. This fact has been stated in the *Times*, and the *Record* gives his own statement in these words—"Wherever I go, I find the Roman Catholic natives are at the bottom of all this work and disturbance."

Both the new archbishops preached in London on the 15th inst. In the course of his sermon on Psalm ciii. 1, 2, at St. Paul's, Haggerstone, the Archbishop of Canterbury related an anecdote to this effect:—"A lunatic asked of a friend who visited him, 'Did you ever thank God for the gift of reason?' The reply was in the negative. 'Nor I either,' said the poor sufferer; 'and this is why you see me as I am.'"

The distribution of Bibles and Testaments at Galatz goes on satisfactorily, being at the rate of two hundred copies per month for the last half year.

A regular English service has been commenced at Ancona with considerable encouragement. One captain who was there purchased and distributed no fewer than 170 Italian New Testaments among the sailors, who received them joyfully. In a general way, the sale of the Scriptures proceeds regularly and hopefully.

The Rev. Dr. Faure, pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, Cape Colony, has a congregation almost wholly consisting of liberated slaves—Africans, Malays, and others—converted to Christianity.

It is stated that in Hawaii there are some 68,000 inhabitants. Of these about 20,000 profess Protestantism, an equal number are Roman Catholics, 3,000 are Mormons, and the remainder profess no known creed.

During the period of the Great Exhibition, the British and Foreign Bible Society placed no fewer than 1,555 copies of the New Testament and Psalms, in French and German, in the London hotels. Besides these, 250 volumes were placed in the Visitors' Home at Fulham. The several special agencies for circulating the Scriptures, in whole or in part, succeeded in disposing of 150,687 copies. Of these, the Society for the Gratuitous Distribution of the Scriptures sent out 137,518. If to these we add 11,500 from the Brompton Depot, and 6,849 from the Crystal Palace, we get a total of 170,741. These Scriptures were in English, and in thirty-four foreign languages. Germany took 18,162; France, 24,167; Italy, 13,904; Spain, 4,995; and so forth. So extensive and successful an endeavour to disseminate the Holy Scriptures was never before made.

The report of the Turkish Government as to the religion of its populations shows that in European Turkey there are 1,197,000 of the Greek Church, and 330,000 Protestants. In Asiatic Turkey there are 2,360,000 Armenians, and 900,000 Roman Catholics. At Constantinople and in its vicinity, there are now 127 schools; viz., 77 Greek, with 6,477 pupils; 37 Armenian with 6,523 pupils; 5 Protestant, with 82 pupils; and 8 Roman Catholic, with 509 pupils.

The Moravian Missions have 31 stations in British colonies, with 83 ministers, and 11,000 communicants. In Danish colonies they have 26 stations, with 102 ministers, and 6,800 communicants and elsewhere, 36

stations, 132 ministers, and 3,450 communicants. About 78,000 persons altogether are under their religious care and instruction.

The Congregationalists have secured a chapel in Paris, formerly occupied by the Wesleyans in the Rue Royale. It has been opened by ministers from London, and will be ministered in by the Rev. Mr. Ashton.

The Evangelical Society of France has sent out an appeal for contributions. Between Christmas and April 15th the society requires about £4,000, a sum which cannot be procured without the assistance of their English and Scottish friends.

The holding of midnight meetings for unfortunate females has been tried at Berlin, with encouraging success.

Dr. Wichern, the celebrated director of the Rauhe Haus, near Hamburg, was some years since chosen Inspector General of Prisons in Prussia. One of his leading aims has been to train gaolers and turnkeys, who should exercise a good moral and Christian influence over the prisoners. His benevolent work has been publicly assailed in the Chamber of Representatives, but the result of the discussions has been greatly to his honour. About the same time Dr. Wichern issued an appeal for candidates for these humble employments, and in reply no less than ninety young men have offered themselves for the work.

Sir G. Grey, the Home Secretary, has obtained leave to bring in a bill for effecting some changes in regard to the religious instruction of prisoners. One of the effects of the bill will be the payment of Roman Catholic chaplains, and for their sakes it has been projected. In the course of his speech upon the subject, Sir G. Grey made some observations of a most suggestive character, when we consider the proportion which the Roman Catholics bear to the Protestants in this country. From a return, which extended to May, 1862, he found that there were 3,371 papists in the borough and county prisons of Great Britain, and 1,400 in the convict prisons. In Birmingham there were 67 of these prisoners, 94 in Stafford, 141 in Kirkdale, 124 in Wandsworth, 183 in the House of Correction (Westminster), 207 in Manchester, 147 in Salford, and 485 in Liverpool, being more than one half the number of prisoners. In Glasgow and Edinburgh also there was a very large number of Roman Catholic prisoners. From facts like these, stated under circumstances so peculiar, we may infer the character and extent of the religious instruction of our popish fellow-citizens.

The Old "School Presbyterian" publishes a *résumé* and summary of missionary work during the last sixty years. From this it results that 1,250,000 converts have been brought to Christ, or at the rate of about 20,800 per annum. The number of missionaries is estimated at 1,600 actually in the field; and native labourers at 16,000. The Bible has been translated into 150 languages and dialects, and printed in 40,000,000 copies, whereas in 1800 there were not above 4,000,000 copies in the world.

Our French neighbours seem to have still much to learn in the practice of religious liberty. The city of Nîmes contains a large, wealthy, and influential Protestant population, and is regarded as the Protestant metropolis of the south of France. But we are informed,

by a French journal, that M. Krugor, director of a refuge at Nîmes, has been summoned to appear before the tribunal of the city on a charge of having held religious meetings of more than twenty persons, without previous authorisation. The accused was sentenced to a fine of 200 francs. It is understood, however, that the fine will not be enforced. The new Protestant church of Nîmes for English worshippers will accommodate about 700 persons, and cost over £7,000.

A story has gone the round of Europe to the effect that the last descendant of Calvin had turned Roman Catholic, and had made his abjuration in a small chapel at Paris. The story was eagerly swallowed, but it is open to the simple objection that Calvin left no descendants, his children all dying in their infancy.

We hear that at Milan, Bologna, Brescia, Modena, Parma, and many other places in Italy, the Gospel makes sensible progress; the congregations are numerous, and adherents increase. Evangelical Christians and Bible readers are to be found now in a vast number of localities, and it is certain that many of them would form themselves into communities, if it were possible. In Naples itself the constitution of the Evangelical Italian Church is a fact accomplished, and its pastor is an able and courageous minister of the Waldenses, M. Genges Appia. The evangelists of the Church are the Marquis Cresi and the ex-priest Peccenini. These three devoted men are making every effort to preach the Gospel, and to save souls in Naples. Amid great opposition, they have received many tokens of Divine approval and blessing.

The Turkish Missions Aid Society reports favourably of the work in Persia. Our readers will be glad to learn that Dr. Perkins has reached his destination with the Nestorian brethren from Oroomiah, who were in London last year, and who accompanied him home. The Russian Church is taking advantage of the oppressions and exactions of the Persians upon their Christian subjects, and making decided efforts to gain converts from the Nestorians to the Greek Church. Meanwhile there is hope that more liberty will be won. At present the penalty of death is imposed upon Persians who embrace Christianity, but, in the face of this, the missionaries say the evidence is more and more marked that a spiritual work is going on among the Mohammedans in Persia. A Turkish service has been commenced in Persia.

PROVIDENCE.

He is no Christian who does not see the hand of God constantly. There are no miracles wrought, yet God leads, and disposes, and does everything for us. "They who admire Providence will never want a Providence to admire," says a good old author. Every day we may trace out something striking. There is no meaning in "general providence," if it be not composed of "particular providences." God does sometimes interfere in a very striking way. Things depend on what we call small things, but nothing is small with God.

* Dr. Perkins writes from Oroomiah as follows:—"CASSELL'S BIBLE excites great interest here, as you anticipated. Thanks to the publishers. I trust their NEW TESTAMENT will come to me safely when it shall be issued."

Temperance Department.

ABOLISHING PLEDGING.

"You complain of my taking the pledge," said a reclaimed man in Kent, to an anti-teetotal acquaintance. "Strong drink occasioned me to have more to do with pledging than ever teetotalism has. When I was a drinker, I pledged my wife's wedding ring, and my children's shoes; I pledged, in short, everything that was pledgable, and was losing every hope and blessing, when teetotal truth met me and convinced me of my folly. Then I pledged myself, and by so doing I have got my other things out of pledge, and got more than my former property about me."

THE BONDAGE OF HABIT.

It is, we imagine, almost generally known that the poet Coleridge was a slave to the insidious habit of opium-eating, than which nothing can be more deadly and suicidal.

A description of his appearance has been given by De Quincey. In most particulars it varies but little from that exhibited by one who has yielded himself to the dominion of habitual intoxication:—

"His aspect was generally that of a person struggling with pain and over-mastering illness. His lips were baked with feverish heat, and often black in colour; and, in spite of the water which he continued drinking, he often seemed to labour under an almost paralytic inability to raise the upper jaw from the lower.

"Coleridge had made prodigious efforts to free himself from this thralldom; he went so far at one time as to hire a man for the express purpose, armed with the power of resolutely interposing between himself and the door of any druggist's shop."

It is said that the expense of the opium he consumed amounted to £2 10s. weekly: though this is not so large as the sum which an habitual wine-drinker consumes, in the gratification of his appetite.

The following letter, written by Coleridge to a friend (his publisher), will best portray the state to which a mind vigorous, poetic, and full of lofty imaginings may be reduced by indulgence in a habit dangerous and sinful.

"Bristol, June 26th, 1834.

"DEAR SIR,—For I am unworthy to call any good man friend—much less you, whose hospitality and love I have abused—accept, however, my entreaties for your forgiveness and for your prayers.

"Conceive a poor, miserable wretch, who for many years has been attempting to beat off pain by a constant recurrence to the vice that reproduces it. Conceive a spirit in hell employed in tracing out for others the road to that heaven from which his crimes exclude him! In short, conceive whatever is most wretched, helpless, and hopeless, and you will form as tolerable a notion of my state as it is possible for a good man to have.

"I used to think the text in St. James, that 'he who offended in one point, offends in all,' very harsh; but I now feel the awful, the tremendous truth of it. In the one crime of *OPPIUM*, what crime have I not made myself guilty of! Ingratitude to my Maker and to my benefactors, injustice and unnatural cruelty to my poor children! self-contempt for my repeated breach of promise—nay, too often, actual falsehood.

"After my death I earnestly entreat that a full and unqualified narration of my wretchedness, and of its guilty cause, may be made public, that at least some little good may be effected by the direful example!

"May God Almighty bless you, and have mercy on your still affectionate, and in his heart grateful

"S. T. COLERIDGE."

What a confession is here! what ruin, for the time, both of mind and body, of one of the master-spirits of the age; on the outpourings of whose genius men were wont to dwell with admiration and reverence!

A WORD TO CHILDREN.

CHILDREN, we want you to be abstainers from all intoxicating drinks. However habit and long custom may have induced grown people to imagine such things necessary for their comfort or health, surely none will say that Nature ever meant little tender children to accustom themselves to the use of fiery and poisonous drinks.

Now, you will perhaps ask *why* we wish you to become teetotallers? And we will endeavour to give you a few of our reasons for wishing you never to take strong drinks.

1. *Because you do not need them.* Persons who have taken them for a number of years may say, "We have been so used to them that we can't leave them off;" but you cannot say so. Most of you have only just begun to taste them, and as you did without them before, so you can do without them now.

2. *Because they will do you harm, and you are therefore much better without them.* Have you not read in the Bible about Daniel and his three young friends, who would not drink the King of Babylon's wine? And were they the worse for it? Just the contrary. It tells us—

"And at the end of ten days their countenances appeared fairer, and fatter in flesh, than all the children who did eat the portion of the king's meat."

If you are in health your pulse beats quite fast enough, and your blood flows quite quick enough; but if you take intoxicating drinks, they will make your pulse beat too fast, and your blood flow too quick. Wholesome food and good water is all you require to make you healthy and strong. You should no more take strong drink than you would sip a black draught at your meals or swallow rhubarb and magnesia with your cake, and think to be any stronger or better for it.

3. *Because they may lead you to do many things you would not do if you were not to take them.* If you take them at all it is very possible that as you grow up you may learn to like them; and, when you learn to like them, it is very likely you will become wretched and miserable drunkards. Many boys and girls, as merry as you are, and who thought as little of becoming drunkards as you do, have in time become so. They learned perhaps first to drink at home; when they were apprenticed they became mixed up with bad people, who induced them to drink on; and from bad they went to worse, until they were a disgrace to their friends, and a curse to themselves.

Drinking will often lead you into evil company; it may bring you into the society of the wicked; and will certainly banish you from the companionship of the good.

Do you, then wish to live wisely and happily? Do you wish to benefit those who belong to you? Do you wish to love God, and to do good? If so, become total abstainers. You will then never waste a penny in strong drink; you will never do a foolish thing through strong drink; you will never have a single sickness through strong drink; and you will be sure never to become drunkards!

THE BIBLE AND THE AGE.

THE aspect of the times in regard to the Bible is one of the deepest possible interest. God's people are feeling more and more the value of the holy book; and perhaps it is for this very reason that the conflict which has ever, in one form or another, raged around it, has assumed the phase which it now presents to the world. Be this as it may, the question now agitated is this—What is the Bible? And it is a question which lies at the very root and foundation of our common Christianity. We are so much accustomed to think of this book in its entirety as the very Word of God, that the mere suspicion of a mistake in our conviction awakens a painful feeling, similar to that which we experience in listening to some foul slander against an old and well-proved friend. At the first blush of thought, we might imagine that the suggestion comes from some spirit of darkness, who is eager to unsettle our faith, to extinguish our Christian hope, and to send us drifting without chart, or compass, or rudder, on the wide sea of doubt and unbelief. Formerly, the question was, "Whether there be a Bible, a revelation at all?" Now it is, "What is the Bible?" Then the controversy was with the infidel; now it is with the rationalist. And the dispute around this question is becoming all the more serious because it has originated with men who have called themselves orthodox Christians—men who are ministering in our churches and chapels, at whose feet avowedly Christian congregations are sitting, and at whose lips they are drinking as if at fountains of pure and undefiled truth.

Is it so, then, that we have been mistaken in regard to the Bible, and have been deceiving both ourselves and others? Is the Bible what it has been represented and believed to be, an inspired book, an accredited messenger from God to man—as much so as if through the parted heavens God had spoken audibly to us as to Israel of old? Does it, indeed, speak with an authority from which there can be no appeal? Or is it true, as these new teachers would fain persuade us, that we have all along been in bondage to the mere fancies of our own minds, or the traditions of our fathers who have gone before us? Is it superstition or truth which we are clinging to when we say that the Bible is God's book? Ask a child, "What is the Bible?" At once the reply would spring to the lips, "God's holy

Word." Are, then, "the Bible" and "God's Word" synonymous and interchangeable expressions? Is every chapter of the Bible a part of God's Word? Does the message of God to man embrace every chapter and verse of the Bible, or only a part of it? Our new teachers would answer, "Only a part." Then we ask, "Which part?" If this chapter, and not that—if this doctrine, and not that—if this history, but not that—if this verse of St. Matthew's Gospel, but not that of St. Paul's Epistles, or the Pentateuch—pray how are we to know which is God's Word, and which is man's? Who shall guide us in our perplexity? What are the marks and signs by which we can distinguish between the inspired and the uninspired, the true and the doubtful, the infallible and the fallible? Is a man's own "consciousness" and "spiritual discernment" to be the court of appeal? But his consciousness may tell him one thing, and his neighbour's consciousness may tell him another. The spiritual discernment of the one convinces him, we are assured, that such a passage is directly inspired of God; the spiritual discernment of the other affirms that it is not. Thus the inner light which in this advancing age is to do so much for us, is discordant. How are we to know which is right of the two? The truth is, that on this theory we should want another revelation to assure us which of all the chapters and verses in the Bible is really God's Word and message, and which not. If we are to be in doubt in this matter, there is no sure standing-ground for us. In circulating this book, we should have no security that we are not circulating man's word, and claiming for it, most innocently, perchance, yet most untruly, the supremacy which is due only to the Word of the high and holy God. How, on this principle, can a minister be certain that, in unfolding some Divine promise, such as those scattered through the Psalms of David or the Epistles of St. Paul, he is not misleading some sin-stricken or sorrow-burdened heart by representing that to be rock which, after all, may be but shifting sand?

For we take it that between the simplest word of God and the sublimest and most spiritual utterance of man there is a wide and untravelled distance—just the distance, indeed, and not a jot less, which there is between the infinite and the finite, between the Divine and the human. We may hesitate or even refuse to stand on man's word, because it is man's, and

man is liable to err. But we are bound to submit both our reason and our hearts to God's Word, because it is God's—God's because inspired; and if inspired, therefore infallible; for, despite the refinements of modern rationalism, we know of no practical distinction between the two. Infallibility is the consequence of inspiration. We care not to dispute as to the manner of inspiration. The mode of God's actings on the minds of men must always be a mystery not to be fathomed by the shallow plumb-line of the human intellect. It is the fact that we contend for—the fact of inspiration; and by inspiration, be it observed, when applied to the Bible, we mean not some vague influence shared alike by St. Paul in his Epistles and John Newton in his "*Cardiphonia*," by Moses in writing the Pentateuch and Lord Bacon in composing the "*Novum Organon*," by David in the Psalms and John Milton in the "*Paradise Lost*," by John the Divine in the Apocalypse and John Wesley in his hymns. Nor do we understand by the term some higher degree of spirituality—a genius that soars beyond the range of common men; but inspiration in its highest possible sense; that controlling guidance of God's Spirit by which He divinely overruled what was written in the sacred books, and as the consequence of which there is nothing in the Bible but what God authorised there. Whatever is there is invested by that very circumstance with an authority which belongs to no other words in the world beside. We can see no sure standing ground but this. It seems but the sheerest self-deception to call the Bible God's Word, or to circulate it as such, unless we accept the dictum, in all its amplitude of meaning, that the Bible is inspired from first to last—history, doctrine, and precept alike—and therefore infallible.

How, then, about the versions of the Bible? Are they inspired? No! But if they be honest and faithful, that hinders not our faith nor shakes our confidence. We could almost say that a perfect version would be an impossibility, and could only be had through a new revelation, which in that case would not be a version at all of the Hebrew Bible and the Greek Testament. The very term implies a transcript from one language to another. But every language has delicate shades of idiom and expression which it is scarcely possible to transfer into other languages. This being the case, we may well be

astonished at the general accuracy of our English authorised version. Version of some kind or other we must have. So must all those nations and tribes far and wide over the globe which receive at our hands the Word of God. There can be no objection whatever to men of learning and linguistic talent trying to mend our version. Many have attempted it. We have examined their emendations, and examined them honestly, with a desire to come at an impartial judgment; and we unhesitatingly affirm that nothing has yet appeared, in the shape of a version, which can bear comparison with the version which has been endeared to us by the association of years. "It lives in the ear," says an eloquent writer, "like a music that can never be forgotten; like the sound of church bells, which we know not how to forego. Its felicities often seem to be almost things rather than words. It is part of the national mind, and the anchor of the national seriousness. The memory of the dead passes into it. The potent traditions of childhood are stereotyped in its verses. The power of all the griefs and trials of man is hidden beneath its words. It is the representation of his best moments, and all that there has been about him of soft, and gentle, and pure, and penitent, and good, speaks to him for ever out of his English Bible. It is his sacred thing, which doubt has never dimmed, and controversy never soiled. In the length and breadth of the land, there is not a Protestant with one spark of religiousness about him whose spiritual biography is not in his Saxon Bible."

Nor has any reason yet been advanced sufficient to weigh against the incalculable inconveniences which would result from the cancelling of the version which we possess. We admit that if two versions were before us, one of which was very superior to the other—not merely in a few selected instances, but as a whole, from first to last—we should be bound to take the better version. But then comes the question, Who shall decide which is the better? We despair of seeing on this side the Millennium so remarkable a concurrence of providential circumstances as existed when the present version was made and sent forth. Almost every correction of any importance which has yet seen the light and been submitted to public criticism has, we know, been objected to and in its turn corrected. What has proved satisfactory to five scholars on one side, has been pronounced unsatisfactory by a dozen on the other. When, therefore, we

have offered to us a version complete in all its parts, meeting the approval of the universal Church, and acknowledged to possess a superiority making it worth the change, it will be time enough to discuss the question whether we shall put away the old version, which has been the dear companion of our life, and replace it in our affections by the new one, which as yet exists but in the future. If, then, we are asked what the Bible is, we answer confidently, God's Word, every part of it; and of this our version is an honest and faithful transcript—the embodiment in our own English language of the thoughts, and words, and works which God directly inspired holy men of old to express and delineate in the original languages of Hebrew and Greek. We can read and circulate it conscientiously as his divine message, though clothed in a language other than that in which it was first delivered.

It is not because of the venerable associations which cluster around this wonderful book, though they are all venerable indeed, and have a charm peculiarly their own, so that it is impossible to recall them without emotion. We bend over the holy page, and twine round our hearts the heavenly promise, and linger over the sacred scenes delineated, and treasure up the words of the Psalmist and Prophets, and catch something of a hallowed spirit from the precepts of this book. Is it nothing to know that saints for thousands of years have done the same? Does it not clothe with an additional charm the very words and thoughts which are here spread out, to know that God's children of every age have drank at the same well; that David, with his scantier portion, and Paul, with his Septuagint or Hebrew Old Testament, and the fathers of the Christian Church, with the entire Bible as it has come down to us, have found comfort and refreshment in the sacred promises; drawn arrows for the great conflict from the same quiver, and gathered strength from the same precepts? Yet this is not the great reason why we love the Bible. Nor, again, is the chief reason because of the pure morality which breathes in every page and is instinct in every maxim, so that no age or degree of advancement can outstrip the comprehension of its precepts, or raise a loftier standard of all that is excellent and good. Beyond all these attractions, and infinitely above them all, is this: that the Bible is a star of hope throwing its clear and

heavenly light athwart the otherwise murky darkness of human life; it is a revelation of God himself to man, the absence of which would leave us ignorant of the past, and full of doubts and fears for the present; which would but gather up into a feeling of blank despair as we look on to the future. The Bible presents, in short, a foundation on which the Christian may plant his feet, and defy alike the trials of time and the perils of eternity. There is in it medicine for the sick and food for the healthy, milk for babes and strong meat for men. It is incorruptible seed, which, finding a lodgment in the heart, and watered with the dews of heaven, shall bear fruit for ever in the kingdom of God. It is an authority and court of appeal set up by God himself, to which we must bring every statement bearing on man's welfare, and every proposition offered to man's faith, no matter what the quarter whence it comes. In a word, it is *the Bible*, the Book of books, the altogether-inspired and altogether-infallible Word of God.

One caution, however, in conclusion. To the question, "What is the Bible?" we must answer again, it is not God, but God's word. Let us not deify it, or ascribe to it a power which it does not possess, or an efficacy which belongs but to Him. What is the Bible but an instrument after all, a creation of God, which, like all other of God's creations, can only answer its purpose as He shall bless it. Like the Æolian harp, whose strings are silent unless the wind sweep across it and draw forth its music, the Bible itself can have no voice to arouse, and soothe, and console, unless the Divine Spirit who indited it give it power and voice from above. It is a sword—keen its edge, fine its temper, and sharp its point; but the sword needs to be wielded by Him who alone can slay the sins of the old Adam, whose office it is to heal and bless, and who can cause peace and tranquillity to flow into disquieted hearts from the Bible, the Word of the living God.

WELSH POEM ON TEMPERANCE.

Woe to him whose every bias
Centres in the burthened bowl!
Of all burthens none like this,
Sin's sad burden on the soul.
'Tis of craft and lies the seeker—
Murder, theft, and wantonness;
Weakens strong men, makes weak weaker,
Shrouds men foolish, foolish less.

PRISON NARRATIVES, FOUNDED ON FACTS.

PART II.

CELL B. Another young man of the "comparatively respectable class." He was miserable, indeed, being sentenced for two months for stealing a shilling—his first offence. We expressed astonishment, and he said that he had no intention of stealing the shilling at all. He came up from the country, where he left his widowed mother, to seek for a situation, and, having had a fair commercial education, he soon obtained the post of assistant in a grocer's shop. Everything was, of course, new to him in London life; and one day he was unbusiness-like enough to rush round from the counter before a customer was fairly out of the shop, to see some sight that was passing by—a band of music having called his attention to it. "Without waiting," he added, "to put the shilling in the till, I ran to the door, and, without thought, put my hand into my pocket. The master, startled by the noise, looked up as I did so; and though I assured him my intentions were innocent, he gave me in charge." Now, I do not wish for a moment to question this young man's guilt—I bow to the magistrate's decision; I only wish to call attention to the disproportion between the punishment and the offence. It is evident, from the prison register, that his offence was "stealing a shilling," his sentence "two months," and that it was his first known offence. I cannot refrain from observing that if the "master" had only reflected for a moment on the probable effects of committing a young man to prison for a "shilling;" of the contamination he would unavoidably contract therein—for the utmost vigilance cannot always, especially in the workshops of the prison, prevent evil communications; of his difficulty in afterwards obtaining a situation; of the stain attached to his name and family, he would rather have tried to impress him with a sense of his sin, and have kept him on trial a little longer. It seems that while employers and heads of families are, for the most part, lenient in such matters, there are a few "relentless ones," who do not scruple to give in charge for "a pair of stockings," "a tumbler," and "a pound of sugar;" and though, as I have before said, many a first committal has led to reformation, yet the risk is too great; and if we would not assist to train up a class of convicts, garotters, &c., we must beware of familiarising the young mind with prison "experiences"—for half an hour with an "old hand" will sometimes fix a life's destiny.

Cell C. A lad of fifteen, reading a letter which seemed to distress him greatly. His parents, we were assured, are highly respectable. The letter from his mother was as follows:—

"O Willie, my own dear Willie, your poor mother's heart is breaking. What a disgrace has come upon us; upon your poor father and myself—a child in prison! Your poor father walks about like a spectre, so white and miserable looking. Willie, we have asked ourselves

solemnly, as in God's sight, what blame we can attach to ourselves in this matter. God is very pure, and sees our share in it, no doubt; but we cannot see it. You have been carefully brought up; early taught to say your prayers; to discern between right and wrong, and always encouraged for the one and reproved for the other. It must be bad companions at the warehouse. Willie, since you have been in prison, God has given me another little son, and I can hardly bear to look at him as he sleeps in my arms. I cannot look at him without thinking of my other son, and wondering if he will act like his brother—if I am nursing that which shall turn round and sting me to the soul. But oh, Willie, I will say no more words of sadness; don't think your mother's love is dried up, so that she will reproach you when you come home. Be a good boy, and don't talk to the bad men about you. Listen to the chaplain's advice. Think with sorrow of the past, and with hope for the future, and commence once more to say your prayers in earnest. I am sure you will turn over a new leaf—that you will yet be a comfort to your parents. We shall think of you especially on Christmas-day; may such a Christmas-day never come to us again! Everybody sends their love; and with a hundred kisses, believe me your loving mother."

Cell A. (Women's corridor). A very sullen creature; had been living with a man for seven or eight years. This was her third conviction. She had two children. She looked very defiant, and scarcely deigned to answer a question. At last we touched upon the right chord—there was some humanity left; we spoke of the children, and the example she was placing before them, and added, "Are you bringing them up as thieves?" "No, indeed," she said; "however much I'm put to, I save threepence a week to send 'em to school." "Do they know where you are?" "No; a neighbour took them, and they think I'm in the hospital."

The women are of a very low class—the above is the average type. *An educated woman is hardly remembered in the prison of which I write.*

Cell B. The last example is a very sad one. A child, nine and a half years old, undergoing a sentence of six months, for robbing a lady's pocket in an omnibus. It was her second conviction, too, having been imprisoned for two months when she was but eight years old. The following statement was made by her to the schoolmistress at intervals:—

"I was seven years old when I first began to steal. My father and mother are very poor. They never encouraged me in stealing, but left me alone all day with three little brothers, and I used to go out and leave them alone. They were often told of this, but asked no questions. My first attempts were with the shopkeepers. I asked the price of several things, and then managed to put my hand upon something while their heads were turned. Sometimes I stole articles from outside the windows. I was led to do this by two or three girls older than myself, who were always with me. I was the most fortunate, and not often suspected because I am so small. I, with the other girls, have enticed little children down dark streets, and stripped them of their clothes. I have robbed the pockets of

people in a crowd, and round the bar of the public-house. I have secreted myself in a chapel till the congregation had gone, and then stolen the books and broken the gas globes that I could reach, and sold them afterwards at the rag-shop. I have attended mass, and robbed a lady I knelt next to of a ring and some money. I have often been before a magistrate; but, until lately, was always dismissed on account of my age and size. Whatever I stole I could always get rid of, being acquainted with a bad woman who bought all I could get, and lent me different suits of clothes to go out in daily, for which I paid her two shillings and sixpence per day."

Upon this description of characters, then, the sun rises and sets in a London prison.

I have said nothing about the "diet;" it is almost dangerous to do so while the much vexed prison question is raging like a fever. There are many exaggerated statements put forth in the daily papers on this head, and none more likely to mislead the public than that in a letter signed "A Prison Reformer," who states that a carter sentenced to seven days' imprisonment for sleeping in his wagon, told his comrades, when he rejoined them, that he had lived gloriously well, and was excused from work on account of having a bad hand. This must have been an exceptional case—the surgeon having, perhaps, ordered him to be kept from hard labour, lest some permanent injury should result to his hand—and not to be adduced as an example, as every one knows that the ordinary prison diet for seven days, indeed up to twenty-one days, is only bread-and-water and gruel.

The following is from the dietary table:—

Convicted prisoners confined for seven days—

Breakfast.....Oatmeal gruel, 1 pint.

Dinner.....Bread, 1 lb.

Supper.....Oatmeal gruel, 1 pint.

I would not for a moment defend the pampering of convicts with a diet better than is granted to the honest inmates of the union workhouses; but in the prison of which I speak, the various luxuries that are spoken of are unknown, except in the case of the dying; and who would refuse, in a Christian land, "wine, brandy, or grapes" to moisten the parched lips of one, be he convict or not, who could take no other sustenance, on whom the cold hand of Death had set his seal, and who was about to appear before the judgment-seat to answer for his mis-spent life? Who would refuse? I say. Some are found to do so. This charity to the dying vagrant in a London prison was severely commented upon a short time since, and his death-bed dietary contrasted in anger with the pauper's fare; though it was plain that the poor, wretched creature had been gradually starved to death by the precariousness of his daily sustenance outside the walls, and that rapid consumption was the effect of having to lay his head nightly in some miserable out-house or doorway, exposed to every change of wind and weather. In his wretchedness

he had broken a lamp to get into prison. If the pauper is not allowed a few "luxuries" on his death-bed, it is high time he should be. It is true that many a refractory pauper, when committed to prison, does aver that he prefers it to the place he has just left. But why? Not on account of diet, but because he is treated with more sympathy. There is no nagging in a prison. Every official, superior or subordinate, commands obedience and receives it, or the prisoner is punished. Everything is arranged by rule and clock-work. The prisoner can appeal against the officer, as well as the officer inform against the prisoner, and the stringent rules in force beget civility in the one and obedience in the other. Let workhouses be equally well managed, and there will be none to give the preference to a prison. While not wishing for one moment to say anything in palliation of the shocking outrages that have lately been perpetrated by ex-convicts, or to stop in any way their due punishment, the writer is one of many who sees with alarm the intemperate zeal that is just now displayed in the matter of prisons. Every official is condemned; the reformatory efforts of chaplains and schoolmasters are sneered at; governors are wrong, surgeons are wrong, librarians are wrong; even the poor little innocent "Dairyman's Daughter" gives offence. Nothing but A B C and religious books are to be allowed: as if the Ethiopian could at once change his skin, and turn in a moment from thieving, lying, swearing, &c., to religious books! It cannot be. There is a preaching of preparation to be made now, as there was in the days of John the Baptist. If the public mind is kept long in this state of ferment, it will send us back, as the only remedy for criminals, to the tortures of the Middle Ages, of which style of punishment we have still one relic left in what is called the "darks"—a cell without light or warmth, with double doors and midnight darkness, to which the governor has the power of consigning a refractory prisoner from twenty-four hours to three days at most. On this mode of criminal treatment I quote a remark from a modern writer:—"I cannot say, from my own experience, that these 'darks' have ever worked, in any single instance, a salutary effect upon the prisoner, although it is difficult to suggest a more proper mode of punishment. This is, at all events, unavailing, and remains a remnant of the barbarous style of coercion peculiar to the Middle Ages. With the strong woman, it only proves that she has the power to tire out her punishers; with the weak, that constant and strict confinement of like nature will speedily affect the mind." There can be no doubt that many prison reformers, while writing what they think to be true, are sadly in error. It happens thus. They apply for an order to visit a prison, and while going over it ask the attendant an infinite number of questions, upon the strength of which they feel justified in making their public statements. But it should be remembered that they only see the surface

—the bright, clean parts of the building; the best of the books; the most creditable of the prisoners. They do not see the hungry wretch swallowing his act of parliament allowance like a ravenous beast; they do not look through the eye of the cell door, and see him wet his fingers to gather up every stray crumb, and lick his trencher as if his tongue would go through it. They do not see another, whose scanty meal has been stopped for some infringement of prison discipline; or another crouching down on his prison stool to try to get a little warmth from the contact of nose and knees. They do not see the man in the "darks," without light or warmth; with bread and water for his meals, and a bare board for his bed, tossing himself about in frenzied passion. They see none of these things; nothing but cleanliness and order, and on this they pass judgment, which judgment would possibly be materially modified by a month's trial of the *comforts* so much talked of. Or they rush to the blue-book for information, form a hasty judgment of the statistics given, and then sit down, and with a dash of the pen write off an article condemnatory of efforts that have caused many a sleepless hour and aching heart to those engaged in the work. This occurred very lately, and in a summary way the years' labours of a chaplain and schoolmasters were dismissed as being for the most part unwise. The reverential celebration of Divine worship was made a subject of jest, as being too good for prisoners—as if the worship of God could be lowered to the level of criminals; and the organ and the singing were deemed superfluous, though many others have over and over again given their opinion that they are not only proper in themselves, but extremely valuable in promoting a softening and humanising effect upon many who now, for the first time in their lives, hear the Almighty praised in psalms and hymns, with thanksgiving and the voice of melody."

And what, may be asked, is the writer's aim in making these few brief remarks? The answer is, To uplift one feeble voice on behalf, not of the garrotter, nor of the utterly hardened criminal, but of those who are willing and anxious to retrace their steps. Society, at present, sternly shuts its gates against the prodigal's return. Not so much in the case of women, perhaps. Almost every repentant single woman is offered a temporary refuge, but for men there seems little or no help found. The seventh commandment is as precious in God's sight as the eighth; yet the adulterer is re-admitted—nay, rather, never loses his place, either in his own circle, or the world at large; but the thief, though he has borne the punishment adjudged to his offence, is hunted down without mercy. If by any rare chance he gets work on leaving prison, the police—it is useless to deny it—give a private word of warning to the master, and he is again turned adrift. A case in point may be adduced. A young man completed his term of punishment, and left prison with the firm

determination to regain his character. He thought it advisable to state his case fully, but the consequence of his doing so was fatal; no one would employ him. The kind friends who had helped to support his family during his incarceration stopped their aid on his dismissal. He walked about London for three months; though fairly educated, he offered himself for the most menial situations, but all was useless. He applied to the "Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society," but, strange to tell, *they could not help the man, because he had been only once convicted.* He has not been heard of for some weeks, and it is devoutly to be hoped that he has found work; if not, if the few friends who gave him casual relief be tired out, is it to be wondered at if he has taken his second step in the downward course?

Such instances are of common occurrence. What can be done, then? Who will stand forth and place the subject on a proper footing? Who will found some society by the private working of which a man's sincerity may be tested, and an opportunity of return offered to him? It is confessedly a difficult question; but in an age when almost every difficulty in science and art is overcome, surely this problem is not to remain unsolved.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL.

SELECTED FROM THE WORKS OF MARTIN LUTHER.

UPRIGHT CHRISTIANS.

Upright Christians pray without ceasing; though they pray not with their mouths, yet their hearts pray continually, sleeping and waking; for the sight of a true Christian is a prayer.

THE FORGIVENESS OF SINS.

The forgiveness of sins is declared only in God's Word, and there we must seek it; for it is grounded on God's promises. God forgives thee thy sins, not because thou feelest them and art sorry, for this sin itself produces, without deserving; but he forgives thy sins because he is merciful, and because he has promised to forgive for Christ's sake.

GOD'S BLESSINGS.

Scarcely a small proportion of the earth bears corn, and yet we are all maintained and nourished. I verily believe that there grow not as many sheaves of corn as there are people in the world, and yet we are all fed; yea, and there remains a good surplus of corn at the year's end. This is a wonderful thing, which should make us see and perceive God's blessing.

HYPOCRITES.

A scorpion thinks, when his head lies hid under a leaf, that he cannot be seen; even so the hypocrites and false saints think, when they have hoisted up one or two good works, that all their sins therewith are covered and hid.

THE BIBLE.

No greater mischief can happen to a Christian people, than to have God's Word taken from them, or falsified, so that they no longer have it pure and

clear. God grant we and our descendants be not witnesses of such a calamity.

RICHES.

A man that depends on the riches and honours of this world, forgetting God and the welfare of his soul, is like a little child that holds a fair apple in the hand, of agreeable exterior, promising goodness, but within 'tis rotten and full of worms.

JESUS CHRIST.

Nothing is more sure than this: he that does not take hold on Christ by faith, and comfort himself herein, that Christ is made a curse for him, remains under the curse. The more we labour by works to obtain grace, the less we know how to take hold on Christ; for where he is not known and comprehended by faith, there is not to be expected either advice, help, or comfort, though we torment ourselves to death.

PROPHECY COMPARED WITH HISTORY.

PROPHECY OF FOUR KINGDOMS REPRESENTED BY FOUR BEASTS. CORRESPONDING EVENTS IN THEIR HISTORICAL ORDER.

THE FIRST BEAST.

ASSYRIAN EMPIRE.

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. A lion, | 1. The Babylonian empire; |
| 2. Having eagle's wings; | 2. Nineveh, &c., added to it—but |
| 3. The wings were plucked; | 3. Nineveh was almost destroyed at the fall of Sardanapalus. |
| 4. It was raised from the ground, | 4. Yet this empire was again elevated to power, |
| 5. And made to stand on the feet, as a man: | 5. And seemed to acquire stability under Nebuchadnezzar, |
| 6. And a man's heart (intellect) was given to it.—Dan. vii. 4. | 6. Who laid the foundation of its subsequent policy and authority. |

THE SECOND BEAST.

PERSIAN EMPIRE.

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1. A ram, | 1. Darius, or the Persian power, |
| 2. Which had two horns, | 2. Composed of Media and Persia— |
| 3. Both high, | 3. Both considerable provinces, |
| 4. But one higher than the other; | 4. Media the most powerful; yet this most powerful |
| 5. The highest came up last; | 5. Median empire, under Darius, rose after the other; |
| 6. The ram pushed north, west, and south, | 6. And extended its conquests under Cyrus over Lydia, &c., west, over Asia north, over Babylon, &c., south, and |
| 7. Did as he pleased, and became great.—Dan. viii. 3, 4. | 7. Ruling over such an extent of country was a great empire. |

THE THIRD BEAST.

GRECIAN EMPIRE.

- | | |
|---|---|
| 1. A he goat | 1. Alexander, or the Greek power, |
| 2. Came from the west, | 2. Came from Europe (west of Asia) |
| 3. Gliding swiftly over the earth; | 3. With unexampled rapidity of success; |
| 4. Ran unto the ram in the fury of his power, | 4. Attacked Darius previously, and |

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|--|---|
| 5. Smote him, | 5. Beat him—at the Granicus, Issus, &c.; |
| 6. Broke his two horns, | 6. Conquered Persia, Media, &c.; |
| 7. Cast him on the ground, | 7. Ruined the power of Darius, |
| 8. Stamped on him, and | 8. Insomuch that Darius was murdered, &c. |
| 9. Waxed very great; | 9. Alexander overran Bactriana to India, |
| 10. When he was strong his great horn was broken, and | 10. But died at Babylon in the zenith of his fame and power; |
| 11. Instead of it, came up four notable ones | 11. His dominions were parcelled among Seleucus, Antigonus, Ptolemy Casander (who had been his officers), |
| 12. Towards the four winds of heaven; | 12. In Babylon, Asia Minor, Egypt, Greece. |
| 13. Out of one of them a little horn waxed great | 13. Antiochus the Great, succeeded by Antiochus Epiphanes, |
| 14. Towards the south and east, | 14. Conquered Egypt, &c., |
| 15. Which took away the daily sacrifice, and cast down the sanctuary, &c.—Dan. viii. 5—12. | 15. And endeavoured utterly to subvert the Jewish polity: polluting their temple worship and sacrifices to the utmost of his power. |

The Fourth Kingdom, that of the Roman Empire, still exists, and the prophecies relating thereto are only partially fulfilled.

ICELANDERS.

THE moral and religious habits of the people at large may be spoken of in terms of the most exalted commendation. In his domestic capacity, the Icelfander performs all the duties which his situation requires or renders possible; and while, by the severe labour of his hands, he obtains a provision of food for his children, it is not less his care to convey to their minds the inheritance of knowledge and virtue. In his intercourse with those around him his character displays the stamp of honour and integrity. His religious duties are performed with cheerfulness and punctuality, and this even amidst the numerous obstacles which are afforded by the nature of the country and the climate under which he lives. The Sabbath scene at an Icelandic church is, indeed, one of the most singular and interesting kind. The little edifice, constructed of wood and turf, is situated, perhaps, amidst the rugged ruins of a stream of lava, or beneath mountains which are covered with never-melting snows, in a spot where the mind also sinks under the silence and desolation of surrounding Nature. Here the Icelanders assemble to perform the duties of their religion. A group of male and female peasants may be seen gathered about the church, waiting the arrival of their pastor, all habited in their best attire, after the manner of their country; their children with them; and the horses which brought them from their respective homes grazing quietly around the little assembly. The arrival of a

new-comer is welcomed by every one with the kiss of salutation; and the pleasures of social intercourse, so rarely enjoyed by the Icelanders, are happily connected with the occasion which summons them to the discharge of their religious duties. The priest makes his appearance among them as a friend; he salutes individually each member of his flock, and stoops down to give his almost parental kiss to the little ones who are to grow up under his pastoral charge. These offices of kindness performed, they all go together into the house of prayer.

WYCLIFFE ON CHRISTIAN COURAGE.

MEN should not fear, except on account of sin, or the losing of virtues, since pain is just according to the will of God, and the truth is stronger than all their enemies. Why, then, should men fear or sorrow for it? The prophet bid his servant that he should not fear, because many more were with them than with the contrary part. Let a man stand in virtue and in truth, and all this world overcometh him not; for if they overcome him with these, then they overcome God and his angels, and then they should make him to be no God. Thus good men are comforted to put away fear; since, be they never so few nor feeble, they believe that they may not be discomfited. Thus the words of Christ make his knights to be hardy.

THE IMPLIED TRUTHS OF HOLY WRIT.

MANY things are in the Bible that are not there in so many words or letters, but necessarily arising out of what is stated, by a just process of reasoning; and as God, who gave the first truths perfectly, saw all that were inevitably implied in them, he is equally the Author of the latter as of the former—that is, of the truths implied, as well as of the truths expressed; and they demand our regard and reception on the very same authority. Not to exercise our reason here would be to overlook its lawful duties, and greatly to narrow the sphere of revealed truth. It would be to prevent the general principles of Scripture from being applied to our particular cases with authority, and to set aside many important truths and obvious duties: such as the observance of the Christian Sabbath, and the reception of the Lord's Supper by females, as well as many other things of a like nature, which, as implied truths, are not only justifiable, but imperative. At the same time, this exercise of our reasoning powers must be rigidly exercised and scrupulously watched, owing to its liability to be misused, whether by additions to the Scriptures or by subtraction from them—evils both, and both are alike to be avoided. Our bounden duty is to receive no doctrine as an article of our faith which is not stated in Holy Writ, or may be clearly proved thereby; and also to omit no doctrine which is thus stated or implied.

The Editor and his Friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH E. K., J. W. H., D. L. A., J. B. H., S. A., J. B., W. P., DAVID C., AND AN EDINBURGH PHYSICIAN.

CHAPTER XXVII.

F. As Naboth was put to death in Jezreel, and Ahab's chariot was washed in Samaria, how are we to reconcile 1 Kings xxi. 19 with xxii. 38?

Ed. It has been suggested that the passages may be reconciled by supposing that, on Ahab's humbling himself (xxi. 27—29), the sentence was transferred from the penitent father to his impenitent son, and that it was literally fulfilled in the case of Jehoram, the son of Ahab (2 Kings ix. 25, 26).

Ed. The question propounded by our correspondent, H. F. G., does not come within our range of subjects.

Ed. X. J. T. asks a question which we do not understand. Will he please to state his question more clearly?

F. What is meant by the "second Sabbath after the first?"—Luke vi. 1.

Ed. This appears to have been the first Sabbath after the second day of unleavened bread, or of the Passover week. It means, says an eminent theologian, "*the second prime Sabbath*."

F. Who is the son of Tabeal?—Isa. vii. 6.

Ed. The man whom the Syrians and the Ephraimites desired to make king of Jerusalem. Probably one of the chiefs in the Syrian army.

Ed. To our correspondent "Q." we beg to say that as we could not give, from want of space, the kind of reply he required, we answered the question generally, for the benefit, not merely of the individual asking for the information, but for any to whom it might apply. We by no means included the inquirer among the class of objectors to whom the reply was addressed.

F. Who is meant by "the Ancient of days," mentioned in Dan. vii. 9?

Ed. God the Father.

Ed. J. W. H. asks a question. Our answer is, No.

F. What is the authority of the marginal readings?

Ed. They are a part of the authorised version, and were inserted in the margin of the translation to point out some other mode by which the sense of the passage might be expressed. Sometimes these marginal renderings are the better translations, and therefore they are frequently quoted by preachers, and by persons discussing Biblical topics.

F. Where is the most reliable information to be obtained concerning the Jewish ark, beyond that contained in the Holy Scriptures?

Ed. Probably in the writings of Josephus, and in the works of Dr. Lardner, and of Dr. Gill.

F. What was the mark set upon Cain?

Ed. We have no information on this point. Some writers think it was in the perpetual expression of terror; but others are of opinion that it was some miraculous sign which God gave to the guilty man to assure him of his personal safety.

F. When Cain had slain his brother, who was there besides his parents that could hurt him?

ED. The world is supposed to have been about 130 years in existence when this direful deed occurred; and as our first parents are said to have had many sons and many daughters, the population of the world at the time of Abel's death may have extended to thousands of persons.

F. What is meant by "whose soever sins ye remit, they are remitted unto them?"

ED. We believe it refers to a miraculous power conferred upon the Apostles, together with the power of discerning spirits.

F. Did the Old Testament Church hold the doctrine of the Resurrection?

ED. That they did so may be proved by the words of our Lord—"I am the God of Abraham," &c.; "God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." Also, by Job xix. 25—"I know that my redeemer liveth." By Prov. xiv. 32—"The righteous hath hope in his death." By Isa. xxvi. 19—"Thy dead men shall live," &c.; "Awake, and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for the earth shall cast out the dead." By Ezek. xxxvii. 12-14—"I will open your graves, and cause you to come up out of your graves . . . and shall put my spirit in you, and ye shall live." By Dan. xii. 2—"Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt."

F. What is the meaning of the words "AMEN" and "VERILY?"

ED. Dr. Bloomfield thus explains the terms:—"Verily" is "Amen" in the original; and "AMEN," when used at the beginning of a sentence, has the sense of "verily;" when used at the close of a sentence, it means, SO BE IT, or SO LET IT BE. It implies, therefore, an assent to what is stated, and a supplication for its accomplishment.

F. How could the Saviour be tempted in all points as we are? What could Satan work upon, as there was no sin in Christ?

ED. Our temptations are all classed under three heads—the flesh, the world, and the devil; and in all these points our Saviour was tried. To turn the stones into bread; to gain applause, by hurling himself from the temple; to render homage to Satan for worldly advantages, were temptations that partook, like all our own temptations, of the flesh, the world, and the devil. These temptations to which our Lord was subjected were, so to speak, the representative sins of the various classes under which men's transgressions are ranged. And as our Lord was free from sin (for, although he assumed the nature of sinners, he did not assume a sinful nature, for he was ever holy, harmless, undefiled, and separate from sinners), and being thus pure in thought, in word, and in deed—pure in his nature, and pure in his desires—Satan could gain no entrance to the heart, and was therefore constrained to make his temptations externally, by the medium of the eye or the ear.

F. "But I have a baptism to be baptized with; and how am I straitened till it be accomplished?"—Luke xii. 50.

ED. A figurative expression, to denote the great sufferings which were to be endured by the Redeemer

in the discharge of his appointed work, and his anxiety that those sufferings should be endured, because upon these vicarious sufferings the welfare of millions depended.

F. "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt."—Matt. xxvi. 39.

ED. These words present to our view prayer to be delivered from any avoidable amount of suffering, and perfect submission to the Divine will. It was the human nature of Christ shrinking from suffering.

ED. We have been favoured with a courteous communication from an Edinburgh Physician, in reference to the wound of the spear inflicted by the Roman soldier, at the time of the crucifixion, on the body of our Lord. Our learned correspondent presents some objections to our views; but the objections adduced have all been ably answered in Dr. Stroud's work upon the sufferings of Christ, and to that work we refer our correspondent. Our limited space will not permit us to insert his letter.

PRACTICAL JOKING.

ABOUT a century ago, a melancholy affair happened on board a Scotch vessel, laden with corn, which will show the danger of practical jokes. The vessel had just come up the river, and lay off the Tower Wharf; the captain, on their coming up, would have had his people go on shore to refresh themselves, which they refused, and remained on board. Soon after, some silly fellows got on deck, and for frolic fastened the hatches, stopped up the funnel, cut the cables, and set the vessel adrift. In running down with the tide, she fell foul of a tier of ships, the people of whom, seeing her without anybody on deck, suspected that something was wrong; and on going down into the cabin, they found three men lying dead, and the captain and the boy near expiring.

The funnel, &c., being stopped, occasioned such a smoke as suffocated the three poor men. The captain soon recovered, but for a time there were little hopes of the boy. Thus three persons lost their lives by the thoughtless conduct of others. The Divine precept commands us "to do unto others as we would that they should do unto us." All practical jokes, whether by foolish sailors, or by silly, child-like officers, or by thoughtless boys, are in direct violation of this Christian duty.

BE NOT IN HASTE TO SUSPECT.

A LADY, on a visit to a friend, missed half a sovereign from a purse which she had left on the dressing-table. Inquiry was instantly made among the domestics, and their trunks examined by the mistress of the house: half a sovereign was found in one of them, although the housemaid, to whom it belonged, had that very morning asked for wages in advance.

The proof of her guilt seemed to be positive: in vain did the girl attest her innocence; the money was given to the supposed owner, and the servant imme-

dially dismissed. The purse, from which the money was believed to have been stolen, was a bead one, lined with thick silk; and three months afterwards, the lady who possessed it, on ripping it open in order to change the lining, found the identical piece of gold, the loss of which had been productive of so much misery. It had slipped inside the lining through a small aperture which had been unperceived. She recognised it to be the missing half-sovereign by a slight mark that she had until then forgotten. Her friend was instantly informed of the circumstance, and, both being women of humanity, anxiously endeavoured to find out the object of their unfounded suspicion.

For some time their inquiries were in vain; but at length happening one day to speak of the poor girl to a medical gentleman, he mentioned a patient of the same name being in the hospital, whose disease, the typhus fever, had evidently been caused by privation and distress of mind. This patient proved to be the individual so long sought for. She was immediately provided with every comfort, and, above all, the restoration of her character contributed to her final recovery.

The half-sovereign found in her box had been saved from her wages, in order to liquidate a debt which her father had been obliged to contract during a tedious illness.

A SUNBEAM AND A SHADOW.

I HEAR a shout of merriment,

A laughing boy I see;

Two little feet the carpet press,

And bring the child to me.

Two little arms around my neck,

Two feet upon my knee!

How fall the kisses on my cheek!

How sweet they are to me!

That merry shout no more I hear,

No laughing child I see,

No little arms are round my neck,

Nor feet upon my knee!

No kisses drop upon my cheek,

Those lips are sealed to me.

Dear Lord, how could I give him up

To any but to Thee!

A FATHER'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

THE Bible is the richest treasure you can possess, and if it be read carefully, and with prayer to God that you may understand it, it will make you wise and happy for ever. It shows you that the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ is the greatest blessing which God ever gave to mankind. It tells you how your sins may be pardoned, how you may be reconciled to God, and how you may, after death, live for ever with him in heaven. Pray, then, that God would enable you to understand these truths, and to love him for having made them known to you. The more you read your Bible with prayer to God, the

more you will love it; and the more you love it, the holier and happier you will be. Read it, therefore, every day, believe all that it tells you, and do all that it commands you. It will be a certain cure for all the evils of life, it will make you not afraid to die, and it will give you a good hope of happiness beyond the grave. Pray to God every morning and evening. Never do anything which you cannot ask him to bless. Keep as much as possible from evil thoughts, evil words, evil actions, and bad company. Never tell a falsehood, nor make light of the smallest sin. Be humble. Be modest in your behaviour. Be respectful to every one. Be loving to your equals, and be kind to all. Do to others as you would have others do to you. Be faithful and upright in the state of life in which God has placed you, and ask daily for God's Holy Spirit. If you live such a life as this, good men will love you, even bad men will respect you, and Almighty God will, for the Saviour's sake, give you his blessing.

THE SAYINGS OF THE WISE.

NINTH CLUSTER.

81. No profession of religion can be right which makes a man cease from watchfulness.

82. Satan ruins more souls by urging them to delay in seeking God, than he does by tempting them to forget him altogether.

83. There is no religion without morality, though there may be much morality without any religion.

84. It is far worse for a man to set up idols in his heart, than it is to set up idols in his house.

85. Dread all trifling with matters of conscience; it leads to hardness of heart.

86. The desire for grace is grace, and the desire for prayer is prayer.

87. In the Divine dispensation, delays are not denials.

88. God does not promise to preserve his people from trial, but to preserve them under it, and to deliver them out of it.

89. He who can rightly give thanks, can rightly pray.

90. Men sometimes seek to purchase a palace in heaven for their own welfare who would not purchase a hovel upon earth for God's honour.

CONSOLATIONS OF PIETY, BY SWARTZ.

"ABIDE in me and I in you." I praise God for his mercy which he has bestowed upon me. Though I am now in the sixty-ninth year of my age, I still am able to perform the ordinary functions of my office. Of sickness I know little or nothing. How long I am to stay, my Creator and preserver knows. My only comfort is in the redemption made by Jesus Christ. He is and shall be my wisdom; by him I have received the salutary knowledge which leads me to the favour of God. He is my righteousness by his atonement. I have pardon of my sins: being clothed in his righteousness, my sins will not appear in judgment against me. He is likewise my sanctification;

in his holy life I best learn the will of God, and by his Spirit I shall be daily encouraged and strengthened to hate every sin, and to walk in the way of the commandments of God. He is, and I hope he will be, my redemption; by him I shall be delivered from all evil, and made eternally happy. Others may glory in what they please; I will glory in nothing else but Jesus Christ and him crucified. Should I presume to rely on my own virtue I must soon despair; but to win Christ, and to be found in him in life, in death, in the day of judgment, was Paul's wish; it has been the wish of all genuine Christians, and shall be mine as long as I breathe. This close adherence to Christ will not make us indolent in our obedience; it will rather impel, strengthen, and cheer us in the pursuit of true Christian holiness. Watch and pray, that "ye may be accounted worthy to stand before the Son of man," your Redeemer.

Youths' Department.

THE ADVENTURE OF MICHEL AND ANNETTE, WITH THE DANGER THEY FELL INTO.

MICHEL and Annette were the only children of a burgess, living in a small Savoyard town on the southern slope of the Alps. They had lost their mother—to children of their age, the greatest of all losses. Their father was very kind, but he was making haste to be rich; and as he was desirous of being chosen next year the "maire" of his native town, he was much from home.

The house was situate on the outskirts of the town; a pleasant house, inclosed in a walled garden, and shaded from the heat by the mulberry and walnut.

Through the garden raced the foaming river, which had its rise in a neighbouring glacier.

The children had been told that the glacier was its cradle, and they used often to speak of it, leaning over the bridge which crossed it, calling it, in their glee, a noisy, turbulent child, and wishing much that they could see this cradle of which Antoinette had told them.

Antoinette was an old and faithful servant, to whom, since their mother's death, their father had given them in care—a woman very kind and honest, but not altogether fitted to be the guardian of such young, restless minds. Like all children, they were fond of the wonderful, and full of childish faith. This Antoinette fed to the full, and would tell them fairy stories and legends by the hour together. The great object of their wonder and conversation was the mountain which towered above their house. From a seat in the garden they could watch it, in all its changeable moods. In the early morning they would delight to see the sunlight touch its grey top, and turn all to light; or, if the clouds hung heavily upon it, they could, at least, look forward to the evening, when the setting sun would turn its western side to flame.

Eagerly would they watch the familiar changes, through each shade of rose, till the light faded away, and the mountain was left in the deadly grey which it does assume after such a sunset.

At other times they could watch the clouds on its summit, settled on it as if heavenly powers rested

there, and speculate as to the probability of their rising; or if they were high, they would watch the changing shadows which they threw.

The mountain brought to them a sense of power and grandeur. It entered much into their thoughts, and excited their curiosity. There was so much that they did not understand. They would have liked to ask papa, but he was always so busy. And this cradle of the river, where was it? and what was it like?

But they had received strict charge not to venture up the hill side; had heard of the frost spirit who dwelt there; of how he turned the beautiful dew and rain into ice; and how travellers crossing over the pass were sometimes overtaken by him, and frozen by his breath. They had heard of the glaciers, his great ice palace; of the lovely heavenly blue colour, which was seen by those who looked down into it; and of the terrible crevasses, bridged over by treacherous snow, into which these travellers sometimes fell, and from which they seldom escaped alive.

Indeed, this frost spirit had occasionally been turned into their own garden. One morning when they arose, they found that he had been there in the night. A beautiful vase of water was shattered; the fish in the basin beneath the fountain were inclosed as in glass; some of their favourite plants were hanging their heads, and blackened, for this spirit had breathed on them as he passed. But the sun arose and drove him out of the garden, and to his hill again; and kissed the flower leaves, and they recovered; and set free the fish in the basin, but the vase was broken for ever. So much had they known of the effects of this mysterious cold, which Antoinette called the frost spirit, even in their garden; but, with the waywardness of prosperous, happy children, they desired to know more.

Many a look was cast upon the mountain, and when the lovely rose colour dyed the snow, Michel would say, "If we were only a little nearer, Annette, to what advantage should we see this wonderful sight, and how much knowledge we should gain which Antoinette cannot give us."

I am sorry to say that thoughts such as these were entertained by my young friends, and they led them into very great danger, as I shall now relate. For once they ventured out of their retreat, and took the way to the mountain. Their hearts beat high, for the way did not seem long, and they must soon, they thought, arrive at the source of the river. Besides, it was a stolen pleasure, which always at the first seems so sweet. They had reason afterwards to know that stolen pleasures are soon turned to bitter regrets. They had provided themselves with various kinds of fruit in Annette's basket; peaches, oranges, and strawberries, with a roll of bread, promised a delightful repast in the middle of the day. A little crystal glass they had for water, which they knew they should find flowing from the hills. At first it was most pleasant: a little too warm, perhaps, when they had walked some distance; but this only made it the more delightful to look at the clear, cold snow, and to think of the refreshing breeze which they would find on the hill side. Their way at first lay through vineyards, then laden with fruit; in some places grew patches of Indian corn, and the walnut trees cast broad and pleasant shadows.

The ascent was gradual, and not fatiguing; but it

was very pleasant when, after walking an hour or two, Michel proposed that they should sit down and refresh themselves. Never were peaches or oranges so delicious; and the roll which they had taken with them, and which, as they said to themselves, they must husband well, contributed to make a feast which they enjoyed thoroughly. A pretty picture they must have made, as they sat together in a meadow, through which a little stream of water was conveyed, in wooden troughs, on to the large wheel of a saw-mill which lay below them. Lovingly they talked together; and there was an air of protection in the manner of Michel which it was pleasant to see. A pretty picture; but, alas! disobedience cast a shadow over their expedition, and their fault was beginning to find them out; for when they set out again, each had an uneasy feeling that the journey was a longer one than they had anticipated, for the mountain appeared quite as far off as when they started. Accordingly, they began to reassure one another. "You know," said Michel, "we have always said that it could not be far. And when we mount that little hill, no doubt we shall find ourselves arrived at the source of the river among the glaciers."

"Yes," said Annette; "and let us talk of all that we expect to see when we reach it, and that will make the way seem very short."

They did so, accordingly, and also of all the pleasant things by the way—the chalets, the vine-dressers, the delicious jets of water, the foaming torrent which came down from the mountain, and the rude but strong bridge which crossed it. Very pleasant it was, and very short the time appeared, when Annette exclaimed—

"Why, Michel, we have no shadows. It must be noon, and the mountain seems as far off as ever!"

Now Michel had begun to have the same misgivings, but, being her brother, and having charge of the expedition, he pool-poohed her fears in a few loving words, and they both struck out again for the glacier.

Soon the vineyards were all passed, and they entered upon a rocky but desolate region. The rocks divided, and the way led between them. The stream from the glacier flowed by their side; and on the sides of the hills, where any herbage was to be found, the small mountain cattle were browsing, the tinkling of their bells being borne pleasantly to the ears of our two adventurers. Still, the source of the stream and the glacier cradle seemed as far off as ever. They now began seriously to think of returning. Michel urged it on his sister, and she, too, was desirous of doing so; but they kept on "just to mount that eminence," and then "just to round that rock" before them, expecting that every turn would bring them in sight of the object of their search. Annette now began to be greatly fatigued, and could not walk so steadily as she had done; her head swam, the short turf was very slippery; and Michel, who was a few paces in front, was startled by a cry. Poor Annette had slipped and fallen. Michel bounded to her side. The blood is streaming from her head. She had fallen upon a piece of rock, which jutted out from the short sward. He lifts her in his arms, but the poor head hangs down, and the blood is pouring fast from the wound in it. He lays her down as softly as he can, and, tearing strips from his blouse, tries to bind up her head. In time, he succeeds in staying the blood, but not before the great loss had

caused her to faint away several times. She had also sprained her ankle in her fall, and the pain was intense. It was with a heavy heart that Michel now began to urge her to try to walk a little. It was now impossible to think of reaching home; but they might reach a chalet which they had passed about an hour before.

Michel was horror-struck when he remembered how long they had been walking, and how far from home they must now be. They had been beguiled into walking longer than they had intended. How dear that home seemed now! What would they not have given to be in that pleasant garden, to hear Antoinette's voice, or their father's step! Annette tried to rise, but the pain in her ankle was so great, and she was so faint from loss of blood, that, after a few steps, she had to sit down again. What could be done? There was not a human being in sight or within hearing. The cattle on the hills were no longer within sight; there was no hope that those who came to call them home would see our wanderers. In this distress, Michel knelt down and prayed to God that he would strengthen him to carry Annette to some place where they might find shelter. But God does not work miracles to save disobedient children. He had, indeed, a tender care over these two, as we shall see; but Michel's prayer for strength to carry his sister was not answered. He rose from his knees full of confidence, and took his precious burden in his arms. He carried her for a short distance, but it could not be. Exhausted and panting, he was obliged to lay her down again.

Poor Michel, he wept bitterly now. "Wicked boy that I am!" he said; "it is I who have brought this misfortune upon you. Would that I had never disobeyed my father's command!"

"Do not reproach yourself," said the tender and affectionate sister. "I am to blame as much as you are, and you suffer more than I do. Let us pray to God that he will in some way deliver us."

So then and there these two helpless wanderers knelt down in that wild and desolate region, and prayed to God for help. Very earnestly they prayed, their hands clasped, and the tears streaming down their cheeks. But as yet no help came. The only sound was from the brawling torrent. The sun was getting very low, and hope was dying away in poor Michel's heart. What should they do? It was impossible for her to walk; equally impossible for him to carry her. He could, indeed, himself go to the last chalet which they had passed, but he feared to leave her, and she most piteously entreated that he would not do so; and if he did, he was not sure that he would find help in the chalet; it had seemed closed when he passed it. He shouted for help, and woke the echoes of the mountains, but only echo replied. He climbed the hills if, perchance, he might see any one, but no human being was to be seen. He began to think with dread of passing the night in that desolate place. All the stories which Antoinette had told of travellers being frozen to death returned to his mind. He could, indeed, strip off the remainder of his blouse and cover her with it, but what was that? The sun now began to set. The lovely rose colour so familiar to them covered the summit of the mountains. They now had their wish; they were nearer to it, and able to observe it better. But with what remorseful feelings they regarded it; with what dread they watched its paling away, and realised that night was coming

on in the mountains, and they were alone. Annette now began to shiver with cold; her brother covered her as well as he could, and putting both arms round her, tried to keep her warm. She was faint and hungry too, and he insisted upon her taking the last portion of their roll. "I ate so much at our dinner," said the generous lad.

While they were thus resigning themselves to their sad fate, Michel heard the tinkling of a bell. Looking up with joy, he saw with difficulty, at some little distance, a beautiful white cow.

"Courage, dear sister," said he; "succour is near at hand. That cow has wandered from her companions, and her owner will not sleep until he has found her. The sound of her bell will guide him; I will keep her in sight, and through her we may be delivered."

Annette feared that her brother was too hopeful, but they knelt down and thanked God for giving them some hope, and then Michel left her, with many loving words, that he might keep the cow in sight. Presently the sound of a horn was heard, and when Michel had climbed the hill, he saw a peasant coming towards him. Hope now filled his heart. He had no fear that this might be a brigand. His only thought was, "God has answered our prayer." The herdsman was a fine, powerful man. He was naturally full of wonder when he saw a child like Michel on the mountain. The good man cried for joy when he heard Michel's tale—joy that he was able to help them. Driving the cow before him, he descended to where Annette was lying, still in much pain. He spoke cheering words, and took her up in his arms, as if she were an infant. Then putting her down again, he looked round and spied the crystal drinking cup. Calling the cow to him, he soon supplied the fainting children with a draught of refreshing milk; and then taking up his light burden, with a long, steady step, he bore her towards his chalet. His wife was standing at the door, looking for his return with the cow. The moon was up when they arrived. She was full of surprise when she saw his companions. When she heard the tale, she seemed more glad to think that her husband had been happy enough to rescue the children than at his finding the cow. The excellent peasants gave up to the children their own bed, and while the husband sought their home to inform their father, the wife sat up beside them. They fell into the happy sleep of childhood. The husband found the father almost distracted. He had sent numbers of persons in different directions, but all had returned without the children. He had just heard that two children had been seen taking the way to the mountain; and though he then concluded that they were lost, yet he was preparing to set out with a number of guides in search of them. His joy at the sight of honest Auguste may be conceived. On being assured that they were safe, and sleeping happily, he dismissed the guides for the night, telling them to come with a *chaise à porteur* in the morning. Having seen to the comfort of Auguste, he then went to rest for an hour or two with a thankful heart. With the early morning they were all astir. Auguste led the way to his chalet. When they reached it, the children were outside the door. Michel was caressing the beautiful heifer, and Annette was lying in the sun, on a little couch of dried grass. The children's delight at the sight of their father was very great, but after the

first greeting was over they hung down their heads.

Perceiving it, the father said, "My children, you have been very wrong to disobey me, and have caused me great anxiety; but in this day of joyful re-union I will not think of that. Let this be a lesson to you, and believe for the future that when I forbid anything I do it for a good reason. To-day must be all rejoicing and thanksgiving to God; for the future, I hope to be more at home with my children." Then, turning to Auguste and his wife, he thanked them in heartfelt words. Looking round, he said, "I am wondering how I can reward you for your kindness. Is your chalet your own?"

"Indeed, no," said Auguste; "and we have lately been told that we must leave it—the home in which we have passed so many years. Our landlord is about to sell it."

On learning the name of the landlord, Michel's father said, "I think I can arrange that; leave that to me; you shall not have occasion to accuse me of ingratitude."

After partaking of brown bread and wild strawberries, with some milk from the white heifer, Annette was placed tenderly in the *chaise à porteur*, the adieus were spoken, and the cavalcade set forth.

A fortnight after that, a special messenger brought to Auguste a parchment conveying to him the chalet in which he had lived, and the beautiful meadow which surrounded it. So these good people were made happy. They made frequent visits to their young friends Michel and Annette, and never without taking an offering of Alpine strawberries, with some cream from the beautiful creature which Michel loved to call "Providence."

NEED OF A SAVIOUR.

It has been found, in all ages of the Christian Church, that the persons who are the most diligent and prayerful students of God's holy Word, and who possess the fullest measure of the Spirit of God, have been the first to see their need of more; that the best and holiest of men have had the deepest sense of their unworthiness, and have most cordially assented to the Scripture, which "hath concluded all under sin, that the promise by faith of Jesus Christ might be given to them that believe" (Gal. iii. 22).

THE COTTON FAMINE.

OUR friends who forward contributions for the Lancashire Fund, unaccompanied by a bill, will oblige us by stating in which of our periodicals they wish the acknowledgments to appear.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the following further sums:—

Amount already acknowledged £655 2 4					
£ s. d.			£ s. d.		
J. Owen, Basingstoke ...	0	8	8	E. Garman, E. W., and	
F. Bickers ...	0	8	0	G. W. ...	0
Annie Jones ...	0	6	7	A. Mite from Walsall ...	9
William Thomson ...	0	8	6	W. Kibble and Employers	
Alice Mary Palmer ...	0	2	0	(4 weeks' sub.) ...	1
Miss Jessie Turner ...	0	5	0	Jno. Hall ...	0
R. G. Paul ...	0	2	1	Mrs. Bladen, per Boycott	0
B. T. O. ...	0	0	1		0
A. Pom ...	1	2	3	Total ...	£659 17 11

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIBURTON'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

INCIPIENT REBELLION.

BORNE down by the powers above him, George Ryle could only succumb to their will. Persuaded by the eloquence of Mr. Chattaway, Mrs. Ryle became convinced that the placing out of George in the establishment of Wall and Barnes was the most appropriate thing that could be found for him, the most promising. The great wonder was, that she should have brought herself to listen to Chattaway at all, or have entertained for a moment any proposal emanating from him. There could have been but one solution to the riddle: that of her own anxiety to get George settled in something away from home. Down deep in the heart of Mrs. Ryle there was seated a deep sense of injury—of injustice—of wrong. It had been seated there ever since the death of Squire Trevlyn, influencing her actions, warping her temper—the question of the heirship of Trevlyn. Her father had bequeathed Trevlyn Hold to Chattaway; and Chattaway's son was now the heir; whereas, in her opinion, it was her son, Trevlyn Ryle, who should be now occupying that desirable distinction. How Mrs. Ryle reconciled it to her conscience to ignore the claims of young Rupert Trevlyn, she best knew.

She did ignore them. She cast no more thought to Rupert in connection with the succession to Trevlyn, than if he had not been in existence. He had been barred from it by the squire's will, and there it ended. But, failing heirs of her two dead brothers, it was *her* son who should have come in. Was she not the eldest daughter? What right had that worm, Chattaway, to have insinuated himself into the home of the squire? into—it may be said—his heart? and so willed over to himself the inheritance?

A bitter fact to Mrs. Ryle; a fact which rankled in her heart by night and by day; a turning from the path of justice which she firmly intended to see turned back again. She saw not how it was to be accomplished; she knew not by what means it could be brought about; she divined not yet how she should help in it; but she was fully determined that it should be Trevlyn Ryle eventually to possess Trevlyn Hold. Never, Cris Chattaway.

A determination immutable as the rock; a purpose in the furtherance of which she never swerved nor faltered; there it lay in the archives of her most secret thoughts, a part and parcel of herself, not the less nourished because never spoken of. It may be, that in the death of her husband she saw her way to the end somewhat more clearly; that his removal was but one impediment taken from the path. She had never given utterance to her ambitious hopes for Trevlyn but once; and that had been to her husband. His reception of them was a warning to her never to speak of them again to him. No son of his, he said, should inherit Trevlyn Hold while the children of Joseph Trevlyn lived. If Chattaway chose to wrest their rights from them, to make his son Cris the usurper after him, he,

Mr. Ryle, could not hinder it; but his own boy Treve should never take act or part in so crying a wrong. So long as Rupert and Maude Trevlyn lived, he could never recognise other rights than theirs. From that time forward Mrs. Ryle held her tongue to her husband, as she had done to all else; but the roots of the project grew deeper and deeper in her heart, overspreading all its healthy fibres.

With this great destiny in view for Treve, it will readily be understood why she did not purpose bringing him up to any profession, or sending him out in the world. Her intention was, that Treve should live at home, as soon as his school-days were over; should be the master of Trevlyn Farm, until he could become the master of Trevlyn Hold. And for this reason, and this alone, she did not care to keep George with her. Trevlyn Farm might be a living for one son; it would not be for two; neither would two masters on it answer, although they were brothers. It is true, a thought at times crossed her whether it might not be well, in the interests of the farm, to retain George. He would soon become useful; he would be trustworthy; her interests would be his; and she felt dubious about confiding all management to John Pinder. But these suggestions were overruled by the thought that it would not be desirable for George to acquire a footing on the farm as its master, and then to be turned from it when the time came for the mastership of Treve. As much for George's sake as for Treve's, she felt this; and she determined to place George at something away, where his interests and Treve's would not clash.

Wall and Barnes were flourishing and respectable tradesmen, silk-mercers and linendrapers; their establishment a large one, the oldest and best conducted in Barmester. Had George Ryle been seeking such a calling in life, a more desirable opportunity of placing him could not well have been found. But George was not seeking such; had his father been alive, he would not be seeking such for him; he who was seeking it, was Mr. Chattaway.

What Mr. Chattaway's precise object could be, in wishing to get George away from home, he alone knew. That he had such an object there could be no shadow of doubt; and Mrs. Ryle's usual clear-sightedness must have been just then obscured not to perceive it. Had his own interests or pleasure not been in some way involved, Chattaway would have taken no more heed to what became of George, than he did of a clod of earth in that miserable field just rendered famous by the doings of the ill-conditioned bull. It was Chattaway who did it all. He negotiated with Wall and Barnes; he brought news of his success to Mrs. Ryle; he won over Farmer Apperley. Wall and Barnes had occasionally taken a youth without premium—the youth being expected to perform an unusual variety of work for the favour, to make himself conjointly into an apprentice and a servant-in-general, to be at the beck and call of the establishment. Under those concessions, Wall and Barnes had been known to forego the usual premium; and this great boon was, through Mr. Chattaway, offered to George Ryle. Chattaway boasted of it; he enlarged upon his luck to George; and Mrs. Ryle—accepted it.

And George? Every pulse in his body coursed on in fiery indignation against the measure, every feeling of his heart rebelled at it. But, of opposition, he could make none: none that served him. Chattaway quietly put him down; Mrs. Ryle met all his remonstrances with the answer that she had *decided*; and Farmer Apperley laboured to convince him that it was a slice of good fortune, which anybody (under the degree of a gentleman who rode to cover in a scarlet coat and white smalls) might jump at. Was not Wall, who had not yet reached his five-and-fortieth year, a ten thousand pound man? Turn where George would, there appeared to be no escape for him; no refuge. He must give up all the dreams of his life—not that the dreams had been of any particular colour yet awhile—and become what his mind quite revolted at, what he knew he should never do anything but dislike bitterly. Had he been a less right-minded boy, less dutiful, he would have openly rebelled, have defied Chattaway; have declined to obey Mrs. Ryle. But that sort of rebellion George did not enter upon. The injunction of his dead father lay on him all too forcibly—"Obey and reverence your mother." And so the agreement was made, and George Ryle was to go to Wall and Barnes, to be bound to them for seven years.

He stood leaning out of the casement window, the night before he was to enter; his aching brow bared to the cold air, cloudy as the autumn sky. Treve was fast asleep, in his own little bed in the far corner, shaded and sheltered by its curtains: but there was no such peaceful sleep for George. The thoughts to which he was giving vent were not altogether profitable ones; and certain questions which arose in his mind had been better left out of it.

"What *right* have they so to dispose of me?" he asked, alluding, it must be confessed, to the trio, Chattaway, Mrs. Ryle, and Mr. Apperley. "They *know* that if papa had lived, they'd not have dared to urge my being put to it. I wonder what it will end in? I wonder whether I shall have to be at it always? It is *not* right to put a poor fellow to what he hates most of all in life, and what he'll hate for ever and for ever."

He was all alone; and he could breathe out a prayer to that dark sky, unseen by, unknown to the world. "Trust God in all things" had been a maxim so impressed upon his heart in his earliest years, that happily for him, he had acquired that simple, perfect trust—the best gift that is to be found in life. But this new project seemed, somehow, to have turned his trust and everything good about him upside down. Nobody interfered for him.

"I wish Wall and Barnes's was a thousand miles away!" broke from him in his despair, as he dashed away the tears which had gathered in his eyes, perhaps from his intense gaze at the low, gloomy line of land lying under the night sky, gloomy and desolate as he was. "I'd rather go for—"

A hot hand on his shoulder caused him to start and turn. There stood Nora.

"If I didn't say one of you boys was out of bed! What's this for, George? What are you doing?—trying to catch your death at the open window?"

"As good catch my death, for all I see, as live in this world, now," was George's answer.

"As good be a young simpleton and confess to it," retorted Nora, angrily. "What's the matter, George?"

"Why should they force me to that place at Harminster?" cried George, following up his grieved thoughts, rather than replying to Nora's question. "I wish Chattaway had been a thousand miles away first! What business has he to interfere about me?"

"I wish I was queen at odd moments, when work seems to be coming in seven ways at once, and only one pair of hands to do it," quoth Nora. "My mother used to say, George, that folks were most happy in the way of life in which it pleased God to place them—if they could only bring their minds to think it."

George was deaf to Nora's argument. "If Chattaway and the rest make me go into this thing, it is they who place me," he said. "It is what I shall dislike above everything on earth."

"I'd not learn to talk heathenism, George, if I were you."

"Who is learning to talk it?" asked George. "Is it being a heathen to say you dislike a thing, if you do dislike it? I don't believe we were ever meant to embrace a calling we particularly dislike. We have our likes and dislikes."

"They are given us to subdue; to fight against. I took a liking for that handsome new blue silk gown Miss Trevlyn wore at church a Sunday or two ago: but I can't go and steal it out of her press. Therefore I must subdue the liking."

George turned from Nora. The argument was not to the point, and he felt vexed at its frivolity.

"Look here, George," she said, speaking in a more serious tone. "Grieving is of no use, because there's no help for the measure. You know quite well that when Mrs. Ryle sets her will upon a thing, the whole world would not turn her from it."

"It is not her will, it is Chattaway's. She would never have thought of it but for him."

"At any rate, she has decided upon it, and you are aware what that means with her. The only thing left for you, George, is to submit, and to make the best of it."

But no influence intervened to stop George Ryle's entrance to the house of Wall and Barnes, and he took up his station in it; rebellious feelings choking his heart, rebellious words rising to his lips.

But he did his utmost to beat the rebellion down. The charge of his dead father was ever before him—to render all duty and obedience to his step-mother—and George was mindful of it. He felt as one crushed under a whole weight of despair; he felt as one who has been rudely thrust from his proper place on the earth: but he did constant battle with himself and his wrongs, and strove to make the best of it. How bitter the struggle none, save himself, knew; its remembrance would never die out from his memory.

The new work seemed terrible; not for its amount, though that was great; but for its nature. To help

make up this parcel, to undo that; to take down these goods, to put up others. He ran to the post with letters—and that was a delightful phase of his life, compared with the rest of its phases—he carried out big bundles in brown paper; once a yard measure was added. He had to stand behind the counter, and roll and unroll goods, and measure tapes and ribbons, and bow and smile, and say "sir" and "ma'am." You will readily conceive what all this was to a proud boy. George might have run away from it altogether, but that the image of that table in the sitting-room, and of him who lay upon it, was ever before him, whispering to him to shrink not from his duty.

Independent of his distaste to the business in more ways than one, George appeared to have a natural inaptitude for it. His movements at it were awkward. He was unable to roll and unroll the silks fit to be seen; he got into an inextricable maze when he attempted to measure; he could not enlarge upon the exquisite qualities of the goods, or persuade customers to buy. A shocking server, the young men pronounced him; and George's private opinion was that he should still be a shocking one ten years to come. But he did his best: distasteful as the occupation was to him, he yet strove to throw his best energy into it.

Running hither, running thither, out in the sharp shower, tramping with his parcels through the muddy streets, called to in a dozen quarters at once when he came in, helping to put counters tidy, reducing piles of goods to order which the other shopmen had undone, dusting the counters, lowering blinds and raising them, serving at all his spare moments, the day would be got through somehow. Not a moment of idleness was allowed to George; however the shopmen might enjoy leisure intervals when customers ran slack, there was no interval of leisure for him. He was the new scapegoat of the establishment; often doing the work that of right did not belong to him. It was perfectly well known to the young men that he had entered as a working apprentice; one who was not to be particular what work he did, or its quantity, in consideration of his non-premium terms; and therefore he was not spared. He had taken his books with him, classics and others; he soon found that he might as well have left them at home. Not one minute in all the twenty-four hours could he devote to them: his hands were full of work until the last moment, up to bed-time; and no reading was permitted in the chambers. "Where is the use of my having gone to school at all?" he sometimes would ask himself. He would soon become as oblivious of Latin and Greek as Mr. Chattaway could wish; indeed, his prospects of adding to his stock of learning were such as would have gladdened Farmer Apperley's heart.

One Saturday, when George had been there about three weeks, and when the day was drawing near for the indentures to be signed, binding him to the business for years, Mr. Chattaway rode up in the very costume that was the subject of Farmer Apperley's ire, when worn by those who ought not to afford to wear it. The hounds had met that day near Barmester, had found

their fox, and been led a roundabout chase, the fox bringing them back to their starting point, and there resigning his brush. Mr. Chattaway, on his splashed but fine hunter, in his scarlet coat, white smalls and boots, splashed also, rode through Barmester on his return, and pulled up at the door of Wall and Barnes. Giving his horse to a street boy to hold, he entered the shop, whip in hand.

The scarlet coat, looming in unexpectedly, caused a flutter in the establishment. Saturday was market day, and the shop was unusually full. The customers looked round in admiration, the shopmen with envy; little chance was there, thought those hard-worked, unambitious young men, that they should ever wear a scarlet coat, and ride to cover on a blood hunter. Mr. Chattaway, of Trevlyn Hold, was an object of consideration just then. He shook hands with Mr. Wall, who came forward from some remote region; he turned and shook hands condescendingly with George.

"And how does he suit?" blandly inquired Mr. Chattaway. "Can you make anything of him?"

"He does his best," was the reply of Mr. Wall. "Awkward at present; but we have had others who have been as awkward at first, I think, and who have turned out valuable assistants in the long run. I am willing to take him."

"That's all right, then," said Mr. Chattaway. "I'll call in and tell Mrs. Ryle. Wednesday is the day he is to be bound, I think?"

"Wednesday," assented Mr. Wall.

"I shall be here. I am glad to take this trouble off Mrs. Ryle's hands. I hope you like your employment, George?"

"I do not like it at all," replied George. And he spoke out fearlessly, although his master stood by.

"Oh, indeed!" said Mr. Chattaway, with a false-sounding laugh. "Well, I did not suppose you would like it too well at first."

Mr. Wall laughed also, a hearty, kindly laugh. "Never yet was there an apprentice liked his work too well," said he. "It's their first taste of the labour of life. George Ryle will like it better when he is used to it."

"I never shall," thought George. But he supposed it would not quite do to say so; neither would it answer any end. Mr. Chattaway shook hands with Mr. Wall, gave a nod to George, and he and his scarlet coat loomed out again.

"Will it last my life?—will this dreadful slavery last my life?" burst from George Ryle's rebellious heart.

CHAPTER XII.

INTERRUPTED BY NORA.

ON the following day, Sunday, George walked home. Mrs. Ryle told him he might come and spend the day. He had not been home since entering at Wall and Barnes's; had not seen Mrs. Ryle or his brother Treve. Caroline he had seen. She was still at Barmester, and he had been invited to dinner the previous Sunday by the friends with whom she was staying.

It was striking twelve when he reached Trevlyn Farm. He ought to have got over in time to go to church at

Barbrook, and anticipated a reprimand from Mrs. Ryle for not doing so; but, tired with his week-day work, he had overslept himself. The house seemed deserted. At length, penetrating to the kitchen, he found Molly. She was stooping down with her back to him, basting a joint of pig-meat at the fire.

"Well, Molly!"

Molly turned round hastily. "Law, Master George! if I could think who it was! And how be you by this time? Well, if you haven't grooved!"

"I suppose mamma's at church. Is Nora gone?"

"Missis is at church," replied Molly. "She waited till the last minute for you; but you didn't come, and she went off with only Master Treve. Nora's away. She's gone out on a visit."

"Nora gone out on a visit!" repeated George, staring in astonishment. For Nora to go out on a visit, or to be away from the farm at all, was a thing unheard of. "Where's she gone?"

"To Pertham," said Molly.

Pertham was a town about twenty miles on the other side of Barmester.

George stared more than ever. "What has taken her to Pertham?" he presently asked.

"Well, sir, I'm not familiar with just the rights of it," was Molly's answer. "Hasn't she got a cousin living there?"

George considered. "Yes, I think she has."

"A letter came here for her yesterday morning; and, by what I could learn, she was very sick, that there lady, like to die, and she sent to ask Nora to go over. Anyway, Nora made haste with her dairy work, and got away in the afternoon. She's coming back to-morrow, missis says. I hope she is. I can't go out this evening through her being away."

Molly heaved a deep sigh over the deprivation. George cut himself a piece of bread and cheese—growing boys are always ready for eating—and then started to meet them on their way from church. He hesitated a moment, uncertain which way they would come; and at last started the road way. He saw several groups coming along; and presently he met Cris Chattaway, Rupert Trevlyn, and his brother Treve walking together.

"Where's mamma?" asked George.

"She stepped in-doors with Mrs. Apperley," answered Treve. "She said she'd follow me on directly."

"How do you relish linendrapering?" asked Cris Chattaway, in a chaffing sort of manner, as George turned with them. "Horrid, isn't it?"

"There's only about one thing in this world more horrid," answered George.

"My father said you expressed fears before you went that you'd find the air at the shop stifling," went on Cris, not asking what the one exception might be. "Is it hopelessly so?"

"Isn't it!" returned George. "The black hole in Calcutta must have been cool and pleasant in comparison with it."

"I wonder you are alive," continued Cris.

"I wonder I am," said George, equably. "I was quite off in a faint one day, when the shop was at the fullest. They thought they must have sent for you,

Cris; that the sight of you might bring me to again."

"There you go!" exclaimed Treve Ryle. "I wonder if you two *could* let each other alone if you were bribed to do it?"

"Cris began it," said George.

"I didn't," said Cris. "I *should* like to see you at your work, though, George! I'll come some day. The squire paid you a visit yesterday afternoon, he told us. He says you are getting to be quite the polite cut; one can't serve out yards of calico without it."

George Ryle's face burnt. He knew that Mr. Chattaway had been speaking of him with ridicule at Trevlyn Hold, in connection with his new occupation. "It would be a more fitting situation for you than for me, Cris," said he. "And now you hear it."

Cris laughed scornfully. "Perhaps it might, if I wanted one. The master of Trevlyn won't need to go into a linendraper's shop, George Ryle."

"Look here, Cris. That shop is horrid, and I don't mind telling you that I find it so, that not an hour in the day goes over my head but I wish myself out of it; but I would rather bind myself to it for twenty years than be the master of Trevlyn Hold, if I came to it as you will—by wrong."

Cris broke into a shrill, derisive whistle. It was being prolonged to an apparently interminable length, when he found himself rudely seized from behind.

"Is that the way you walk home from church, Christopher Chattaway? Whistling!"

Cris looked round and saw Miss Trevlyn. "Goodness, Aunt Diana! are you going to shake me?"

"Walk along as a gentleman should, then," returned Miss Trevlyn.

She went on. Miss Chattaway walked by her side, not deigning to cast a word or look to the boys as she swept past. Gliding up behind them, holding the hand of Maude, was gentle Mrs. Chattaway. They all wore black silk dresses and white silk bonnets: the apology for mourning assumed for Mr. Ryle. But the gowns were not new; and the bonnets were but the bonnets of the past summer, with the coloured flowers taken out.

Mrs. Chattaway slackened her pace, and George found himself at her side. She seemed to linger, as if she would speak with him, unheard by the rest.

"Are you pretty well, my dear?" were her first words. "You look taller and thinner, and your face is pale."

"I shall look paler ere I have been much longer in the shop, Mrs. Chattaway."

Mrs. Chattaway glanced her head timidly round with the air of one who fears she may be heard. But they were alone now.

"Are you grieving, George?"

"How can I help it?" he passionately answered, feeling that he could open his heart to Mrs. Chattaway, as he could to no one else in the wide world. "Is it a proper thing to put me to, dear Mrs. Chattaway?"

"I said it was not," she murmured. "I said to Diana that I wondered Maude should place you there."

"It was not mamma; it was not mamma so much as

Mr. Chattaway," he answered, forgetting possibly that it was Mr. Chattaway's wife to whom he spoke. "At times, do you know, I feel as though I would almost rather be—be—"

"Be what, dear?"

"Be dead, than stop."

"Hush, George!" she cried, almost with a wail. "Random figures of speech never do good; I have learnt it. In the old days, when—"

She suddenly broke off what she was saying, and glided forward without further notice, catching Maude's hand in hers as she passed, who was then walking by the side of the boys. George looked round for the cause of the desertion, and found it in Mr. Chattaway. That gentleman was coming along with a quick step, one of his younger children in his hand.

The Chattaways turned off towards Trevlyn Hold, and George walked on with Treve. "Do you know how things are going on at home, Treve, between mamma and Chattaway?" asked George.

"Chattaway's a miserable screw," was Treve's answer. "He'd like to grind down the world, and he doesn't let a chance escape him of doing it. Mamma says it's a dreadful sum he has put upon her to pay yearly, and she does not see how the farm will do it, besides keeping us. I wish we were clear of him! I wish I was as big as you, George! I'd work the farm barren, I'd work my arms off, but what I'd get together the money to pay him!"

"They won't let me," said George. "They have thrust me away from the farm."

"I wish you were back at it; I know that! Nothing goes on as it used to, when you were there and papa was alive. Nora's cross, and mamma's cross; and I have not a soul to speak to. What do you think Chattaway did this week?"

"Something mean, I suppose!"

"Mean! Mean and double mean. We killed a pig, and while it was being cut up, Chattaway marched in. 'That's fine meat, John Pinder,' said he, when he had looked at it a bit; 'as fine as I ever saw. That was a good plan of Mr. Ryle's, the keeping his pigs clean. I should like a bit of this meat; I think I'll take a spare rib; and it can go against Mrs. Ryle's account with me.' With that, he laid hold of a fine spare rib, the finest of the two, and called to the boy who was standing by, and sent him up with it at once to Trevlyn Hold. What do you say to that? The Hurnalls were to have had that spare rib; they said they'd take one. We are going to have the other one for dinner to-day. What do you think of that?"

"Think! That it's just the thing Chattaway would be doing every day of his life, if he could. I should have sent for the meat back, if I had been mamma."

"And anger Chattaway? It might be all the worse for us if she did."

"Is it not early to begin pig-killing?"

"Yes. John Pinder killed this one on his own authority: never so much as asking mamma. She was so angry. She told him, if ever he acted for himself again, without knowing what her pleasure might be, she should discharge him. But it strikes me John Pinder is fond of doing things on his own head," concluded Treve,

sagaciously; "and that he will do them, in spite of mamma, now there's no master over him."

The day soon passed. George told his mamma how terribly he disliked being where he was placed; worse than that, how completely unsuited he believed he was to it. Mrs. Ryle coldly said we all had to put up with what we disliked, and that he would get reconciled to it in time. There was evidently no hope for him; and he returned to Barmester at night, feeling that there was not.

On the following afternoon, Monday, some one in deep mourning entered the shop of Wall and Barnes, and asked if she could speak to Master Ryle. George was at the upper end of the shop. A box of lace had been accidentally upset on the floor, and he had been called to set it to rights. Behind him hung two shawls, open, and further back, hidden by those shawls, was a private desk, belonging to Mr. Wall. The visitor approached George and saluted him.

"Well, you are busy!"

George lifted his head at the well-known voice—Nora's. Her attention appeared chiefly attracted by the box of lace.

"What a mess it is in! And you don't go a bit handy to work, towards putting it tidy."

"I shall never be handy at this sort of work. Oh, Nora! I cannot tell you how I dislike it!" he exclaimed, with a burst of wailing that betrayed its own pain. "I'd rather be with papa in his coffin!"

"Don't talk nonsense!" said Nora. "What is there in the business so much to dislike? It is a respectable business."

"We cannot help our likes and dislikes. I dislike it altogether; and I shall never be barely handy at it, if I stop in it for twenty years. It seems to me that I shall never care for anything again in life, now they have put me here. It was Chattaway's doings; you know it was, Nora. Mamma never would have thought of it."

"I can't see, myself, why Chattaway should have interfered about you," remarked Nora.

"I conclude that he wanted to get me off the farm for some motive or other. Any way, I am done for, and my prospects are done for. At times, Nora, when I remember that papa would have objected to this for me just as strongly as I object to it for myself, I can hardly bear my thoughts. I think how he will be grieved, if he can see what goes on in this world. You know he said something about that when he was dying—the dead retaining their consciousness of the doings here."

"Have you objected to be bound?"

"I have not objected. I don't mean to object. Papa charged me to obey Mrs. Ryle, and not cross her—and I won't forget that; therefore I shall remain, and do my duty to the very best of my power. But it was a cruel thing to put me to it."

"George, I am afraid you are setting yourself against it," said Nora, gravely.

"I am not setting myself against it," returned George.

"I am against it beyond hope of retrieve, so there's no need to 'set myself' against it. There! let it drop, Nora. The thing is settled, and I shall keep my mouth closed for the future. I shall stay at it—if—If—"

"Why do you hesitate?" she asked.

"Well, there are moments," he answered, dropping his voice, "when a fear comes over me whether I can bear on, and stay. You see, Nora, it is Chattaway's and mamma's will balancing against all the hopes and prospects of my life. I know that my father charged me to obey mamma; but on the other hand I know that if he were alive he would be pained to see me here; would be the first to snatch me away. When these thoughts come forcibly upon me, I doubt whether I can stay."

"You must not encourage them," said Nora.

"I don't think I encourage them. But they come in spite of me. The fear comes; it is always coming. Don't say anything to mamma, Nora. I have made my mind up to stop, and I'll try hard to do it. As soon as I am out of my time I'll go off to India, or somewhere, and forget the old life in a new one."

"My goodness me!" uttered Nora, upon whom the last assertion made somewhat the same impression that his declaration of being a gentleman had made upon Farmer Apperley. "If you—is that four o'clock?" she broke off.

"It's four o'clock," answered George. "Why?"

"I have got half a hundred things to do this afternoon before I get home. By the way—did you go home yesterday?"

George nodded. His fingers and his brains were hopelessly entangled with the lace.

"And how was Molly getting on with the dairy?"

"I heard nothing about it," replied George.

"She can attend to it properly if she chooses," observed Nora, with an emphasis on the "can." "Did you get any pudding for dinner? Or pie?"

"We had a roly dumpling; raspberry and currant."

"Then the missis must have gone into the kitchen before church, and made it herself! Only fancy!—troubling herself with kitchen work! Perhaps Trove teased her. I suppose he'd faint if he didn't see a pudding on the table at his Sunday's dinner. And now I'm off."

"One minute, Nora! You have not told me about your cousin at Pertham. Is she ill?"

"She can't be much worse, to be alive. They'll patch her up a bit for a short while, the doctors; it won't be for long. Such a troop of children as she has, too! It will be a bad thing for them to lose their mother. I must be going, though! I can't gossip out my time here."

"Are you going to walk?"

"Walk!" echoed Nora. "Just hark at the stupid! You boys would set off and walk to York, and never think of how your legs would do it. I have to take Caroline back; and I have got my little carpet-bag; and a rose-tree in a pot which I brought from Pertham. Walk, indeed!"

George laughed at her indignation.

"Good-bye, lad," said she, shaking hands with him. "Keep a cheerful heart upon it, and things may begin to look brighter after you are bound."

He made no reply. At the word "bound" a dark sickness seemed to fall upon his spirit. Nora turned away and left the shop.

But you may do as Nora urged you, George Ryle—keep up a cheerful heart. For you are not fated to enter upon the service you so dread, in the house of Messrs. Wall and Barnes.

(To be continued.)

Literary Notices.

John Hobbs; a Tale of British India. By GEORGE DRACO [Partridge, Paternoster Row]. In expressing our opinion of this work, we cannot do our readers a better service, if they desire to know the merits of the book, than to quote the words of Archdeacon Jeffreys, whose estimate of the work is evinced by the preface, which he has been pleased to prefix:—"The story presented to the public is a beautiful and well-told tale. The principal characters are *real*, and some of the leading events *facts*, and not *fiction*." The archdeacon adds, that he has so high an opinion of the work, that he is thankful to have an opportunity of recommending it to the attention of the public, because he knows by past experience that hundreds will derive instruction and benefit by reading an interesting tale who would refuse to read a tract containing the same instruction in another form. We have only to add, that it is a temperance tale, and that we have met with nothing in the work which would lead us to hold an opinion contrary to that which the worthy archdeacon has so earnestly expressed.

Our Feathered Families. By G. H. ADAMS [Hogg and Sons, London]. A gay book within, and a glittering book without, that gives us the history and habits of game and water birds. The book abounds with anecdotes, and is illustrated by several engravings. The work contains a chapter on the management of doves and pigeons; and in addition to this great merit, there will be found an index of four or five pages, to enable the young reader to turn to the history of his favourite birds at any moment. The author has interspersed various quotations from our popular poets; and no labour has been spared to render the book attractive. How far the work will stand the test of the ornithologist, we must not take upon ourselves to decide. The writer has undertaken to describe the peculiarities of form and colour of plumage, habits and haunts, of the feathered inhabitants of the British Isles; and not only these, but also the pretty little foreigners that yearly visit us. Now, as there are said to be 320 species—148 being permanent residents; 44 summer birds, which breed in this country; 36 winter residents; 37 stragglers upon the wing from various quarters; and as no species, however rare, it is said, has been omitted—we suppose that few young gentlemen will consider a book that is enriched with so much information, and with so much gaiety, can be costly at the 3s. 6d. which the bookseller demands.

The Months in Floral Costume, &c., by MARY EUGENIA [Jarrold and Sons], is a small book comprising various poems, published in aid of the distressed poor in South Devon. The pieces are lively and ingenious, and fitted to teach young people some things worth knowing about our garden friends—the flowers of the year.

Temperance Department.

STRONG DRINK.

THE effects of strong drink were regarded by the ancients as hostile to freedom, and to the prosperity of the nation. The Suevi regarded wine as detrimental to body and to mind, and would not, therefore, allow it to be imported.

DR. SOUTH ON ABSTINENCE.

NOTHING is so great a friend to the mind of man as abstinence: it strengthens the memory, clears the apprehension, and sharpens the judgment, and, in a word, gives reason its full scope of acting; and when reason has that, it is always a diligent and faithful handmaiden to conscience.

ARSENIC AND ALCOHOL

POSSess similar properties: arsenic will not blend with the human system, neither will alcohol; consequently they cannot nourish any man in a healthy state. The rule is this, nourishing substances must be of a nature similar to that which is to be nourished. Man's nature contains no such compositions as fermented and spirituous liquors. Such liquors cannot nourish, and therefore cannot impart any real benefit.

ALCOHOL AN ENEMY TO RIGHT.

THE habitual use of spirits is found to produce this dreadful result. It strengthens the power of motives to do wrong, and weakens the power of motives to do right.

A temperate man is one whose reason rules his appetite; an intemperate man is the opposite to this—he is one whose appetite rules his reason. A man may be intemperate every day, without being intoxicated, perhaps, once in his life.

THE UNCONTROLLABLE EFFECTS OF HABIT.

DR. CHEYNE, of Dublin, relates a remarkable instance. A gentleman of position in society, amiable in disposition, and justly popular among the circle of his acquaintance, had contracted habits of intemperance. His friends argued, implored, and remonstrated in vain. At last he put an end to all importunity. A friend, feeling for his sad state, thus addressed him:—"Dear Sir George, your family are in the utmost distress on account of this unfortunate habit of drinking. They perceive that everything is neglected; your influence is gone, your health is ruined; and, depend upon it, your constitution will soon give way, and then a change will come too late." The poor victim, deeply convinced of the hopelessness of his case, replied thus:—"My good friend, your remarks are indeed too true; but I can no longer resist temptation. If a bottle of brandy stood at my side, and the bottomless pit—yes, hell itself—yawned before me, and if I were assured that I should be thrust into this region of woe as surely as I took one more glass, I could not refrain from taking it. You are all very kind; I ought to be very grateful for so many kind, good friends; but you may spare yourselves the trouble of trying to reform me—the thing is now impossible!" Avoid, then, the beginning of evil.

A CREDIBLE WITNESS.

COBBETT thus describes his experience of the results of water drinking:—

"In the midst of a society where wine or spirits are considered as of little more value than water, I lived two years without either, and with no drink

but water, except when I found it convenient to obtain milk. Not an hour's illness, not a headache, not the smallest ailment, not a restless night, not a drowsy morning have I known during these two famous years of my life. The sun never rises before me; I have always to wait for him to come and give me light to write by; while my mind is in full vigour, and nothing has come to cloud its clearness."

Here, then, we have ample testimony borne by a man of sound judgment and unprejudiced views. Renewed health, added vigour of mind and body, renovated spirits, the mind cleared, and the intellect unclouded, all resulting in a degree from the adoption of a certain beverage. Were some quack to put forth but half these virtues as accruing from the adoption of a nostrum patented by himself, how eagerly would the crowds flock to possess themselves of the valuable recipe! The one here set down is free to all, attainable by the poorest, available by the most wealthy, and accredited by testimony from Adam downwards. Yet how hard of belief are the people, how difficult to convince, while Appetite stands in the way of Truth!

FROM FATHER TO SON.

THE Rev. E. Beecher, of Boston, America, in a temperance speech, once said: "I was baptised, as it were, a temperance man. When I was a boy, and my father put into my hand the little coin I was to spend on holidays, he used to say to me, 'Edward, take care that you taste nothing but water for your drink.' I need not tell you that I followed his advice to the letter. There is not a muscle nor a bone in my frame that ever felt the power of alcohol; and so long as this arm adheres to my body, and this tongue does not cleave to the roof of my mouth, I pledge myself anew to the cause."

EFFECTS OF DRINK.

WHEN you see a young man enter a grog-shop or tavern, stay there a short time, and come out smoking a cigar, do you put him down for a wise young man? Would you hire him, if you wanted a faithful hand to do your work? If you were a merchant and wanted a good clerk, would you take such a one?

If you were a tradesman, and wanted a journeyman with whom you could entrust your shop, in case of your own absence, would you take up with him whom you had seen emerging from the public-house.

Did you seek a suitable escort for your child on a journey, or for the travelling companion of your aged mother, or young sister, would you select the man—ever so trustworthy in all other respects—whose known habits led him to the frequent associations of the tavern or wine-vaults? Would you recommend him to the friendship of your son? to the intimacy of your daughters? Would you confide in him your most private affairs, or count upon him in the hour of difficulty for counsel, assistance, or support? The answer presents itself at once to the ingenuous mind. However agreeable, in the hour of unreflecting dissipation, you may have found the society of such a one, even you, unprejudiced as you may believe yourself, would turn away from the contemplation of any confidence in a man whose course upon the downward road was already indicated, and whose principles, let them be even good, stood in too great a risk of being shaken by habits of indulgence in a vice so subtle.

JOHN SULLIVAN;

OR,

A SEARCH FOR "THE OLD RELIGION."

"Stand ye in the ways, and see, and ask for the OLD PATHS, where is the good way, and walk therein, and ye shall find rest for your souls."—Jer. vi. 16.

I.—INTRODUCTION.

ALFRED ROGERS was a Scripture-reader in a large manufacturing town. His duties lay chiefly in one of those suburban districts which had become populous, of late years, by the erection of several mills, and the surrounding habitations of the work-people employed therein. Among these were found many Roman Catholics, who had been attracted to the place by the abundance of employment known to exist, and whose presence rendered the population of a more mixed character than is commonly met with in an English country town.

In the course of his rounds Rogers had become acquainted with a young Irishman, who was confined to his room by the effects of a hurt which he had received in the mill, and whose mind seemed more open to the reception of Divine Truth than is usually the case with those who have been brought up in the habits and customs of Romanism. He conversed without reluctance on religious subjects, was intelligent and well-informed, and seemed sincerely desirous to obtain a clear and satisfying view of eternal things. There was far less of stolid bigotry and stubborn resistance to the reception of unfamiliar truths than is commonly found among the earnest followers of that persuasion. Rogers did not manifest any eager desire to make a proselyte, but contented himself with the constant and mild inculcation of the plainest and simplest doctrines of Christianity: the fallen state of man, the full salvation provided in Christ's redemption, and the necessity for the enlightening and sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit. He felt assured that if these great truths were fully received with a simple and earnest faith, the opposing inventions and deceits of the Romish Church would speedily fade away, or be estimated at their true value.

In this belief he had abstained, in the few visits which he had paid, from any direct allusion to the perplexing questions of the Romish controversy. There was no insidious or temporising reserve in this; he was merely aiming to establish Sullivan's mind in a few great and fundamental truths, in the full belief that their

reception would, of itself, shorten or render needless any controversy. He felt, too, that to gain and to preserve the confidence of his young friend, it would be necessary to avoid any hasty or rash assaults upon the system in which he had been brought up. But, while thus acting with prudence, he had not the least intention of "handling the Word of God deceitfully," or of concealing his own heart-felt convictions of the falsehood of the distinctive doctrines of the Church of Rome. He knew and felt that it would be impossible for Sullivan to study and to appreciate the truths of God's Word without his immediately becoming conscious of the opposition which exists between the religion of the Bible and that of the Romish Church.

And, indeed, this opposition soon made itself apparent to the candid and inquiring mind of the young Irishman. He had lately been listening with attention to the reading of the Epistle to the Hebrews; and the condemnation therein contained of the perpetual sacrifices, and the many mediators of the Romish system, was too evident and unquestionable not to strike his mind. From a few words which escaped him, Rogers perceived the conflict which was going on; but he contented himself with impressing upon Sullivan's mind the fact that the words which he had been reading to him were *the words of God*; and that no man, or body of men, could have any right to gainsay or resist them. Sullivan owned this; but the conflict which had arisen in his mind evidently began to grow painful. If St. Paul was right, then how could the views which he had long entertained of "the sacrifice of the Mass" be maintained? But how could "the Church" be in error? These thoughts now troubled him both by night and by day.

It was while matters were in this position that the priest, Father Jerome, who had latterly missed him from his usual place in chapel, called at the cottage, and soon learnt the state of his mind. He found, however, as Sullivan concealed nothing from him, that the question was still undecided; and that, though doubts had suggested themselves, the poor Irishman had not even thought of secession. He contented himself, therefore, with administering a severe reproof; and alarming the fears of the sick man by allusions to the perils of "heresy," and the fearful condition of those who are led astray from the true Church, and so fall into interminable errors.

Not unnaturally, therefore, when Rogers next called, poor Sullivan scarcely knew how to receive him. He could not forget the friendliness of his past conduct, or the kindness of his repeated visits; he knew, too, that Rogers had never made any positive attacks upon his faith, or shown any anxiety to withdraw him from his Church. After some hesitation, therefore, he told him of Father Jerome's visit, and of the cautions he had administered; and expressed his own doubts whether it was right in him to listen to the reading of the Bible as he had done. Rogers heard him without surprise or anger, and reminded him that his chief business and aim in his past visits had been, not to argue or to discuss points of difference between one church and another, but simply to set before him the Word of God—God's message to man, the Word which shall judge all men at the last day (John xii. 48). And he seriously besought him, in the view of that great accounting-day, not to put the word of God from him (Acts xiii. 46), or to prefer the commands or injunctions of a mortal man to the calls and warnings of Him in whose hand his breath was, and whose were all his ways.

The two men were thus conversing, when the door opened, and Father Jerome himself appeared. The sight of Rogers sitting by Sullivan's side evidently displeased him; but he had too much discretion to show any disturbance of mind. He merely accosted the Scripture-reader with an expostulation that he should thus intrude upon the members of a Church with which he had no connection, and try, in this underhand and insidious manner, to make proselytes to his own views, and to induce men in the hour of weakness to abandon their faith. Rogers assured him, in reply, that the work to which he was devoted was of another character; and that his object was, not to bring men out of one church into another, but rather, especially in circumstances of sickness, to call them "out of darkness into light; and from the power of Satan unto God."

"And what right have you to talk of 'darkness' and 'the power of Satan,'" said Father Jerome, "when you are speaking of a member of the Catholic Church?"

"Nay," said Rogers, "I was not then speaking particularly of Sullivan, but was merely describing my general objects and employment."

But, as for him, I found him here, shut up by illness, alone, and having no Bible; and I thought it my duty to offer to read to him some of the words of God, whenever I had half an hour to spare."

"Yes, I know," said Father Jerome; "and that is just the most artful way that you can adopt of introducing into his mind ideas which are likely to lead him astray."

"Will you venture to say that," asked Rogers, "when I merely read to him the Word of God, and that, not in any arbitrary or exclusive manner, but simply and honestly, and by whole chapters or epistles at a time?"

"Yes, I will venture to say," said Father Jerome, "that to pour into any one's mind, crude, unexplained parcels of Scripture, without giving him 'the mind of the Church' upon them, is far more likely to lead to error than to truth. What do you suppose that Christ instituted his Church for? According to your view, it would be enough to give every man his Bible; and if he could read it, and affix some meaning of his own to it, there would be no necessity for any Church."

"Nay," said Rogers, "I have never said so, nor ever thought so; and Sullivan knows that I have never talked to him about his church or mine, but merely about his own state and prospects for eternity—about his sins and his Saviour."

"Ah, but you know well enough that the real drift of all you do is to get him to set up his own private judgment against the teaching of Holy Church; and if you can only do that, your end will be gained."

"My end," said Rogers, "I can fearlessly declare, in the presence of God, to be nothing else than his salvation; and that, you will not deny, can only be found in one way."

"In the way of the Catholic Church," said Father Jerome.

"I nowhere read so," said Rogers. "Our Lord said, 'I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life;' and St. Paul, when he was asked to point out the way, said, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.'"

"Ah, well!" said Father Jerome. "I did not come here to hold an argument with you; and now—are you going? or shall I go? for I do not mean to waste any more time in talking with you."

"I will go," said Rogers, "since you wish to

see Sullivan alone. But I pray you to do nothing which shall lead him to close his mind against God's holy Word."

"Leave that to me," said Father Jerome; "and do you mind your own business."

(To be continued in our next.)

HOW THE DISTRESS IS RELIEVED IN PRESTON.

The story of the Lancashire Cotton crisis, when it comes to be fully told, will show an amount of noble endurance on the one hand, and unbounded, open-hearted liberality on the other, such as the world has seldom before witnessed. Happily, no recruits are needed for the literary army which, with so much perseverance, is, and has been during the past year, assailing the strongholds of poverty and suffering in Lancashire. The press and the periodical literature of the country have done that part of their duty well which consists in reminding men of what is required from them in the sacred name of duty, and the responses have been neither few, small, nor long delayed. The readers of the QUIVER have been second to none in their efforts for the good cause.

The distress, it is now fondly hoped, has reached its worst point, and shown its worst phases; the beginning of the year witnessed a decrease in the number receiving relief in most of the distressed districts. Each weekly return since has shown a further decrease. Still, the prospects for the present year are very poor and precarious, notwithstanding the signs of partial employment in the distance. Even with regard to those who are already wholly or partly employed, the Central Relief Committee assure us that until the supply and the price of cotton, and the relative value of manufactured cotton goods, are more positively established than they are at present, "the partial employment of the mill hands must remain in a very precarious position."

It is wonderful to think how unanimously the whole country and its dependencies have responded to the appeal for aid. The stream of benevolence still flows steadily and even strongly into the treasuries of different committees, and although money enough is in hand to meet the exigencies of the next two or three months, it is nowhere thought that too much is being done, or that there should be any great relaxation in the national effort to tide the Lancashire operative over this his time of

trial. How is the money being spent? is a question we have more than once heard asked; and those whose purse-strings have been loosened will be glad to know, we daresay, how, to some extent, their contributions have been applied.

We lately visited one of the Lancashire towns standing at the head of the list for greatest destitution, and for the number of its unemployed people. In Preston we saw few signs of the squalid misery and physical wretchedness we expected to see; not, however, that the distress in that town is exaggerated, but almost entirely because the system of relief adopted is so thoroughly efficient. There is nothing like absolute starvation, because the thoroughness of the organisation for relief will not allow of it, unless such distress is purposely concealed.

To describe the system of relief in Preston, although it differs from, and may be considered superior to that adopted in other towns, will give the readers of the QUIVER a pretty accurate idea of the means taken to assuage the calamity in the distressed districts generally. Not less than 40 per cent., or very nearly one-half of the population of Preston, is dependent either on the guardians or the Relief Committee for an existence. Affairs have been even worse than this. Preston has largely shared in the improvement of the past two months. Again (February) serious fears are entertained of a considerable relapse. The average amount of aid given from all sources is now believed to be nearly two shillings per head per week. The town is divided into districts, and visitors are appointed for each. Some of these visitors give their labours gratuitously; whilst the paid visitors are taken principally from the class of overlookers, themselves out of employment. It is made indispensably necessary that all reports of distressed cases must be made by the district visitor before relief to any great extent can be afforded. The visitor goes in search of distress, or is directed to it by others, and upon the requisite inquiry, tickets are furnished for relief according to the proportions laid down by the committee. These tickets entitle the holders to a certain amount of bread, soup, stew, or coffee each week.

A disused factory in Crooked Lane, Preston, is the scene of the committee's greatest labours of relief. We enter. On the basement storey is a large room, from which the bread and soup are distributed. Five thousand loaves were given

out this morning, and they are now preparing for the same round of distribution to-morrow. At the farther end of the room, five or six large boilers are at work, from two in the morning till six at night, preparing soup. Occasionally the fare is varied—two or three times a-week a kind of stew, called in Lancashire "lob-scouse," is made. This dish, which consists of meat and potatoes in the proportion of 30lbs. of meat to 140lbs. of potatoes, with an occasional onion, is a great favourite, while, at the same time, it is an economical and very palatable preparation. The soup is made fresh twice a-day, and some weeks no less a quantity than 45,000 quarts. This quantity includes the sweet soup, or gruel, and the meat soup—the latter forming by far the most important item, four or five thousand pounds of meat being used in its preparation in one week. In an adjoining apartment men are cutting up the meat into pieces; women are paring potatoes or scraping carrots; and all are busy enough in making ready for the next "feed."

Benches are arranged all along the same room, at which those who choose may take their soup daily. The number so accommodated, consisting principally of men and lads, is about a thousand each day. It is no uncommon sight, however, to see a whole family, father, mother, and children, seated together at the tables—a common sight, but a sadly sorrowful one. Leading to the boilers, at which half-a-dozen men stand dispensing supplies of soup, are long rows of operatives, men, women, boys, and girls, waiting their turn to be served. We stand and watch the eager company as one after another comes forward and presents his or her ticket, and pot or can for a supply: but we soon see enough. It is most moving to see them, the men especially, as they come to the front; and saddening and affecting to see some of these honourable fellows bow their heads in sorrowful dejection as they receive the relief of others' charity. We cannot fancy many things more sorrowful than the emotion elicited by the reception of alms among those who have hitherto been independent in their way, let these alms be given as gently and considerately as they may. The arrangements of the room are excellent. Policemen are on duty to keep order, and their presence may conduce to it, but we saw no indication that they were greatly needed. Every individual in the room seems quiet and subdued, and there is about them the mien of grateful and peaceable

people. The walls are covered with instructions to those who come to seek the charity of the place—"You must come clean;" "You must be very quiet;" and "No smoking allowed," being among the more prominent placards. Now and then we saw a dirty-looking lad or lass singled out from the mass, who had not attended to the first of these injunctions, and they were summarily hurried off by one of the attendants to the lavatory close by.

The store-room for clothing and bedding is on the next storey. Dozens of anxious-looking women crowd the approaches to this room. On reaching it, we find it larger than the one we have left, and completely filled, at one end, with piles of new bedding, and crowded for hundreds of square feet with a strangely miscellaneous mass of cast-off clothing, in different degrees of quality, and more or less worn. Half-a-dozen attendants stand at a counter, serving eager applicants who have received tickets from the visitor. Before the visitor grants clothing-tickets, he must invariably make a personal inspection of the homes of the operatives, and the tickets are issued for the wants he has observed, or so much as is absolutely needed for health and comfort. In this way, among the tickets we saw was one requiring the attendant at the *dépôt* to supply the bearer with "a blanket, a pound of soap, one dress (No. 1), a flannel petticoat, a pair of clogs, a boy's cap." Everything given out of any value, and which can be stamped, bore the impression of a mark, "P.R.F., LENT, 1863," as a precaution against pawning.

At the end of the room a hundred seamstresses are sitting, making and mending articles of very general requisition. The seamstresses, all of whom are either wives or widows, are changed weekly, and are paid eightpence a-day, "with the run of the boilers," as our guide informed us. A dozen tailors are seated opposite, doing for the men's clothing what the seamstresses are doing for the women and children. Unappropriate articles sent to the committee are sold, and the money thus raised is spent in fustians and flannels, now being made up. There is still another large room up-stairs. In the corner, a steam-engine is driving four or five machines cutting straw. Half-a-dozen women are making ticking for beds; as many men are filling them with chaff and the cut straw. In another corner, a number of joiners are engaged making a good strong description of bedstead. In the opposite

corner we counted as many as *fifteen* shoemakers, busy making clogs, or mending boots and shoes.

The Crooked Lane dépôt is, of course, the most important part of the committee's operations, but this is not the only work they have in hand. Tickets to the amount of £400 or £500 a-week are given on the small shopkeepers. Four or five large soup-kitchens are established in different parts of the town. Sewing and reading schools are under their superintendence. Seven different yards in the town deliver coal free, to the extent of 700 tons per week. In addition to the general fund, almost every religious community provides somewhat for the wants of its own poor. Many have their special sewing-classes and soup kitchens. Nearly 3,000 young women and girls are employed in the different sewing-schools of the towns, with wages about sixpence per day. It is a most interesting sight to witness the appearance and demeanour of these girls at work. In one school we visited, several hundred girls sat, neat, clean, and orderly, and ever and anon breaking out into singing, with a heartiness and real harmony which is astonishing as well as pleasing. Despite the prevailing distress, the sewing-classes are felt to be great blessings to the girls themselves, whilst the result on their after life cannot be questioned. They are here subjected to new, and, in some respects, happier influences, and the majority of them are now *learning* the duties of good and thrifty housewives.

In the reading-schools for men and boys, where money-premiums are given for regular attendance, good results promise, the days of compulsory idleness being converted into a time of mental discipline and instruction.

These and all the numerous other means of helping the operative, and tiding over this great national calamity, have already effected a marvellous change in the feelings of the working-classes. The voluntary and spontaneous benevolence of the whole country, and, more than this, the devoted and unceasing efforts of the better classes in the respective towns to minister to their wants and comforts, are telling in an unmistakable way. They feel they are cared for to an extent which they had thought impossible; and the knowledge of this fact is acting as the *leaven* which is to bring about a better feeling between the different classes of the community. "We shall have no more *strikes* here, sir," said two different working men to us, when speaking

to them of the distress, and the gallant efforts which are made to relieve its pressure; and it is more than likely that some of this substantial good may remain after the abounding distress has left our midst.

SCRIPTURE TITLES OF THE CHILDREN OF GOD.

"BRANCHES" of the living Vine, Round it evermore entwined.	John xv. 5.
"Children of the Highest," be Childlike in simplicity.	Luke vi. 35.
"Heirs of God," expect not bliss In a world of woe like this.	Rom. viii. 17.
"Sheep," oh! hear the Shepherd's voice, In His loving care rejoice.	John x. 27.
"Friends" of Christ, think what is due To Him who showed such love to you.	John xv. 14.
"Hidden ones," if troubles rise, Lift to Heaven your weeping eyes.	Pea. lxxxiii. 3.
"Soldiers," put your armour on; Soon the battle shall be won.	2 Tim. ii. 3.
"Jewels" in the crown divine, Brightly let your graces shine.	Mal. iii. 17.
"Temples of the living God," Make you ready for your Lord.	2 Cor. vi. 16.
"Saints," be worthy of your name; Let your lives be free from blame.	Rom. i. 7.
"A peculiar people" ye, Zealous of good works to be.	Titus ii. 14.
"Servants," haste; make no delay; While the Master calls, obey.	Rom. vi. 22.
"Brethren" of the Eternal Word, See ye honour Him as God.	Heb. ii. 12.
"Sons of God," in filial fear To your Father's throne draw near.	1 John iii. 1.
"Christians," let your lives declare Ye follow Him whose name you bear.	Acts xi. 26.
He was loving, meek, and mild, Holy, harmless, undefiled; Separate from sinners He, Such must all His followers be.	
Then, when Time's brief course is run, When the victory shall be won, They shall reign with Him above, In peace, and joy, and endless love.	

THE GRATEFUL WEAVER.

A poor weaver, passing through Devizes, without money and without friends, being overtaken by hunger and the utmost necessity, applied for charity to a baker, who kindly gave him a penny loaf. The weaver made his way to Coventry, where, after many years of industry, he amassed a fortune; and by his will, in remembrance of the charity of Devizes, he bequeathed a sum in trust, for the purpose of distributing, on the anniversary of the day when he was so relieved, a halfpenny loaf to every person in the town, gentle and simple, and to every traveller that should pass through the town on that day a penny loaf.

The Student's Page.

A COLLECTION OF THE NAMES AND TITLES GIVEN TO
JESUS CHRIST.—IV.

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| 151. Rod and branch. Isa. xi. 1. | 176. Strong God. Ps. lxxxix. 8; Rev. xviii. 8. |
| 152. Root of David. Rev. xxii. 16. | 177. Substance. Heb. x. 34. |
| 153. Rose of Sharon. Cant. ii. 1. | 178. Sun of righteousness. Mal. iv. 2. |
| 154. Ruler in Israel. Mic. v. 2. | 179. Surety. Heb. vii. 22. |
| 155. Sacrifice. Eph. v. 2. | 180. Sharp sword. Isa. xlix. 2. |
| 156. Salvation. Luke ii. 30. | 181. Tabernacle. Heb. viii. 2; ix. 11. |
| 157. Samaritan. Luke x. 33. | 182. Teacher. John iii. 2. |
| 158. Sanctification. 1 Cor. i. 30. | 183. Temple. Mark xiv. 58. |
| 159. Sanctuary. Isa. viii. 14. | 184. Testator. Heb. ix. 16, 17. |
| 160. Saviour. 2 Peter iii. 18. | 185. The Alpha and the Omega. Rev. i. 8. |
| 161. Seed of Abraham. Gal. iii. 29. | 186. Treasure. Luke xii. 33. |
| 162. Seed of the woman. Gen. iii. 15. | 187. Tree of life. Rev. ii. 7. |
| 163. Seed of David. Tim. ii. 8. | 188. Truth. John xiv. 6. |
| 164. Second man. 1 Cor. xv. 47. | 189. Vine. John xv. 1. |
| 165. Servant. Isa. xlii. 1, 19; xlv. 21. | 190. Wall of fire. Zech. ii. 5. |
| 166. Shepherd. John x. 11; Heb. xiii. 20. | 191. Way. Isa. xxxv. 8; John xiv. 6. |
| 167. Shield. Gen. xv. 1; Ps. xviii. 35. | 192. Well of living water. Cant. iv. 15. |
| 168. Shiloh. Gen. xlix. 10. | 193. Wedding garment. Matt. xxii. 12. |
| 169. Solomon. Cant. iii. 7; viii. 11, 12. | 194. Wisdom of God. 1 Cor. i. 24. |
| 170. Son of God. Matt. iv. 3; viii. 29. | 195. Witness. Rev. i. 5; iii. 14. |
| 171. Son of man. Matt. viii. 20. | 196. Wonderful. Isa. ix. 6; xxviii. 29. |
| 172. Sower. Matt. xiii. 3. | 197. Word of God. Rev. xix. 13. |
| 173. Spirit. 1 Cor. xv. 45; Heb. ix. 14. | 198. Word, the. John i. 1. |
| 174. Stone rejected. Matt. xxi. 42. | 199. Worthy. Heb. iii. 3; Rev. v. 12. |
| 175. Strength of Israel. Sam. xv. 29. | 200. Yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Heb. xiii. 8. |

EASTERN INNS.

THAT the reader may obtain a pretty distinct idea of the poverty of Eastern accommodation for travellers, we give the following:—

"There are no inns anywhere; but the cities, and commonly the villages, have a large building called a khan, or caravanserai, which serves for an asylum for all travellers.

"These houses of reception are always built without the precincts of towns, and consist of four wings round a square court, which serves, by way of inclosure, for beasts of burden. The lodgings are cells, where you find nothing but bare walls, dust, and sometimes scorpions. The keeper of this khan gives the traveller a key and a mat; and he provides himself the rest. He must therefore carry with him his bed, his kitchen utensils, and even his provisions; for frequently not even bread is to be found in the villages. On this account the Orientals contrive their equipage in the most simple

and portable form. The baggage of a man who wishes to be completely provided consists of a carpet, a mattress, a blanket; two saucepans, with lids, contained within each other; two dishes, two plates, and a coffee-pot, all of copper, well tinned; a small wooden box for salt and pepper; a round, leathern table, which he suspends from the saddle of his horse; small leathern bottles or bags for oil and water; a pipe, a tinder-box, a cup of cocoa-nut; some rice, dried raisins, dates, cypress cheese, and, above all, coffee berries, with a rodster, and wooden mortar to pound them. We are thus particular, to prove that the Orientals are more advanced than we, in the art of dispensing with many things—an art which is not without its use."

SERMONS IN MINIATURE; OR, AIDS TO THE BIBLICAL
STUDENT.—X.

"Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—Matt. xi. 28.

1. What is rest?

That which every human creature is seeking, Ps. iv. 6.

That which the world offers, Prov. ix. 16, 17; But can never give, Eccles. i. 13, 14; ii. 22, 23.

2. Where is it to be obtained?

Not in sin, Isa. lvii. 10, 20; Jer. ii. 36.

Not in riches, Ps. xxxix. 6; Eccles. v. 10—12.

Not in idleness, Prov. xv. 19.

Not in pleasure, Eccles. ii. 1.

Not in fame, Eccles. ii. 16.

Not in knowledge, Eccles. i. 18.

Not in self-righteousness, Heb. iv. 3, 10.

But only in Christ, Heb. iv. 3.

In his atonement, Rom. v. 10.

In his righteousness, Ps. xxxiii. 1, 2.

In his intercession, Rom. viii. 34.

In his glory, Heb. iv. 9; Rev. vii. 16, 17.

Therefore, come to Him—

At all events and hazards, Matt. xv. 22—28.

Guilty, Luke vii. 37, &c.

Naked, Rev. iii. 18.

Lost, Matt. viii. 25.

Ignorant, Luke x. 39.

Tempted, 2 Cor. xii. 7, 8.

Backsliding, Jer. iii. 22.

Abide in him, John xv. 9.

Follow him, Matt. xi. 29.

THE SEVEN CHURCHES.

THE seven churches of Asia were situated in a kind of circle, and a messenger, in going to them from Patmos, would proceed in much the same order as that in which they are mentioned in Scripture, beginning with Ephesus. It appears, from ecclesiastical history, that during the first seven centuries these churches, as well as the Christians generally of all Asia, became corrupted by superstition; they formed a part of what is called the Greek or Eastern Church, and, as such, they never acknowledged the supremacy of the Roman pontiff. In the eighth century they were overrun by the Saracens, who infected all the places where they dwelt with their Mahometan heresy; and in the fourteenth century their country was laid waste by the Turks, who have ever since held it in subjection.

SCHWARTZ ON THE ATONEMENT.

I KNOW, I feel, that I have no righteousness of my own, wherein I would dare to depend for eternal happiness. If God should enter into judgment with me, what would become of me? But blessed, for ever blessed, be the adorable mercy of God, which has provided a sure place of refuge for guilty man. The atonement of Jesus Christ is the foundation of my hope, peace, life, and happiness. Oh, my dear friends, an interest in the atonement of Christ, and a participation in the graces of his Spirit—these constitute a Christian; these cheer and strengthen the heart, these glorify God, these entitle and qualify us for heaven.

PRIDE.

PRIDE (of all others the most dangerous fault)

Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.

The men who labour and digest things most,

Will be much apter to despise than boast;

For if your author be profoundly good,

'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.

THE IMPERFECT LINK.

In my round of pastoral labour I once conversed with a young man in whom I was deeply interested, of very amiable disposition and correct deportment, but for whom I had many anxieties, for reasons which, to every pastor, will be at once apparent. The young man, with all that was really lovely and excellent in his character, had a large amount of confidence in his own natural goodness. His strict morality he thought sufficient for any emergency in time, any demand in eternity. He "believed he did about what was right," and was, in his own eyes, a great deal better than most persons who are called Christians.

I readily conceded to him much that was praiseworthy, admitted that the chain by which he hoped to reach heaven might have many beautiful links in it, but inquired if he had ever considered the possibility of a broken link, and the consequence to him should there be one. He made no reply, but it was evident that his mind had caught a new idea. His very silence spoke, and one could almost hear him think:—"One broken link! One defective piece in the chain by which I am hoping to climb up to heaven! What if there should be one! Clearly it would be as fatal to my attainment of heaven as one thousand! And what is a chain good for, if it has here and there an unreliable link? A single imperfect spot in the Atlantic Telegraph was sufficient to cut off all communication between the two countries it was designed to bring together. My chain of morality may be well enough for some purposes, but it cannot connect me with heaven, for it has at least one, yes, and more than one, imperfect link."

Nothing more was said to the young man at the time, as it was evident that a better preacher than I could hope to be had spoken to him. But at the next

interview I had with him, some time after this, he was a decided, rejoicing Christian, and ready most emphatically to declare that, in his chain, there was not only one imperfect link, but *not one* that was entirely sound. And in that conviction he has ever since remained. Yet he has continued to be the same amiable and upright man as before—only with Christian love and trust, and warm-hearted, active piety added.

THE HIGH PRIEST.

CHRIST is called not a priest only, but the *High Priest*. For the high priest among the Jews was a very different personage from the other priests; He was of a distinct race from them, being confined to the line of Aaron, whereas the rest were from Levi by other sons; and thus Christ is of a different race by his divine nature from all Christians, who themselves are metaphorically called priests, but never any of them a high priest. Again, the high priest had richer garments than any of the rest. He had two sets, which it was treason for any to usurp: one called the golden vestments, and in which he exercised his ordinary ministry; and the other his white vestments, when he went alone into the holiest of all, on the great day of atonement. So Christ's grace and innocence are peculiar to him, being perfect, which for any human saints to pretend to were blasphemy. The high priest, at his consecration, was anointed with a rich and prescribed oil. It was poured out on his head in great profusion, running from the hair of his head to his beard, and to the lowest border of his garments, while the other priests were only sprinkled with this oil mingled with the blood of the victims at the time of consecration (Lev. viii. 12-30). Thus Christ is anointed with divine influence above his fellows; he has a fulness of gifts and graces, out of which we all receive, and grace for grace. The other priests might marry widows, but the high priest was restricted from marrying a widow, a divorced woman, or a woman of ill repute; he could marry only a virgin (Lev. xxi. 7-14). In a union to her, he was to have the first love and a true love, and this Christ must have of the Church, nor can any be of that Church who do not give it to him. "I have espoused you," says Paul to the Corinthians, "as a chaste virgin to Christ."

ADVICE TO THE YOUNG CHRISTIAN.

You must aim at a sternness of decision in regard to temptation and sin. That which is not right is wrong; that which is wrong is sin; and we must give sin no quarter. We must have no favourite sins, no little failings spared.

You must never give up prayer; backslidings begin, says some one, at the closet. A praying Christian cannot remain in the same state for ever. There will always be some minutes in a day when his heart will imbibe a fresh amount of strength and resolution.

Prayer, and the other means of grace, consequently, must be the stronghold of your religious life. Whatever you do or do not—pray. Keep as much as possible before you the reality of God's mercy-seat, by frequently going to it; and so the impressions of evil will be continually meeting with a counteracting influence, that must finally overcome all.

These are the difficulties and discouragements of the Christian life. But what are they, after all? Are they not the very evidences of the work of the Spirit? Is not the state of conflict more attended with consolation than that of ease and quiet?

But let it be borne in mind that not conflict alone is the sign of grace. Conflict without victory is misery without hope. Victory alone is the proper evidence of vital grace. Still, we may not be discouraged at the strivings of our hearts. They are an evidence of a work, so that difficulty in the religious life is truly a matter of rejoicing, and, so far from discouraging us, should quicken us with the idea that we have a warfare to wage, and a prize to gain, and eyes that are looking on whose approbation will be the sweetest reward we can receive.

THE LABOURS OF MISSIONARIES.

FEW of us have any conception of the amount of fatigue, discomfort, and danger to which these servants of God are often exposed. To these must be added the amount of toil to be endured in the acquisition of some of the languages. Accustomed as we are from our infancy to the expressive words of one and two syllables which abound in our Saxon tongue, and which so largely prevail in our sacred writings, we form but very inadequate conceptions of the difficulty experienced in learning a language devoid of books, lexicons, grammars, and vocabularies, and delighting in gigantic words, that seem as if designed to exhaust the alphabet. The missionary to the American Indians, when translating the Scriptures, had to render two words of seven letters in English into one word of thirty-two letters, which we copy for the comfort of our readers—

"Nummatchekodtantamoongamunnonash;"

and as if this were not sufficiently difficult to be uttered or remembered, the good man tells us that when he had to express the simple words "our question," he succeeded by using the following alarming word—

"Kummogdokonattootummoodeaongannunnonash."

This one word is equal in number of letters to the first ten words in the Lord's Prayer. Surely the men who add this labour to their other toils ought to be held in reverence for their work's sake. For our encouragement in any difficult duty, we add, the man of God accomplished his pious undertaking, and devotionally affixed a comment that all ought to remember:—"Prayer and pains, through faith in Christ Jesus, will do anything."

MERCIFUL.

THIS title expresses a fulness of mercy with God. Mercy is undeserved kindness; yea, more, it is not only kindness shown where none is deserved, but kindness shown where punishment is due. In ordinary conversation, all acts of kindness bestowed upon the poor and afflicted are commonly spoken of as acts of mercy, though they are scarcely such if the strict sense of the term be considered, but acts of kindness or pity only. But when used with reference to God, mercy on his part implies a state of guilt on ours, and whenever we entreat for mercy we confess guilt. And this is but right, for "guilty" we are. That sentence has long been passed upon all men because of their sins. Such being the case, it is a great encouragement to know that our God is a God of mercy; yea, full of mercy, because we thence hope that, guilty as we are, deserving of punishment as we are, we may yet obtain pardon and forgiveness, a remission of penalties, and a restoration to privileges.

This doctrine is asserted in Deut. iv. 31; Exod. xx. 6; Ps. cxvi. 5; Jonah iv. 2; Ps. xxv. 10; cxxxvi.; Exod. xxxiv. 6, 7; Ps. ciii. 8—11.

It is explained and illustrated in Lam. iii. 22; Ps. cxxx. 3, 4; xxxii. 1, 2; Gen. xviii. 23—33; Jonah iii. 10; Luke xv. 11—32; Rom. v. 6—8; 2 Cor. v. 21.

It is applied by way of encouragement in Joel ii. 13, 14; Matt. v. 7; Rom. xii. 1; Ps. vi. 4; Neh. xiii. 22.

THE SAYINGS OF THE WISE.

TENTH CLUSTER.

91. The promises of God belong only to the children of God.

92. Intellect oft arrays itself against God, and claims freedom of thought, and in that freedom it cavils at the way of life as recorded in the Scriptures. Be it known to intelligent man, that if he, by the power of thought, can conceive a plan by which a sinner can be forgiven, and all the attributes of God continue uninjured, by that plan he himself may be saved, but that very plan will be the mode of redemption exhibited in the Gospel.

93. God has not lost his right to command because we have lost our power to obey.

94. Obedience to our Lord's commands is the test of our love to him.

95. As an encouragement to ask largely at the hands of God, in the hour of need, we ought to bear in remembrance that Abraham, when pleading for the guilty cities, left off asking before God left off granting.

96. We must honour God actively, by doing; and passively, by suffering.

97. We have more to do with God every hour of our lives than we have to do with the world through the whole of our existence.

98. Of the three Christian graces, faith, hope, and love, two are mortal, and one is immortal. Faith and hope are not needful in heaven, and they are not permitted in hell. They are our friends in this life, but

have no connection with the next; but love is eternal, and dwells in the hearts of the redeemed. Love is immortal, for God himself is love.

99. Where "godliness is gain," there gain will be godliness. If the latter be neglected, the former will not continue.

100. There are persons who seem to believe that the Scriptures will only be found to be true in proportion as they believe them.

ANTIQUITY OF THE GOSPEL.

CHRIST is, in Genesis, Abraham's seed; in David's Psalms and the Prophets, the Messiah and Redeemer of the world. Observe, the antiquity of the Gospel is made manifest by the Scriptures of the prophets. It was of as ancient date as any prophecy; the first prophecy was nothing else but a Gospel charter; it was not made at the incarnation of Christ, but was then made manifest. It then rose up to its meridian lustre, and sprung out of the clouds wherewith it was before obscured. The Gospel was preached to the ancients by the prophets, as well as to the Gentiles by the apostles. How great is the goodness of God! The borders of grace are enlarged to the Gentiles, and not hid under the skirts of the Jews. He that was so long the God of the Jews is now also manifest to be the God of the Gentiles; now he hath manifested himself a God of truth, mindful of his promise in blessing all nations of the seed of Abraham; and that grace that sounded in the Gentiles' ears hath bent many of their hearts to the obedience of Christ.

"HE CARETH FOR YOU."

OPRESSED with care and anxiety, I returned from a walk round my farm, saddened and depressed by the aspect the continued wet weather was impressing upon all around. My little child, with a face radiant with happy content, was crowing with delight, and suggested the remark to a friend who shared my anxiety, that he had not seen so pleasant a face for many a day. "Ah! she has some one to care for her," was my gloomy and murmuring reply. "And is there no one to care for thee?" a voice within me seemed to inquire. "Look back upon thy course; hast thou not been often comforted in trouble, and often delivered? And thy God is still the same; 'He careth for thee.' 'Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee.'"

PRAYER BY ST. JEROME.

LORD, suffer me not, I beseech thee, to satisfy myself with this, that I have once made some show of humiliation and sorrow for my falls, but grant I may increase in the performance of these duties, and may every day run and enlarge my repentance for particular slips, growing still into a deeper detestation of my sins, and desiring with more and more earnestness

and striving to be renewed in the spirit of my mind, that so being cleansed from all filthiness, both of the flesh and spirit, I may grow up unto full holiness in thy fear, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

The Editor and his Friends.

EDITORIAL CONVERSATIONS WITH A. R. H., S. E., B. T., X. Q. L., AMICUS, A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT, AND OTHERS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

F. If man is unwilling or morally unable to change, or to desire a change of heart, how can he be a free agent?

ED. There is a *physical* inability and a *moral* inability. The physical inability destroys a man's free agency, and the man is exempt from censure; the moral inability does not destroy his free agency, nor does it free him from guilt, but constitutes a portion of his guilt; for this moral disinclination or inability to do that which is right has been, to a great extent, produced by the sinful use of his own free agency. To remove this inability to obey, Divine aid is promised; but men too often, in the exercise of their free agency, disregard the proffered aid, and seek their consolations from other sources. The excuse that constitutes a good defence when it is correctly applied to *physical* inability, is erroneously extended to *moral* inability, and in such cases it constitutes only a fallacious defence. To deny the free agency of man in moral matters would be to make God the author of sin, and man would cease to be an accountable being. If men are not free agents, there can be no virtue, there can be no vice. Why, then, for transgressions are men punished by the laws of the realm? We therefore arrive at the conclusion that man is a free agent.

F. A clergyman, in his sermon, stated that "our Saviour was born without the capability of sinning." Is this a correct statement?

ED. We wish the worthy divine had borne in remembrance the saying of the prudent Grecian, "If what is to the purpose I cannot say, what is not to the purpose I will not say." We regard such uncalled-for assertions as denoting want of consideration. Is it not an abuse of our reasoning powers, and of our right of private judgment, to expend time and energy in discussing subjects like these? If a scoffer were to hear this statement, he would say, When our Lord was tempted to hurl himself from the pinnacle of the Temple, was he unable to throw himself down? When advised to create bread to satisfy his hunger, had he not the power? When entreated to forego his sufferings, could he not comply? Was Satan, who is wiser than any of the human race, so unwise as to spend his efforts for impossibilities? Is there any merit in resistance when there can be no yielding? Is there any trial in temptation, when it can never lead to wrong, in thought, word, or deed? Was it of any avail that the Holy Spirit should lead the Saviour into the wilderness to be tempted, when there could be no conflict? Was Christ tempted in all points like as we are, when he had no

capability of sinning? If the reply be, It was a moral impossibility, he would answer, What is a moral impossibility? I know what is meant by a mathematical impossibility, for I cannot inclose a space in any two straight lines, nor can I make any two sides of a triangle together less than the third. I know what is meant by a physical impossibility; I cannot bear upon my shoulders the weight of one hundred tons. All this I understand; but a moral impossibility is only a very high degree of improbability. "It is," says an eminent writer, "possible to the best man to violate every rule of morality; since, if it were out of his power to act so if he chose it, there would be no moral goodness in the case; though we are quite sure that such never will be his choice." The ablest logician of the present day thus argues: "If we say that a Being of perfect goodness 'cannot' act wrong, we do not mean that it is out of his power, since that would imply no goodness of character; but we mean that there is sufficient reason for feeling sure that he will not." A Being of perfect holiness, we are certain, will not sin; still, we are of opinion that the sinless nature of our spotless Redeemer ought not to be expressed in the words quoted by our correspondent.

F. "Ye shall be as gods, knowing good and evil."—Gen. iii. 5.

ED. The passage may be rendered, "Ye shall be as God;" that is, as God in happiness, and also in knowledge. At present you have only an imperfect notion of evil; you shall then have a knowledge of all that constitutes goodness, and shall be able fully to comprehend the nature of evil. Our parents listened to the tempter, and learned the knowledge of good by the good they lost, and the knowledge of evil by the remorse and sufferings which they afterwards endured.

F. Is the divine and human nature of Christ always united?

ED. Yes; always.

ED. A. R. H. asks a question respecting a well-known poem. It is not within the duties we assign to ourselves in this place to give opinions respecting books. Our correspondent can judge for himself, by comparing the passages which he deems to be unsound with those portions of Scripture which relate to the same subject.

TO A SUNDAY-SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENT.

F. I have a large class of Sunday-school teachers; they are well-instructed, and many of them are grown up; they meet at stated times as a Bible-class. What is the best mode that I can adopt to keep them together, and to satisfy their desire for instruction?

ED. By feeding them with food convenient for them. The instructions should be of a devout and spiritual character, and be carried on with system. You must seek so to teach them that they may be enabled to teach others. We offer you the advice that is given to pastors:—

1. Understand the chapter. If you are able, always refer to the original, and take care to read the context. Avoid a display of learning. Criticise in your own room; teach in the class-room.

2. In choosing your subjects, take heed to dwell on man's ruin, his redemption, and his renewal by the Holy Spirit. Keep in view three things—viz., doctrine, ex-

perience, and practice. Teach evangelical truths, so as to lead to practice; and take due care that practical truths spring from evangelical doctrines.

3. Exalt the Saviour, abase the sinner, and honour the Holy Ghost. Remember your Master; seek his glory, not your own.

4. Speak in short sentences; avoid parentheses, and use plain words. Have your subject well up in head and heart. When speaking, do not keep your eyes on your book; express yourself in natural tones, with gravity, solemnity, gentle authority, and, above all, with loving earnestness and affectionate tenderness.

5. Remember that you teach not only to explain the Bible, but to save souls. Apply the subject pointedly to the hearts and consciences of your pupils. Rebuke boldly, warn lovingly, and encourage heartily.

6. Address different classes—the undecided, the penitent, and the pious. Put questions solemnly, and give ardent and touching exhortations.

7. Teach as in the sight of God. Remember you must soon meet your scholars at the judgment-seat. Your reward does not depend on your success, but on your labour.

8. Pray much in your chamber. Go from your knees to the class-room; and, after teaching, pray with special reference to what you have taught.

9. A teacher must exercise piety, patience, and self-denial. He must work and wait.

10. Teach by your life. Walk closely with God, and let the salvation of souls be near your heart. Time is short, life uncertain, eternity near; and the blessing of the Most High awaits the faithful.

Practise these ten rules, and you will never want pupils to teach, nor souls to bless you.

Youths' Department.

CATCHING A CAYMAN.

A VISITOR in the Philippine Islands communicates the following account of the cayman, and how to catch him, which will be read with great interest by our young friends. We may premise that the Egyptian method of catching the crocodile is much simpler, while there is much more excitement in it. The people of the Nile make some animal cry on the banks of the river. This probably brings a crocodile to the shore, when the sportsman thrusts a plank or pole into his open jaws; the animal snaps his teeth into the wood, and thus fixes them, while the sportsman leaps on his back, and strikes his weapon into the more tender and exposed parts of his body.

"At the period at which I first occupied my habitation, and began to colonise the village of Jala-Jala, caymans, a species of alligator, abounded on that side of the lake. From my windows I daily saw them sporting in the water, and waylaying and snapping at the dogs that ventured too near the brink. One day a female servant of my wife, having been so imprudent as to bathe at the edge of the lake, was surprised by one of them, a monster of enormous size.

"One of my guards came up at the moment she was being carried off; he fired his musket at the rapacious animal, and hit it under the foreleg or arm-

pit, which is the only vulnerable part. But the wound was insufficient to check the cayman's progress, and it disappeared with its unfortunate victim. Nevertheless, this very small hole was the cause of its death; and here it is to be observed that the slightest wound received by the cayman is incurable.

"The shrimps, which abound in the lake, get into the orifice; gradually their number increases, until at last they penetrate deep into the solid flesh, and into the very interior of the body. This is what happened to the one which devoured my wife's maid. A month after the frightful occurrence, the cayman was found dead upon the bank, five or six leagues from my house. Some Indians brought back to me the unfortunate woman's ear-rings, which they had found in the monster's stomach.

"I was curious to obtain a near view of one of these voracious animals; and at the time when they frequented the vicinity of my house, I made several attempts to accomplish my wishes. One night I baited a huge hook, secured by a chain and strong cord, with an entire sheep. Next morning sheep and chain had disappeared. I lay in wait for the creatures with my gun, but the bullets rebounded, half flattened upon their scales, without doing them the slightest injury.

"On an evening that a large dog of mine had died belonging to a race peculiar to the Philippines, and exceeding in size any of the canine species of Europe, I had his carcase dragged to the shore of the lake, and hid myself in a little thicket, with my gun ready cocked, in the event of any cayman presenting itself to carry off the bait. Presently I fell asleep; when I awoke the dog had disappeared, the cayman, luckily for me, not mistaking his prey.

"In the course of a few years' time these monsters had disappeared from the environs of Jala-Jala; but one morning, when out with my shepherds, at some leagues' distance from my house, we came to a river, which could only be crossed by swimming. One of my people said to me, 'Massa, the water is deep here, and we are in the courses where the caymans abound; an accident soon happens; let us try further up the river, and pass over in a shallower spot.'

"We were about to follow this advice, when another man, more rash than his comrades, said, 'I'm not afraid of caymans,' and spurred his horse into the stream. He had scarcely got half-way across, when we perceived a monstrous cayman rise and advance to meet him. We uttered a warning shout; the Indian himself perceived the danger, threw himself from his horse, and swam for the bank with all his strength. He had already reached it, but imprudently stopped behind the trunk of a tree that had been felled by the force of the current, and where he had the water up to his knees. Believing himself secure, he drew his cutlass, and watched the movements of the cayman, which meanwhile had reached the horse just as the Indian quitted the animal. Rearing his enormous head out of the water, the monster threw himself upon the steed and seized him by the saddle. The horse made a violent effort, the girths broke, and thus enabled him to reach the shore. Soon, however, finding that his prey had escaped, the cayman dropped the saddle, and made towards the Indian.

"We perceived this movement, and quickly cried out, 'Run, run, or the cayman will have you!' The Indian, however, would not stir, but calmly waited,

cutlass in hand. The monster advanced towards him; the Indian struck him a blow on the head, which took no more effect than a flip of the fingers would have done on the horns of a bull. The cayman made a spring, seized him by one of his thighs, and for more than a minute we beheld my poor shepherd, his body erect above the surface of the water, his hands joined, his eyes turned towards heaven, in the attitude of a man imploring Divine mercy, dragged back again into the lake. The dreadful scene was soon over, the cayman's stomach was his tomb. During these agonising moments, we all remained silent; but no sooner had my poor shepherd disappeared than we all sought to secure the monster.

"I caused to be made three nets of strong cords, each of which nets was large enough to form a complete barrier across the river. I also had a hut built, and put an Indian to live in it, whose duty was to keep constant watch, and to let me know as soon as the cayman returned to the river. He watched in vain for upwards of two months; but at the end of that time he came and told me that the monster had seized a horse, and had dragged it into the river to devour at leisure. I immediately repaired to the spot, accompanied by my guards, and by my priest, who positively would see a cayman hunt, and by a friend of mine, a Mr. Russell, who was then staying with me. I had the nets spread at intervals, so that the cayman could not escape back into the lake. This operation was not effected without some acts of imprudence; thus, for instance, when the nets were arranged, an Indian dived to make sure that they were at the bottom, and that our enemy could not escape by passing below them. But it might very well have happened that the cayman was in the interval between the nets, and so have gobbled up my Indian. Fortunately everything passed off as we wished. When all was ready, I launched three canoes strongly fastened together, side by side, with some Indians in the centre, armed with lances, and with long bamboos, with which they could touch the bottom. At last all measures having been taken to attain my end, without risk of accident, my Indians began to explore the river with their long bamboos.

"An animal so formidable in size as the one we were in search of could not hide himself very easily, and we soon beheld him on the surface of the river, lashing the water with his long tail, snapping and chattering with his jaws, and endeavouring to get at those who disturbed him in his retreat.

"A universal shout of joy greeted his appearance; the Indians in the canoes hurled their lances at him, whilst we, from both the shores of the lake, fired a volley. The bullets rebounded from the monster's scales, which they were unable to penetrate; the keener lances made their way between the scales, and entered into the cayman's body some eight or ten inches. Thereupon he disappeared, swimming with incredible rapidity, and reached the first net. The resistance it opposed turned him back; he re-ascended the river, and again appeared on the top of the water. The violent movement broke the staves of the lances which the Indians had stuck into him, and the iron alone remained in the wounds. Each time that he re-appeared the firing commenced, and fresh lances were plunged into his enormous body.

"Perceiving, however, how ineffectual fire-arms were to pierce his cuirass of invulnerable scales, I excited him by my shouts and gestures; and when he came to the edge of the water, opening his enormous jaws all ready to devour me, I approached with the muzzle of my gun to within a few inches, and fired both barrels, in the hope that the bullets would find something softer than scales in the interior of that formidable cavern, and that they would penetrate to his brain. All was futile. The jaws closed with a terrible noise, seizing only the fire and smoke that issued from my gun, and the balls flattened against his bones without injuring them. The animal, which had now become furious, made inconceivable efforts to seize one of his enemies; his strength seemed to increase rather than diminish, whilst our resources were nearly exhausted.

"Almost all our lances were sticking in his body, and our ammunition drew to an end. The fight had lasted more than six hours, without any result that could make us hope for its speedy termination, when an Indian struck the cayman, whilst at the bottom of the water, with a lance of unusual strength and size. Another Indian, at his comrade's request, struck two vigorous blows with a mace upon the butt-end of the lance; the iron entered deep into the animal's body, and immediately, with a movement as swift as lightning, he darted towards the nets and disappeared. The lance pole, detached from the iron head, returned to the surface of the water.

"For some minutes we waited in vain for the monster's re-appearance; we thought that his last effort had enabled him to reach the lake, and that our chase would result fruitlessly. We hauled in the first net, a large hole in which convinced us that our supposition was correct. The second net was in the same condition as the first. Disheartened by our failure, we were hauling in the third, when we felt a strong resistance. Several of the Indians began to drag it towards the bank, and presently, to our great joy, we saw the cayman upon the surface of the water. He was expiring. We threw over him several lassoes of strong cords, and when he was well secured we drew him to land. It was no easy matter to haul him up on the bank: the strength of forty Indians hardly sufficed. When at last we had got him completely out of the water, and had him before our eyes, we stood stupefied with astonishment, for it was a very different thing to see his body thus, and to see him swimming, when he was fighting against us. Mr. Russell, a very competent person, was charged with his measurement. From the extremity of his nostrils to the tip of his tail he was found to be twenty-seven feet long, and his circumference was eleven feet, measured under the arm-pits. The lower part of the body was much more voluminous. This process being at an end, we took counsel as to what we should do with the dead cayman. Every one gave his opinion. My wish was to convey it bodily to my residence; but that was impossible: it would have required a vessel of five or six tons' burden, and we could not procure such a craft. One man wanted the skin; the Indians begged for the flesh, to dry it, and use it as a specific against asthma. They affirm that any asthmatic person who nourishes himself for a certain time with this flesh, is infallibly cured. Somebody else desired to have the fat, as an antidote to

rheumatic pains; and, finally, my priest demanded that the stomach should be opened, in order to ascertain how many Christians the monster had devoured. Every time, he said, that a cayman eats a Christian, he swallows a large pebble; thus the number of pebbles we should find in him would positively indicate the number of the faithful to whom his enormous stomach had afforded sepulture. To satisfy everybody, I sent for an axe, wherewith to cut off the head, which I reserved for myself, abandoning the rest of the carcass to all who had taken part in the capture. It was no easy matter to decapitate the monster. The axe buried itself in the flesh to half-way up the handle without reaching the bone. At last, after many efforts, we succeeded in getting the head off; then we opened the stomach, and took out of it, by fragments, the horse which had been devoured by the monster that morning. The cayman does not masticate: he snaps off a huge lump with his teeth, and swallows it entire. Thus we found the whole of the horse divided only into seven or eight pieces. Then we came to about one hundred and fifty pounds' weight of pebbles, varying from the size of a fist to that of a walnut. When the simple-minded priest saw this great quantity of stones, 'It is a mere tale; it is impossible,' he said, 'that this animal could have devoured so great a number of Christians.' In this opinion we all agreed.

"I found all my bullets, which had become flattened against the bones of the jaws and palate, as they would have done against a plate of iron. The lance-thrust which had slain the cayman was a chance—a sort of miracle. When the Indian struck with his mace upon the butt-end of the pole, the iron pierced through the nape into the vertebral column, and penetrated the spinal marrow, the only vulnerable part. The head of this monstrous creature weighed four hundred and fifty pounds; and, seeing the amount of peril and of toil that we had endured for so many hours, we certainly felt no desire ever again to take a cayman; but we hope the account of our adventures has pleased our friends."

THE COTTON FAMINE.

Our friends who forward contributions for the Lancashire Fund, unaccompanied by a bill, will oblige us by stating in which of our periodicals they wish the acknowledgments to appear.

We have the pleasure to acknowledge the following further sums:—

Amount already acknowledged ... £659 17 11		£	s.	d.
Wm. Usher (acknowledged as ss., in error)	0	0	7	
Wm. Usher	0	3	0	
P. S. Truro	0	7	0	
M. Exell	0	3	6	
Ida Frances A. South	0	2	0	
Molton	0	2	0	
A Poor Man, by Miss G.	0	10	0	
E. Dunsford, Devonport	0	10	0	
J. High	0	2	0	
Romford Wesleyan Sunday-School, per E. C.	1	1	11	
E. Kenble	0	2	6	
E. Williams	0	8	4	
R. Lapham	0	0	0	
Boys of the St. Thomas's Sunday-School, per R.	0	3	0	
Nix	0	3	0	
H. C.	0	2	6	
P. B. W. R.	0	12	6	
Geo. McNaughton	0	1	6	
Richard Horne	0	0	4	
W. F. Jun, Brynmawr	0	3	0	
J. Glover	0	11	0	
C. E. T. Woburn	0	2	6	
S. B. Bartter	0	16	8	
Total	£688	0	8	

God says to his children, You shall not must suffer on earth; therefore, suffer gladly.

SQUIRE TREVLYN'S HEIR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE CHANNINGS," "MRS. HALLIDAY'S TROUBLES," ETC.

CHAPTER XIII.

EMANCIPATION.

It was a gloomy November day, and the tall chimneys of Barmester rose dark, and dull, and dismal against the outlines of the grey sky. The previous night had been a hopelessly wet one, and the mud in the streets was ankle-deep. By the aspect of the clouds, the rain, which had ceased since the morning, might be expected soon to descend again; and people who had no urgent occasion to be abroad drew closer to their comfortable firesides, and wished the dreary month of November was over.

One there stood at the door of a shop, gazing abstractedly at the few passengers in the streets: a slender, handsome boy, with earnest eyes and dark chestnut hair. He apparently belonged to the establishment, for he wore no hat, and his sojourn at the door seemed but a snatched one. Belonging to it? Ay! Ere the stroke of another hour should have been told on the dial of the church clocks of Barmester, he would be bound to that house by an irrevocable bond—have become as much a part and parcel of it as the silks that were displayed in its windows, as the shawls which exhibited themselves in all their gay and gaudy colours. As he stood there, the boy, he was feeling that no fate on earth was ever so hopelessly dark as his: he was feeling that he had no friend either in earth or heaven.

One, two; three, four! chimed out over the town through the leaden atmosphere. Half-past eleven! It was the hour fixed for the signing of the indentures which would bind him to servitude for years; and he, George Ryle, looked to the extremity of the street, expecting the appearance of Mr. Chattaway.

Considering the manner in which Mr. Chattaway had urged the binding on, George had thought he would be half an hour before the hour, rather than five minutes beyond it. He looked to the extremity of the street, yet at the same time dreading the sight he sought for.

"George Ryle!" The call came ringing on his ears in a sharp, imperative tone, and he turned in, in obedience to it. He was told to "measure those trimmings, and card them."

An apparently interminable task. About fifty pieces of ribbon-trimmings, some scores of yards in each piece, all off their cards. George sighed as he singled out one and began upon it—he was terribly awkward at the work.

It advanced slowly. In addition to the inaptitude of his fingers for the task, to his intense natural distaste of it—and so intense was that distaste, that the ribbons felt as if they burnt his fingers—in addition to this, there were frequent interruptions. Any of the shopmen who wanted help called to George Ryle; and once he was told to open the door for a lady who was departing. On that cold, gloomy day, the doors were kept shut.

As she walked away, George leaned out, and took another gaze. Mr. Chattaway was not in sight. The clocks were then striking the quarter to twelve. A feeling of something like hope, but vague and faint, and

terribly unreal, dawned over his heart. Could the delay augur good for him?—was it possible that there could be any change?

How unreal it was, the next moment proved to him. There came round that far corner a horseman at a hand-gallop, his horse's hoofs scattering the mud in all directions. It was Mr. Chattaway. He reined-up at the private door of Wall and Barnes, dismounted, and consigned his horse to his groom, who had followed at the same pace, splashing the mud also. The false, faint hope was over; and George walked back to his cards and his trimmings, like one from whom the spirit has gone out.

A message was brought to him almost immediately by one of the house servants: Squire Chattaway waited in the drawing-room. Squire Chattaway had sent the message himself—the words were his—not to George; to Mr. Wall. But Mr. Wall was engaged at the moment with a gentleman, and he sent the message on to George. George went up-stairs.

Mr. Chattaway, in his top boots and spurs, stood warming his hands over the fire. He had not removed his hat. When the door opened, he raised his hand to do so; but seeing it was only George who entered, he left it on. He was much given to the old-fashioned use of boots and spurs when he rode abroad.

"Well, George, how are you?"

George went up to the fire-place. On the centre table, as he passed it, lay an official-looking parchment rolled up, a large inkstand with writing materials by its side. George had not the least doubt that the parchment was no other than that formidable document, yclept Indentures.

Mr. Chattaway had taken up the same view. He extended his riding-whip towards the parchment, and spoke in a significant tone, turning his eye on George.

"Ready?"

"It is no use attempting to be otherwise," said George.

"I would rather you had forced me to be one of the lowest boys in your coal mines, Mr. Chattaway."

"What's this?" asked Mr. Chattaway.

He was pointing now to the upper part of the sleeve of George's jacket. Some ravellings of cotton had collected there unnoticed. George took them off, and put them on the fire.

"It is only a mark of my trade, Mr. Chattaway."

Whether Mr. Chattaway detected the bitterness of the words—not the bitterness of sarcasm, but of despair—cannot be told. He laughed pleasantly, and before the laugh was over Mr. Wall came in. Mr. Chattaway removed his hat now, and laid it with his riding-whip, alongside of the indentures.

"I am later than I ought to be," observed Mr. Chattaway, as they shook hands. "The fact is, I was on the point of starting, when my manager at the colliery came up. His business was important, and it kept me the best part of an hour."

"Plenty of time; plenty of time," said Mr. Wall.

"Take a seat."

They sat down near the table. George, apparently unnoticed, remained standing on the hearthrug. A few minutes were spent conversing on different subjects, and then Mr. Chattaway turned to the parchment.

"These are the indentures, I presume?"

"Yes."

"I called on Mrs. Ryle last evening. She requested me to say that should her signature be required, as the boy's nearest relative and guardian—as his only parent, it may be said, in fact—she should be ready to affix it at any given time."

"It will not be required," replied Mr. Wall, in a clear voice. "I shall not take George Ryle as an apprentice."

A stolid look of surprise struggled to Mr. Chattaway's leaden face. At first, he scarcely seemed to take in the full meaning of the words. "Not take him?" He rejoined, staring helplessly.

"No. It is a pity these were made out," continued Mr. Wall, taking the indentures in his hand. "It has been so much time and paper wasted. However, that is not of great consequence. I will be at the loss, as the refusal comes from my side."

Mr. Chattaway found his tongue—found it volubly. "Won't he do? Is he not suitable? I—I—don't understand this."

"Not at all suitable, in my opinion," answered Mr. Wall.

Mr. Chattaway turned sharply upon George, a strangely evil look in his dull grey eye, an ominous twist in his thin, dry lip. Mr. Wall likewise turned; but on his face there was a reassuring smile.

And George? George stood there like one in a dream; his face changing to perplexity, his eyes strained to wonder, his fingers intertwined with the nervous grasp of emotion.

"What have you been guilty of, sir, to cause this change of intentions?" shouted Mr. Chattaway.

"He has not been guilty at all," interposed Mr. Wall, who appeared to be enjoying a smile at George's bewildered astonishment and Mr. Chattaway's discomfiture. "Don't blame the boy."

"But I will blame him; I must blame him," reiterated Mr. Chattaway. "The refusal to take him emanates from some defect in his conduct, I am certain. Only on Saturday last did you not tell me you were pleased with him; would apprentice him?"

"I did. I meant then to do so."

"Yes. And some villany on his part has frustrated it. I hope Mrs. Ryle will have him flogged within an ace of his life."

"Tush, tush, tush! the boy has done no wrong, I say," impatiently interrupted Mr. Wall, a dash of reproof in his tone. "So far as I know and believe, he has striven to do his best up to this hour, ever since he has been here."

"Then why won't you take him? You will take him," added Mr. Chattaway, in a more agreeable voice, as the idea dawned upon him that Mr. Wall had been joking.

"Indeed, I will not. If you or Mrs. Ryle offered me £1,000 premium with him, I should not take him."

Mr. Chattaway's small eyes opened to their utmost width. "And why would you not?"

"Because, knowing what I know now, I believe that I should be committing an injustice upon the boy; an injustice which nothing could repair. To condemn a

youth to pass the best years of his life at an uncongenial pursuit, to make that pursuit his calling, is a cruel injustice, wherever it is knowingly inflicted. I myself was a victim to it."

Speech did not come quickly to Mr. Chattaway in answer to this. It may be that he was at a loss what to say, and he waited for further elucidation. Mr. Wall beckoned George to him, and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"My boy, you have a marked distaste to the silk mercery business. Is it not so? Speak out fearlessly. Don't regard me as your master—I shall never be that, you hear—but as your friend."

"Yes, I have," replied George.

"You think it a cruel piece of injustice to have put you to it: you shall never more feel an interest in life; you'd as soon be with poor Mr. Ryle in his coffin! And when you are out of your time, you mean to start for India or some out-of-the-world place, and begin life afresh!"

George was too much confused to answer. His face turned scarlet.

"You are wondering whether I possess the gift of second sight, young gentleman—to say second hearing would be more appropriate. I was at my desk behind the shawls last Monday afternoon, and heard your colloquy with some visitor whom you called Nora."

"Oh!" involuntarily uttered George. But his voice was drowned by Mr. Chattaway.

"What did he say?" burst from that gentleman, eagerly. "I shall repeat it to Mrs. Ryle."

"He said quite enough to convince me that this business was especially repugnant to him, and that he would not be likely to overcome the repugnance. But he said nothing that need bring him under Mrs. Ryle's displeasure, for he expressed his determination to do his duty in it to the utmost of his power. Mr. Chattaway, when a boy evinces a marked distaste to any particular trade or calling, I deem that it should be avoided for him. To place him at it does not afford fair play to himself or to his talents."

Mr. Chattaway was looking red and angry. When his face did turn red, it presented a charming hue of brick-dust, garnished with yellow. "It is only scamps who take a dislike to what they are put to," he exclaimed. And their dislike is all pretence."

"I differ from you in both propositions," replied Mr. Wall. "At any rate, I do not think it the case with your nephew."

Mr. Chattaway's brick-dust deepened to salmon colour. "He is no nephew of mine. What next, Wall?"

"Never mind; your step-nephew, let us say," equally rejoined Mr. Wall. "You remember when we left school together, you and I, and began to turn out thoughts to the business of life? Your father wished you to go into the bank as clerk; you know; and mine—"

"But he did not get his wish, more's the luck," again interposed Mr. Chattaway, not pleased at the allusion. "A poor start in life that would have been for the future acquire of Trevyn Hold."

"Pooh!" rejoined Mr. Wall, in a good-tempered, matter-of-fact tone. "You did not look forward then,

or your father, for you to be exalted to Trevelyn Hold. Nonsense, Chattaway! We are old friends, you know. But, let me continue. When I heard this boy's conversation with his visitor Nora, it seemed to bring my own early life back to me. With every word that he spoke, I had a fellow feeling. My father insisted that I should follow the same business that he was in; this, he carried on a successful trade for years, in this very house; and nothing would do but I must succeed him in it. In vain I urged my repugnance to it, my dislike; in vain I said I had formed other views for myself; I was not listened to. In those days it was not the fashion for sons to run counter to their fathers' will; at least, such was my experience; and into the business I came. I have reconciled myself to it by dint of time and habit; liked it, I never have; and I have always felt that it was—as I heard this boy express it—a cruel wrong to force me into it. You cannot, therefore, be surprised that I decline so to force another. I will never do it knowingly."

"You decline absolutely to take him?" asked Mr. Chattaway.

"Absolutely and positively. He can remain in the house a few days longer if it will suit his convenience, or he can leave to-day. I am not displeased with you," added Mr. Wall, turning to George and holding out his hand. "We shall part good friends."

George seized it, grasped it, his countenance glowing, a whole world of gratitude shining forth from his eyes as he lifted them to Mr. Wall. "I shall always think you have been the best friend I ever had, sir, next to my father."

"I hope it will prove so, George. I hope you will find some pursuit in life more congenial to you than this."

Mr. Chattaway took his hat and his whip from the table. "This will be fine news for your mother, sir!" cried he severely to George.

"It may turn out well for her," replied George, boldly. "My belief is, that the firm never would have got along with John Pinder for its manager."

"You think you would make a better?" said Mr. Chattaway, his thin lip curling.

"I can be true to her at any rate," said George. "And I can have my eyes about me."

"Good morning," resumed Mr. Chattaway to Mr. Wall, putting out unwillingly the tips of two of his fingers.

Mr. Wall laughed as he grasped them. "I do not see why you should be vexed, Mr. Chattaway. The boy is no son of yours. For myself, all I can say is, that I have been actuated by motives of regard for his interest."

"It remains to be proved whether it will be for his interest," coldly rejoined Mr. Chattaway. "Were I his mother, and this check were dealt out to me, I should send him off to break stones on the road. Good morning, Wall. And I beg you will not bring me here again upon a fool's errand."

George went into the shop, to get from it some few personal trifles that he had left there. He deemed it well to depart at once, and carry, himself, the news home to Mrs. Ryle. The cards and trimmings lay in

the unfinished state that he had left them. What a change, that moment add this! One or two of the employes noticed his radiant countenance.

"Has anything happened?" they asked.

"Yes," answered George. "I have been suddenly lifted into elysium."

He started on his way, leaving his things to be sent after him. His footsteps scarcely touched the ground. Not a rough ridge of the road, felt he; not a sharp stone; not a hill; it seemed like a smooth, soft bowling green. Only when he turned in at the gate did he remember that there was his mother's displeasure to be met and grappled with.

Nora gave a shiver when he entered the house. "George! whatever brings you here?"

"Where's mamma?" was George's only answer.

"She's in the best parlour," said Nora. "And I can tell you that she's not in the best of humours just now, so I'd advise you not to go in."

"What about?" asked George, taking it for granted that she had heard the news of himself, and that that was the grievance. But he was agreeably undeceived.

"It's about John Pinder. He has been having two of the meads ploughed up, and he never asked the missis first. She is angry."

"Has Chattaway been here to see mamma, Nora?"

"He came up here on horseback in a desperate hurry half-an-hour ago; but she was out on the farm, so he said he'd call again. It was through her going abroad this morning that she discovered what they were about with the fields. She says she thinks John Pinder must be going out of his mind; to take things upon himself, in the way he is doing."

George bent his steps to the drawing-room. Mrs. Ryle was seated before her desk, writing a note. Her face was strangely resolute and severe, as it looked up at George from the white lappets of her widow's cap. Astonishment rose to her face.

"I was writing to you," she said. "That is, I was writing to Mr. Wall; and Roger is now saddling the horse to gallop with the note into Barnister. Are your indentures signed, George?"

"No."

"That is well. This note was to stop it if in time; to say, if not in time, that they must be cancelled. I find that I must have you at home, George; if it is only for the one sole purpose of looking after John Pinder."

A glow came over George's face, as it had done when he heard that recent decision fall from the lips of his late master. *How things seemed to have worked round for him!* for his wishes; for the defeat of Chattaway. He sat down, and quietly imparted to Mrs. Ryle the occurrences of the morning.

"It is well," was her brief comment. "Roger can put up the horse."

"Mamma," said George, "will you be angry if I tell you something that has struck me in all this?"

"Tell it," said Mrs. Ryle.

"I feel quite certain that Chattaway has been acting with a motive; that he has some private reason for wishing to get me away from home. That's what he has been working for; otherwise he would never have troubled himself about me. It is not in his nature."

Mrs. Ryle gazed at George steadfastly, as if weighing his words, and presently knitted her brow. George could read her countenance tolerably well. He felt sure she had arrived at a similar conclusion, and that it irritated her. He resumed.

"It looks bad for you, mamma; but you must not think I say this selfishly. Twenty times I have asked myself the question, Why does he wish me away? And I can only think that he would like the farm to go to rack and ruin, so that you may be driven off it."

"Nonsense, George."

"Well, I can't tell what else it can be."

"If so, he is defeated," said Mrs. Ryle. "You will take your place as master of the farm to-day, George, under me. Deferring to me in all things, you understand; giving no orders on your own responsibility, taking my pleasure upon the merest trifle."

"I should not think of doing otherwise," replied George. "I will do my best for you in all ways, mamma. You will soon see how useful I can be."

"Very well. But I may as well mention one thing to you. When Treve shall be old enough, it is he who will be the master here, and you must resign the place to him. It is not that I wish to set the younger of your father's sons unjustly above the head of the elder. This farm will be a living but for one of you; barely that; and I prefer that Treve should have it; he is my own son. We will endeavour to find a better farm for you, George, before that time shall come."

"Just as you please," said George, cheerfully. "Now that I am emancipated from that dreadful nightmare, my prospects look of a bright rose colour. I'll do the best I can on the farm, remembering that I do it for Treve's future benefit; not for mine. Something else will turn up for me, no doubt, before I'm ready for it."

"Which will not be for some years to come, George," said Mrs. Ryle, feeling pleased with the boy's cheerful, acquiescent spirit. "Treve will not be old enough for —"

Mrs. Ryle was interrupted. The room-door had opened, and there appeared Mr. Chattaway, showing himself in. Nora never affected to be too courteous to that gentleman; and on his coming to the house to ask for Mrs. Ryle a second time, she had curtly answered that Mrs. Ryle was in the best parlour (the more familiar name for the drawing-room in the farm-house), and allowed him to find his own way to it.

Mr. Chattaway looked surprised at seeing George; he had not bargained for his arriving at home so soon. Extending his hand towards him, he turned to Mrs. Ryle.

"There's a dutiful son for you! You hear what he has done?—that he is returned on your hands as a bale of worthless goods."

"Yes, I hear that Mr. Wall has declined to take him," was her composed answer. "It has happened for the best. When he arrived just now, I was writing to Mr. Wall, requesting that he might not be bound."

"And why?" asked Mr. Chattaway, in considerable amazement.

"I find that I am unable to do without him," said Mrs. Ryle, her tone harder and firmer than ever; her

eyes, stern and steady, thrown full on Chattaway. "I tried the experiment, and it has failed. I cannot do without one by my side devoted to my interests; and John Pinder cannot get along without a master."

"And do you think you'll find what you want in him!—in that inexperienced schoolboy?" burst forth Mr. Chattaway.

"I do," replied Mrs. Ryle, her tone so significantly decisive as to be almost offensive. "He takes his standing from this day, the master of Trevlyn Farm; subject only to me."

"I wish you joy of him!" angrily returned Chattaway. "But you must understand, Mrs. Ryle, that your having a boy at the head of affairs will oblige me to look more keenly after my interests."

"My arrangements with you are settled," she said. "So long as I fulfil my part, that is all that concerns you, James Chattaway."

"You'll not do it, if you put him at the head of things."

"When I fail, you can come here and tell me of it. Until then, I would prefer that you should not intrude on Trevlyn Farm."

She rang the bell violently as she spoke, and Molly, who was passing along the passage, immediately appeared, staring and wondering. Mrs. Ryle extended her hand imperiously, the fore-finger pointed out.

"The door for Mr. Chattaway."

CHAPTER XIV.

MADAM'S ROOM.

LEADING out of the dressing-room of Mrs. Chattaway was a moderate-sized, comfortable apartment, fitted up as a sitting-room, its hangings of chintz, and its furniture maple-wood. It was called in the household "Madam's room," and it was where Mrs. Chattaway frequently sat. Yes; the house and the neighbourhood accorded her readily the title which usage had long given to the mistress of Trevlyn Hold; she was the late squire's daughter, and they recognised it as her right; but they had not given the title of "Squire" to her husband. Nobody called him Squire Chattaway. Strive for it as he would, force his personal servants to observe the title as he did, he could not get it recognised or adopted. Even society—such society as the rustic spot furnished—would not give it him. When a written invitation came to the Hold—a rare event, for the good old-fashioned custom of inviting by word of mouth was mostly followed there—it would be worded, "Mr. and Madam Chattaway," and Chattaway's face turned green as he read it. No, never! He enjoyed the substantial good of being the proprietor of Trevlyn Hold, he received its revenues, he held sway as its lord and master; but its honours were not given to him—which was so much gall and wormwood to Chattaway.

The window of this sitting-room of Madam Chattaway's looked out to the front of the house. Through an opening of the trees it caught a view of the chimneys of the lodge. Mrs. Chattaway stood at this window on that dull morning in November mentioned in the last chapter, her eyes strained outwards. What was she gazing on? On those lodge chimneys?—on the dark and nearly bare trees that waved to and fro in the

winty wind?—on the extensive landscape stretching out in the distance, not fine to-day, but dull and cheerless?—or on the shifting clouds of the grey skies? Not on any of these; her eyes, though apparently bent on all, in reality saw none. They were fixed in vacancy, buried, like her thoughts, inwards.

She wore a muslin gown with dark purple spots upon it; her collar was fastened with a bow of black ribbon, her sleeves were confined with black ribbons at the wrist. She was passing a finger underneath one of these wrist-ribbons, round and round, as if the ribbon were tight; in point of fact, it was a proof of her abstraction, and she knew not that she was doing it. Her smooth hair fell in curls on her fair face, and her blue eyes were bright as with a slight touch of inward fever.

Some one opened the door, and peeped in. It was Maude Trevlyn. Her frock was of the same material as the gown of Mrs. Chattaway, and a sash of black ribbon encircled her waist. Mrs. Chattaway did not turn, and Maude came forward.

"Are you well to-day, Aunt Edith?"

"Not very, dear." Mrs. Chattaway took the pretty young head within her arm as she answered, and fondly stroked the bright curls. "You have been crying, Maude!"

Maude shook back her curls with a smile, as if she meant to be brave; to make light of the accusation. "They went on so shamefully, Aunt Edith, ridiculing George Ryle; and when I took his part, Cris hit me here"—pointing to the side of her face—"a sharp blow. It was stupid of me to cry, though."

"Cris did?" exclaimed Mrs. Chattaway.

"But I know I provoked him," candidly acknowledged Maude. "I'm afraid I got into a passion; and you know, Aunt Edith, I don't mind what I say when I do get into one. They vexed me so about George. It is bad enough for George to be placed as he is at Barmester, without their casting ridicule to him for it."

"Who has been casting it?" asked Mrs. Chattaway.

"Cris and Octave. They say they shall go into Barmester to-morrow, and buy a yard of everything there is to sell in the shop, that they may watch him serve it. It made me feel angry. I told Cris that he would be placed at something not half as good as that some time, for he'd want a living when Rupert came into Trevlyn Hold."

"Maude! Maude! hush!" exclaimed Mrs. Chattaway in a tone of terror. "You must not say that."

"I know I must not, Aunt Edith; I know it is wrong; wrong to think it, and foolish to say it. It was my temper. I am very sorry."

She nestled close to Mrs. Chattaway, caressing and penitent. Mrs. Chattaway stooped and kissed her, a strangely-marked expression of tribulation, of tribulation shrinking and hopeless, upon her countenance.

She quitted Maude, and sat down on her sofa near the fire, leaning her head on its cushion as if the day were all too weary. Maude followed, gentle and timid; she saw that her aunt was in pain either of body or mind.

"Shall I read to you, Aunt Edith?" she presently asked.

Mrs. Chattaway seized upon the proposition eagerly. "Yes, yes!" she cried, extending her feverish hands and taking up a book from the table. "Read there,"

she added, opening the book where a mark was placed. "I have need of some such comfort."

It was a religious work. And the page she pointed to enjoined in fervid language the absolute necessity of patient resignation under long-continued trouble. None could read it unmoved: it might bring comfort even to those sinking under the weight of despair. Mrs. Chattaway kept her face hidden as Maude read. At the end of the second page a different subject was entered upon, and Mrs. Chattaway signified to Maude that she had read enough.

"I have not seen the book before, Aunt Edith. Have you had it long?"

"I bought it the last time I went into Barmester," she answered, without raising her head.

"It seems a nice book, aunt."

Mrs. Chattaway rose her face then. She leaned forward, and grasped the hand of Maude. "Child! without such consolation to bear me up, I should sink; sink under my weight of care."

Maude felt awed; and somewhat puzzled. "What care, Aunt Edith? Is there care at Trevlyn Hold?" She looked around her as she put the question. The house was comfortable, the supplies were plentiful, the servants were sufficient; there was no work, no management, no anxiety on the shoulders of Mrs. Chattaway. Maude wonderingly repeated the question.

"What care, Aunt Edith?"

"There is a care of mind worse than that of body, Maude; inward trouble more wearing than outward. Sometimes I wonder why I am kept on earth."

"Oh, Aunt Edith! You—"

A knocking at the room door. It was followed by the entrance of the upper part of a female servant's face. She could not see Mrs. Chattaway; only Maude.

"Is Miss Diana here, Miss Maude?"

"No. Only Madam."

"What is it, Phoebe?" called out Mrs. Chattaway.

The girl came in now. "Master Cris wants to know if he can take out the gig, ma'am?"

"I cannot tell anything about it," said Mrs. Chattaway. "You must ask Miss Diana. Maude, see; that is your Aunt Diana's step on the stairs now."

Miss Trevlyn came in. "The gig?" she repeated. "No; Cris cannot take it. Go and tell him so, Maude. Phoebe, return to your work."

Maude ran away, and Phoebe went off grumbling, not aloud, but to herself; nobody dared grumble in the hearing of Miss Trevlyn. She had spoken in a sharp tone to Phoebe, and the girl did not like sharp tones when addressed to herself. As Miss Trevlyn sat down opposite Mrs. Chattaway, the feverish state of that lady's countenance struck upon her attention.

"What is the matter, Edith?"

Mrs. Chattaway buried her elbow on the sofa-cushion, and pressed her hand on her face, half covering it, before she spoke. "I cannot get over this business," she answered in a low tone. "To-day—perhaps naturally—I am feeling it more than is good for me. It makes me ill, Diana."

"What business?" asked Mrs. Chattaway.

"This binding out of George Ryle."

"Nonsense," said Miss Diana.

"It is not the proper thing for him, Diana; you confessed yesterday that it was not. The boy says that it is the blighting of his whole future life: and I feel that it is nothing less. I could not sleep last night for thinking of it. Once I dozed off, and fell into an ugly dream:" she shivered. "I thought Mr. Ryle came to me, and asked whether it was not enough that we had heaped care upon him in life, and then sent him to his death, but we must pursue his son."

"You always were weak, you know, Edith," was the composed rejoinder of Miss Trevlyn. "Why Chattaway should be interfering with George Ryle, I cannot understand; but it surely need not give concern to you. The proper person to put a veto on his being placed at Barmester, as he is being placed, was Maude Ryle. If she did not see fit to do it, it is no business of ours."

"It seems to me as if he had no one to stand up for him. It seems," added Mrs. Chattaway, with more of passion in her tone, "as if his father must be looking on at us and condemning us from his grave."

"If you will worry yourself over it, you must," was the rejoinder of Miss Trevlyn. "It is very foolish, Edith, and it can do no earthly good. He is bound by this time, and the thing is irrevocable."

"Perhaps that is the reason—because it is irrevocable—that it presses upon me to-day with a greater weight. It has made me think of the past, Diana," she added in a whisper. "Of that other wrong, which I cheat myself sometimes into forgetting; a wrong —"

"Be silent!" imperatively interrupted Miss Trevlyn, and the next moment Cris Chattaway bounded into the room.

"What's the reason I can't have the gig?" he began. "I feel inclined to dash across the country for an hour. Who says I can't have it?"

"I do," said Miss Trevlyn.

Cris insolently turned from her, and walked up to Mrs. Chattaway. "May I not take the gig, mamma?"

If one thing irritated the sweet temper of Mrs. Chattaway, it was the being appealed to against any decision of Diana's. She knew that she possessed no power; that she was a nonentity in the house; and though she bowed to her dependency, and had no resource but to bow to it, she did not like it to be brought palpably before her.

"Don't apply to me, Cris. I know nothing about things down-stairs, and I cannot say, one way or the other. The horses and vehicles are the things in particular that your papa will not have meddled with. Do you remember taking out the dog-cart without leave, and the result?"

Cris looked angry; perhaps the reminiscence was not agreeable. Miss Diana interfered.

"You will not take out the gig, Cris. I have said it."

"Then see if I don't walk! And if I am not home to dinner, Aunt Diana, you can just tell the squire that the thanks are due to you."

"Where is it that you wish to go?" asked Mrs. Chattaway.

"I am going to Barmester. I want to wish that fellow joy of his indentures," added Cris, a glow of triumph, almost malicious, lighting his face. "He is bound by this time. I wonder the squire is not back again!"

The squire was back again. As Cris spoke, his tread was heard on the stairs, and he came into the room. Cris was too full of his own concerns to note the expression of Mr. Chattaway's face.

"Papa, may I take out the gig? I want to go to Barmester, to pay a visit of congratulation to George Ryle."

"No, you will not take out the gig," said Mr. Chattaway, the allusion exciting his vexation almost beyond bearing.

Cris thought he might have been misunderstood. Cris deemed that his proclaimed intention would find favour with Mr. Chattaway.

"I suppose you have been binding that fellow, papa. I want to go and ask him how he likes it."

"No, sir, I have not been binding him," thundered Mr. Chattaway. "What's more, he is not going to be bound. He has left it, and is at home again."

Cris gave a blank stare of puzzled wonderment, and Mrs. Chattaway let her hands fall silently upon her lap, and heaved a gentle sigh, as if some great good had come to her.

(To be continued.)

The Religious World.

A VERY important address—signed by forty-one English, Irish, and colonial bishops and archbishops—to Dr. Colenso, has been published. In this address reference is made to a passage in the Bishop of Natal's book, which they understand to mean that he does not now believe what he voluntarily professed to believe as the indispensable condition of his being intrusted with his present office. They also understand him to say that he has entertained and has not abandoned the conviction that he could not use the ordination service, inasmuch as he must in it require from others a solemn declaration that they unfeignedly believe all the canonical Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, which it is impossible for him to do. It is inferred that those who share his opinions cannot use the Baptismal service and other offices in the Prayer Book, unless they omit all such passages as assume the truth of the Mosaic history. They remark that this inconsistency between his office and his opinions causes great pain and scandal in the Church, and they invite him solemnly to consider if he can conscientiously retain his position and office. In conclusion, they express the hope that through the Holy Spirit he may, by prayer and study of God's Word, be recovered to a state of belief in accordance with his office.

The Bishop has been removed from the list of vice-presidents of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. He has, however, published some criticisms in his favour. One of these is by Dr. Kalisch, a Jew, and the others are by two German writers, long famous for their heretical opinions.

The English residents in Brussels, of whom it is said 1,500 are members of the Church of England, have been accustomed for a long time to worship in chapels occupied also by French-speaking congregations. They are now endeavouring to obtain a site for the erection of a church wholly appropriated to their own use.

The Evangelical Society or Missionary Church of Belgium has been in existence a quarter of a century, and has just celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary with prayers and thanksgivings. When it was originated, there were scarcely any Protestant congregations in the kingdom, and now, not only are they to be found in the chief cities and towns, as Brussels, Ghent, Antwerp, Namur, Liège, and Charleroi, but also in a considerable number of smaller towns and villages. In the meantime, colporteurs traverse the country, disseminating the Scriptures in the French and Flemish languages, and circulating immense numbers of religious tracts.

The mission work at Brousa, in Western Turkey, was commenced twenty-eight years ago, and now, after a long series of years of toil and trial, the church which has been formed comprises forty members. The hope is entertained that, by the Divine blessing, this church may become self-supporting.

In a village of Palestine—Kefr Yuseef, not many miles from Acre—the population consists of Greek Christians. The Rev. Mr. Lyons writes that some months since there was a strong movement among them towards Protestantism, and that in this the principal men took the lead. This movement has very much subsided, but it justifies the assurance that hereafter the good results will manifest that the labour has not been in vain. In another village, not far from Nazareth, there is a small Protestant community of about thirty persons. They have suffered much persecution, but have thus far continued steadfast. Mr. Lyons says, "I shall never forget the interesting evening prayer-meeting which I held with them at their request on the flat roof of one of their humble mountain cottages." He adds that the missionaries from Nazareth gave him some interesting facts respecting the state and progress of their work. He also says that he has received a petition from thirty-nine persons in a certain village to visit and teach them, and to open a school for the instruction of their children.

The general summary of progress of the American Mission to Central Turkey—that is, to Antioch, Aleppo, Oorfa, and some other places in that direction—is thus briefly stated:—"To the 12 churches of the mission, 92 persons were added by profession during the year, making a present total membership of 786. The total average number in the congregations, at 25 places for stated preaching, is 3,136. Forty-one common schools contain 1,628 pupils; and 614 other persons, adults, are receiving instruction from 'little teachers.'"

From the same field it is reported that the Christian activity and the self-denying spirit of benevolence which many of the Christians manifest is very gratifying, and that the progress at some of the stations has been remarkable.

Still, in the same part of the world, but more to the east, the Mission to Eastern Turkey reports the number of churches as 11, with 344 communicants, of whom 44 were added during the year, part on their individual and voluntary profession of faith. The number of schools is 41, with well-nigh 1,000 pupils. A theological school at Kharpoot contains 24 students. The preaching places are 30, the general body of hearers 1,339, and prospects are encouraging.

There is one fact in connection with the missions to Syria that is very remarkable, and as cheering as remarkable. "More persons have avowed themselves Protestants during the last twelve months than during the whole previous forty years, and never were so many inquiring on the subject of religion. In Hums alone, two hundred and fifty persons have declared themselves Protestants, and two hundred and thirty-two Maronites (or Syrian Papists) at B'teddin, have announced their adhesion to the Gospel." In Cana, a new miracle of grace has been performed; the Protestant community has increased three-fold. A new church of seventeen members has been formed, in place of that at Hasboiya, which was broken up by the massacres. The church at Sidon added six to its numbers, and additions were made to the churches at Beyrout and Abeih. Besides all which, about forty candidates are announced from the three last-named stations.

In concluding these items concerning the American missions, we may glance at the Nestorians, of whom we are told that the week of prayer was observed, in January, by the missionaries, native preachers, and helpers throughout the district, and great interest was awakened. In the course of last year there was a revival in both the seminaries. A theological class numbers fifteen students, all pledged to become preachers of the Gospel.

The *Missionary Herald*, alluding to the recent revivals of religion in Jamaica, says that prior to their occurrence the number of church members in the island was 20,000, but that 5,000 have been added since.

According to the *Church Missionary Record*, the number of children at school in Sierra Leone has been stated by the governor to be 11,016. From the same authority we gather that the whole population amounts to 41,624, of whom 30,731 are Protestants, 60 Roman Catholics, 1,734 Mohammedans, and 3,851 pagans.

The new Wesleyan chapel at Paris has cost altogether £16,176 8s. 10d., of which about £3,350 remains unpaid.

Temperance Department.

NOTIONS OF TEMPERANCE.

A TEMPERANCE society, about the time of Elizabeth, had for its law of admission a pledge that none of its members should drink more than *fourteen glasses of wine in a day*, and a general officer formerly ordered that no officer who dined at the mess table should exceed *two bottles of wine*.

We therefore perceive that the "customs of society" are not a safe guide.

A KINGLY EXAMPLE.

OSCAR, King of Sweden, accompanied by his queen, attended personally a grand temperance meeting held at Stockholm, and became himself so impressed with the importance of abolishing intemperance in his dominions, that, besides giving in his adhesion, and that of the queen, to the principles and practice of temperance societies, he offered full pecuniary compensation to all distillers of ardent spirits who would cease manufacturing alcoholic drinks, which was accepted by many.

A WELL SPENT HALF-CROWN.

At a meeting held a few nights since, in London, a well-known minister of religion, and a warm advocate of total abstinence, related the following anecdote:—

"There was a young man who held a good situation in a house of business, where his salary was sufficiently good to enable him to enjoy (as it is called) every species of dissipation to which young men too often incline. He accustomed himself to places where the entertainment is professedly given without charge, only the visitor is expected to spend money in liquor.

"It was at the time of the Temperance Convention held in London that I met him, and gave him a half-crown ticket to attend the meeting. He took it, readily enough, and promised to attend.

"He was a capital mimic, and he promised himself some amusement in imitating the 'originals' whom he expected to hear hold forth on the occasion.

"There were some excellent speeches delivered; undeniable testimony was rendered to the efficacy of total abstinence from a physiological point of view; and the young man became so much interested, that he forgot his original purpose. He was about to take part in a swimming match, and the idea occurred to him that if what all these authorities said, from experience, of the effect of abstinence upon bodily strength and vigour were true, it would be worth while for him to try it, in anticipation of the coming match.

"He did so, withstood the jeers and persuasion of his companions, and abstained from all alcoholic stimulants during the period he was training himself for the contest. The match came off: he was victor, and did not fail to ascribe his success to the increased bodily health and strength which he felt was owing to the new practice he had adopted.

"So thoroughly convinced did he feel of this fact, that he resolved on adopting it henceforth and for ever.

"He held to his purpose, though he still continued, for a time, to accompany his friends to their various places of amusement; but he soon found that he was not the same man as heretofore. The filthy songs, the foolish talk, the purposeless, unmeaning jests, which had sufficed to amuse him when under the influence of a glass or two of spirits, were now wholly disgusting and repulsive. He found no merriment in the scenes which had formerly appeared so seductive; his mind hungered for better things; his intelligence revolted at the waste of time and purpose thus bestowed. His boon companions soon ceased to desire his company; they felt his sobriety a check upon them.

"His memory, meanwhile, was recalling old scenes and recollections—the advice of his mother, the readings in the Bible at home, the old church he had attended in his youth. Conscience, which had been deadened by intemperate habits, was awakened, and would not be still. He quitted all the haunts of vice and folly; he signed the pledge, and at once entered on a course of usefulness. He became a regular attendant at religious worship, and a zealous promoter of the Temperance cause. He got up a Band of Hope; and day by day the sphere of his labours increases, and the change which has been wrought in him brings forth fresh fruit.

"When I tell you that man is my own brother, you will readily believe that I agree with him in what he often tells me—'You never spent half-a-crown better

than that which sent me to the meeting of the Temperance Convention.'"

THE COST OF INTEMPERANCE.

THE Rev. John Clay, of Preston, gives a calculation of part of the cost of the prisons of which he is chaplain:—

"Four hundred and fifty drunkards were committed to the Preston House of Correction in the last year; each of these, at a low estimate, spends five shillings weekly in liquor. To this add the loss of wages during imprisonment (average of the former fifteen shillings, and of the latter six weeks); and the cost of prosecuting 125 felons at £8 each, and of hearing 325 minor offences at £1 each. Twenty-five drunkards were sentenced to penal servitude in the year, at an expense of between £70 and £80 each. Six weeks' maintenance in prison for 450 prisoners (including interest on money sunk in buildings, &c.), may be taken at £1,650. The proportion of the annual charge for county and borough police appertaining to these 450 prisoners may be considered £2,500; and the cost to the union, for destitute families, about £300 or £400."

In a report presented to the magistrates of the county of Lancashire, by the chaplain of the gaol, he states, as the result of personal inquiries of numerous prisoners as to the causes which led to the commission of their offences, he had discovered that "the passion for liquor was a source of ruin and disgrace, more fruitful than every other cause combined," and that "of one hundred and eighty-nine offenders of all descriptions, there were one hundred and sixteen who imputed their misfortunes, or their crimes, to the temptations held out to them by the ale-houses and the beer-shops."

Dr. Adams, of Dublin, some time since, adduced in proof of the sad prevalence of the spirit-drinking even among the poorest, that in serving out the soup in the parish of St. Peter's, in Dublin, it occurred to him one morning to ask some of the persons who came for it whether they had taken any spirits that day. He asked the question of the first twenty, eighteen of whom acknowledged that they had bought and drank drams that morning before they came for the soup, although the price of the dram was, probably, more than the value of the soup they thus came to beg.

It was shown in evidence before the committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the causes and effects of drunkenness, that poor persons discharged from certain hospitals, and presented with warm clothing, flannels, or blankets, had been known to sell them all for drink, and encounter the miseries and severities of the long, cold, winter nights for the passing indulgence in the stupefaction of inebriety.

Not so long since, a woman in a humble grade of life was found guilty of having pawned the linen loaned to her by a Benevolent Ladies' Society (on the occasion of her confinement), and appropriating the proceeds to drink.

Here, then, we have a few items of the cost of intemperance. Increased taxation, misapplied charity, and benevolence perverted and rendered unavailing; pauperism and crime induced by drunkenness, and multiplying to a fearful extent the burdens cast by the debauched and vicious upon the industrious and steady-going of the community.

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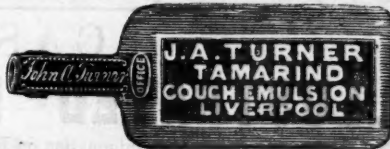
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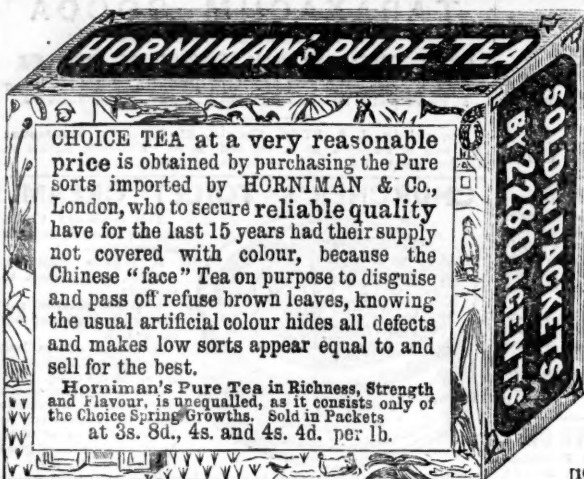
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